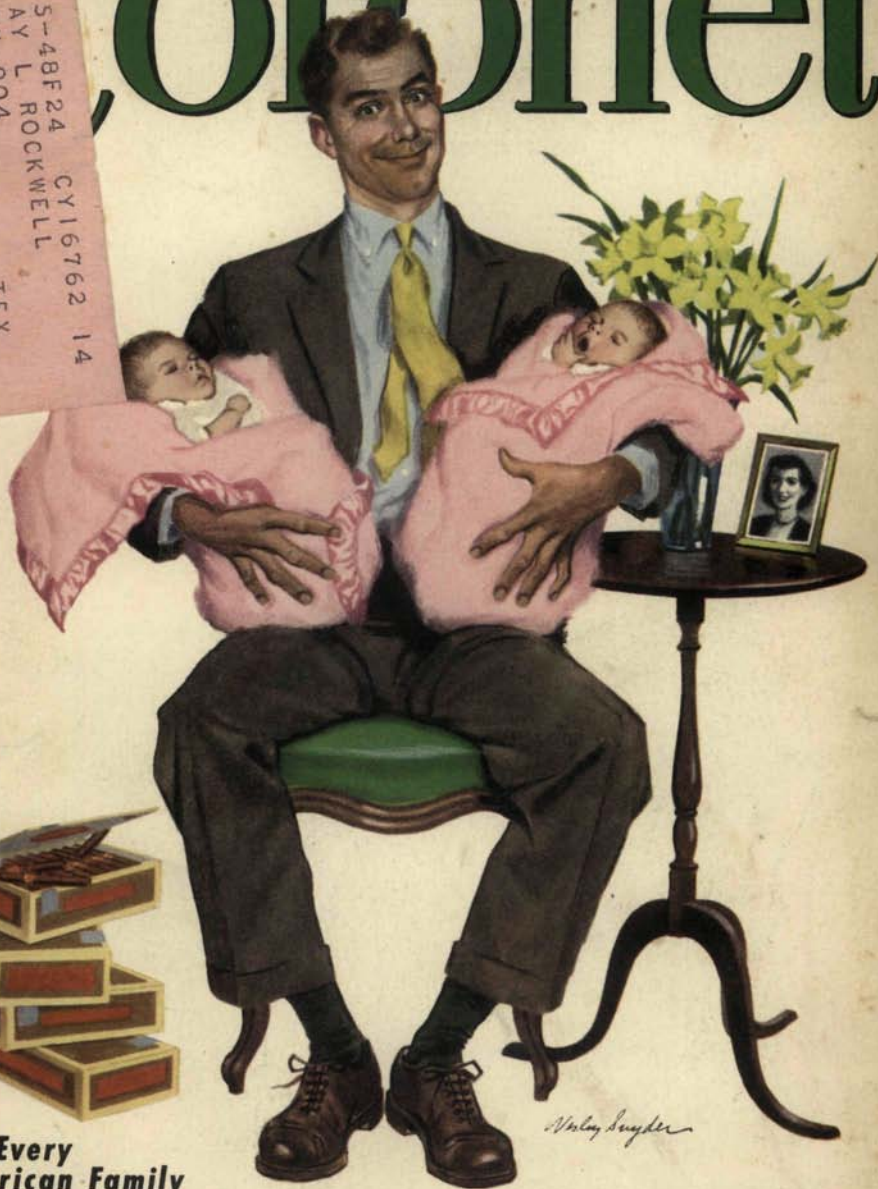


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For Every  
American Family

**A NEW BUDGET PLAN TO BEAT HIGH PRICES**

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**E** DUCATION does not mean teaching people what they do not know. It means teaching them to behave as they do not behave. It is not teaching the youth the shapes of the letters and the tricks of numbers, and then leaving them to turn their arithmetic to roguery, and their literature to lust. It means, on the contrary, training them into the perfect exercise and kingly continence of their bodies and souls. It is a painful, continual, and difficult work to be done by kindness, by watching, by warning, by precept, and by praise; but above all, by example.

— JOHN RUSKIN

ARTHUR SZYK

Arthur Szyk's illumination, dedicated to American teachers, shows the dove representing Kindness; the dog, Watching. The rooster is a symbol of Warning; the tablet of laws, Precept; the peacock, Praise. Old Glory symbolizes Example above all.

## Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

*For Every American Family:*

TO MEET YOUR NEEDS  
TO MEET YOUR PRIORS

THE CHURCH OF THE ADVENT  
+  
BRO.

by MADELYN WOOD

**I**N NEW YORK, A WELL-DRESSED woman called on the personal-finance adviser at her bank. She said that despite her husband's income of \$18,000 a year, they had no money for "fun."

In a Chicago divorce case, the wife testified that her husband was so obsessed with saving money for old age that they lacked even the necessities of life.

A Hollywood actor with an income of \$100,000 a year went bankrupt. He had only \$3,000 in assets to meet liabilities of \$50,000.

A seven-year-old Philadelphia boy ran away from home. His reason? Because "mother and daddy fight about money all the time."

Perhaps these are extreme cases, but they all add up to the same thing—the crucial problem of spending our money. You may be a success at earning money yet a dismal failure at spending it. And the question is not always how much—it's just

as likely to be plain *how*. That is why so many million American families have turned to that drastic expedient known as budgeting.

We have tried it, too. Periodically we have looked at the sad state of our finances, sighed with resignation and sat down for an all-out struggle with figures, receipts and bills. Paring here and slicing there, we have set forth to live on a budget—the kind where you think percentage-wise: so much of your income for food, so much for clothing. And that is where our troubles really began.

A few weeks of bookkeeping, penny-counting and trying valiantly to fit our lives to a formula worked out by some financial wizard just made us miserable. Furthermore, we didn't seem to be getting any more of the good things of life from our money. So we came to a final conclusion.

Maybe budgets are wonderful

things. Maybe all thrifty, upright citizens should have them. But not us. Deliver us from budgets!

Was there something wrong with us—or with the whole budget idea? To find out, we embarked on a search for information that took us to the men and women who have helped hundreds of thousands of people plan a personal money-management program. They are the financial advisers at banks, insurance companies and social agencies. These men and women have seen homes wrecked by battles over spending; they have seen other homes threatened by today's struggle with rising prices.

We talked to dozens of them in various cities. We fired questions, compared notes. And the first thing we learned was that we had been all wrong about budgets. No wonder a budget hadn't worked for us; and no wonder it wasn't working for millions of other Americans.

We took comfort in the fact that the experts, who should know, claim that 99 of every 100 people they talk to have equally odd notions about this business of budgeting.

The truth is that most of us have been following budgeting rules that are hopelessly out of date. The new methods of organizing your finances kick a lot of old notions out the window. If, like us, you hold to four common misconceptions about budgets, you must forget them before you can approach budgeting the new, simple way.

**1. *A budget is not bookkeeping.*** Mrs. Jones came to the bank, proudly bearing a bookkeeper's ledger representing a year's expenditures. "I've kept a record of every pen-

ny," she told the budget adviser. Entered in neat script were such items as "postage, three cents—phone call, five cents."

"And still we can't save any money," Mrs. Jones wailed.

Tactfully the expert told her the truth: she had been wasting her time. She had made herself and her family miserable with the mistaken notion that budgeting means keeping a record of everything you spend. No, budgeting isn't book-keeping. You can have a beautiful, workable budget without any book-keeping at all!

**2. *A budget is not a system of fixed percentages.*** An earnest Chicago housewife told a budget expert that she had calculated everything scientifically. She knew the formula figures which said you were supposed to spend "x" per cent of income on housing, "y" per cent on clothing, and so on. This had called for changing the family's living habits, because they had been spending too much on housing. They had moved, and now their rent was lower. But they were no longer happy.

The expert explained that nobody could say how much you "ought" to spend on housing. The fixed percentage formula is a fallacy. There is only what you *have* to spend and what you *want* to spend. Every expenditure involves a choice—buy one thing and you can't buy another.

**3. *A budget is not pinching pennies.*** Mrs. Green was on the verge of a nervous breakdown when she came to an adviser. "When we worked out our budget," she explained, "we figured all kinds of ways to

save money. John agreed to cut out two packages of cigarettes a week. Tom, our 15-year-old boy, said he could get along on half his usual allowance." She followed with a long list of deprivations, totaling \$5 a week. But, she admitted, everyone in the household was unhappy.

The expert told her to drop the budget in a hurry. She had the wrong idea. Budgeting is not nursing nickels and mortifying the flesh with painful forms of thrift.

4. *A budget is not only for people with small incomes.* A successful Washington physician asked his bank for a loan. The facts he laid before a financial adviser were shocking. His income was \$24,000 a year, yet he "owed everybody."

Extravagance? He didn't think so. He and his family had felt unable to afford a winter vacation trip. His teen-age daughters complained that they weren't as well-dressed as other girls at school. The doctor was keenly aware that something was wrong, but he honestly didn't know what.

"Just a case of planless spending," the adviser said. "What you need is a budget!"

SO MUCH FOR THE COMMON misconceptions about budgeting. Now you probably say: "Oh, what's the use? Why budget when all my ideas about it were wrong? Even with prices going up every day, I guess we'll manage to get along, somehow or other."

Well, don't give up so easily. There is a way to solve your money problems, whether you make \$3,000 or \$30,000 a year. It is a simple but realistic six-point plan for spending

your income wisely. Thousands of families, threatened by rising living costs and inflation, have tried it. By following the six steps listed below, each based on logic and common sense, they have achieved new peace of mind and a new economic freedom.

1. *Call a family council.* Include everyone in the family over 12 years old, for no matter who has previously been controlling the finances, you must now treat budgeting as a family affair. A patriarch or matriarch who guards the purse, doles out pennies and oversees every little purchase may be able to maintain family solvency, but usually ruins family happiness in the process.

2. *Consider fixed expenses.* The truth is that you have no choice about most expenditures. Items like rent or mortgage payments, local taxes, insurance and loans *must be paid.*

Total all of your fixed expenses and then divide by the number of pay checks you receive a year—52, 26, 24 or 12. For example, if your obligations add up to \$1,000, and you are paid weekly, division by 52 shows that you have to set aside \$19.23 every payday.

3. *Plan for emergencies.* Your fund to take care of unforeseen expenditures should be large enough to give an adequate cushion—at least the equivalent of one month's earnings. Prorate it the way you did with fixed payments.

Assuming that your weekly pay check (after deductions) is \$70, your monthly income is about \$303. If you want an annual emergency fund of \$300, you will have to set

aside \$5.77 every payday (\$300 divided by \$52). If this seems too much, take a longer period to create the fund—18 months or two years, if necessary.

If, after you have reached the \$300 level, no emergency expenses have come up, you can use the weekly contributions for some other purpose or put the same amount into a savings account.

**4. Money left to live on.** After deducting for fixed payments and the emergency fund, what you have left is *money to live on*. Out of it must come all food, clothing, fuel, utilities, household supplies, laundry, domestic help, home repairs; all personal expenses, such as barber and beauty shop, cleaning, gifts, allowances, medical and dental bills; all transportation costs, such as carfare, gas and oil, auto repairs, garage rent; all recreation and miscellaneous expenses, such as movies, concerts, newspapers, donations and dues.

A pretty big order, isn't it? Well, let's see how much you have left to cover everyday living costs. Each week you set aside \$19.23 for fixed obligations and \$5.77 for emergencies. Adding the two, you get \$25, the amount that *must* go into the bank each week. You don't have to keep a record; your deposit book shows the amount.

Subtracting \$25 from your weekly pay check of \$70, you have \$45 left to live on, and now you can do one of two things. Perhaps since you know you can always meet your bills and have the security of an emergency cushion, you will be satisfied. If so, you may want to take the *money left to live on* and

spend it as you please, without knowing exactly how much goes for each item. *If you honestly think you would be happier with no further planning, stop here.*

But those who do may find after a while that they are not enjoying all the things they feel they need. There never seems to be enough left over to splurge at Christmas; the family has wanted a television set for months, yet you're not one cent closer to getting it; to cover seasonal costs of fuel and clothing, you have had to dip into the emergency fund.

If you don't want this to happen in your family, you had better start planning within the framework of *money left to live on*. This is the real heart of your budget; this is the money you *can* control. And here's how you do it:

**5. Find out where the money goes.** Analysis will show that your expenditures fall into two groups: (1) Daily or regular expenses, such as food, household operation, minor items of clothing, transportation, recreation and so forth; (2) seasonal expenses, such as fuel and extra clothing.

Let's consider seasonal expenses first, because they are usually troublemakers. Most of us are inclined to look upon such natural events as the coming of winter as "emergencies." Yet the seasons are just as sure as death and taxes. So, obviously, the way to meet "emergencies" like winter is to plan for them all year.

You spend \$120 a year on fuel? Then, since you are paid 52 times a year, you should put aside another \$2.30 every payday. You

spend \$350 a year on major items of clothing? Then bank \$6.73 from every pay check to keep your clothing fund on a pay-as-you-go basis.

We have already calculated that you had \$45 a week left to live on. Adding the set-asides for fuel and clothing, we get \$9.03, and this, when deducted from \$45, leaves the grand sum of \$35.97. And that is the amount left to cover all those items listed above as daily or regular expenses.

Is there some way to keep track of them without account sheets? Yes—by setting up an observation period of a month or so. With a little forethought, you can anticipate much of what would otherwise be a bothersome problem.

You know pretty well what you spend for lunch, cigarettes, newspapers, for the hundred and one “daily” expenses that drain your pocketbook. When your observation period is over, estimate the total for the year—just once—and you will have as good a clinical diagnosis of your budget as any year-long penny-counting could ever provide. And if the total shows you can’t afford certain items, don’t blame the budget. That’s what you wanted to find out.

Under the old method, all expenses were treated alike. Everything had to fit a strict category, with so much money allocated for this expenditure, so much for that. The new approach takes confusion out of distributing income. You simply take first things first. You buy the things you need—and then, if there’s anything left, you think about luxuries and fun.

## 6. *Buying things you want.* No

budget will work unless you and other members of the family feel that it is helping you to get things you want. The first move toward guaranteeing family happiness is to give each person an allowance. The amounts will vary, of course—it’s up to the family as a group to decide how much each person should receive. But once the money has been allocated, there should be no accounting required. This is money with which the individual can be as extravagant or as thrifty as he wants.

You’ll find that with sensible allowances for everybody your whole spending plan will work a lot better. And if it develops that you have to tighten up expenditures elsewhere, the personal allowance is a valuable safety valve that somehow makes the other spending controls seem easier.

Financial advisers are constantly shocked by the large number of people who can afford things they want and yet don’t seem to be getting them. Typical is the family in which the husband wanted tools for his home workshop, the wife wanted photographic equipment, and the son wanted a portable radio-phonograph.

When they set up a budget, they found they had been letting their money dribble away for little things that gave them no real satisfaction. But once they allocated funds for long-range objectives, they were able to buy the things they wanted most.

What do you want? A new car? A vacation trip? A musical instrument? A summer cabin? If the goal is within reason, as far as your income is concerned, you can achieve

it by adopting a sound and practical budget program.

Well, you say, all this budget talk sounds pretty wonderful. But does it always work out that way? Not necessarily. The budget experts are realistic enough to know that money problems are not easy in these inflationary days. But one top authority adds: "If there's ever been a time when people needed to review their spending, it's right now. If everyone had a better picture of his own private finances, there would be a lot less chance that we'd ever head into another depression."

Even if you're one of the fortunate who have an adequate income, few debts and simple wants, there may come a time when your budget fails to satisfy. If that happens, try a new one, for budgets,

like everything else, get out of date. Your needs change. Your children grow up. You make new discoveries about what you really want from life.

Perhaps you will face a situation like that which confronted a New York couple. They decided to give up their attractive suburban home and move to a city apartment so that they could have something they wanted even more—a gayer social life, with theaters and other entertainments.

The budget expert they consulted said theirs was a wise choice. Their children had grown up and they had no responsibilities except to themselves. After all, what good is money—with or without a budget—unless you use it in the ways that make you happiest?



## Birth of a Crusader

WHILE HE WAS MAYOR of New York, Fiorello H. LaGuardia seldom missed the opening of a new public-health center, even though he had to put aside more pressing business to attend. On one such occasion, he explained why in a story his listeners never forgot.

"A good many years ago," La Guardia told his audience, "there was a little immigrant girl who did piece work in a sweat shop. She was wonderfully dextrous with a needle and by working 12 hours a day in a damp, dark loft she managed to earn the few dollars necessary to keep herself alive.

"One evening while working on a silk blouse just at quitting time, she pricked her finger with the

needle and spilled blood on the expensive material. She was panic-stricken. To pay for the material would require her whole week's earnings. She hid the blouse under her coat and took it home where she sat up the rest of the night embroidering a beautiful flower over the splotch.

"This and similar experiences wrecked the girl's health."

Here LaGuardia paused.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he added, "that little girl's name was Thea Almerigotti. She was my first wife. She died of tuberculosis a short time after we were married in 1919. And people wonder why I am interested in public health and getting rid of slums!"

—LOREN DISNEY



# The Divine Story of HANDEL'S MESSIAH

by STEFAN ZWEIG

At Eastertime, Coronet retells the story of a genius who was reborn in giving birth to an undying melody

ON THE AFTERNOON of April 13, 1737, George Frederick Handel had come home in a terrible fury from rehearsal, red in the face, his temporal arteries throbbing visibly. The choleric German maestro had banged the front door and now was pacing the room overhead so furiously that the ceiling trembled. But his neighbors in London's Grosvenor Square paid no heed, for they looked upon 25 Brook Street as a lunatic asylum.

Suddenly a heavy thud, followed by the sound of breaking glass,

came from upstairs. Racing to his master's study, Handel's manservant saw a great body lying on the floor, its eyes fixed and open, its tongue rattling between palsied lips. As the servant stared in frozen horror, Christopher Smith, the composer's script copyist, rushed into the room. Together the two men raised the heavy body.

Smith cried: "Sprinkle his face with water while I go for a doctor!" Hastening to Fleet Street, he found Dr. Jenkins and dragged him to a carriage. As they galloped back to Brook Street, Smith explained:

"They've worried Handel to death—those singers, librettists, critics and whatnot! Four operas he has composed the last twelve-

month, hoping to save the theater, but it's no good. All his savings have gone, and creditors are dunning him day and night. They are determined to break our genius!"

As Jenkins entered the maestro's study and made an incision for bloodletting, a deep sigh came from Handel's flaccid mouth. Then his lips moved. "I'm finished—no strength—don't want—live—"

The doctor noted that one of Handel's eyes stared sightless. Then he raised the stricken man's arm. It dropped, lifeless.

"Apoplexy," said Dr. Jenkins. "Right side paralyzed. We may save the man—but the musician is lost forever. His brain has been permanently injured."

For four long months Handel could neither talk nor walk nor sound a harpsichord key. When friends made music for him, his eyes would light up and his poor heavy frame, as in a dream, would try to sway rhythmically to the measure. But his limbs were petrified and horror was in his eyes.

As a desperate remedy, Jenkins ordered the hot baths at Aix-la-Chapelle. And just as under the frigid earth there boiled the strange springs, so within the immobile body of the great musician there stirred a mysterious force. His will had not been touched by the stroke; the undying fire refused to be quenched.

A week after arriving at Aix-la-Chapelle, he was able to walk; another week, and he could raise his arm. What a triumph of will over caution! Handel grasped at life with glowing enthusiasm.

On the day of leaving Aix, he entered the cathedral. He had never

been deeply religious, yet now he felt moved by an irresistible force. There stood the huge organ. He touched the keys with his stricken right hand. Soon, glorious chords rose and fell, filling the vaulted shrine with echoing sound.

Handel, his head bowed in humility, played and played. Again he had found the language in which he conversed with God, with his fellow mortals and with eternity. Once again he would compose music!

BACK IN LONDON, Handel hurled himself into composition. He wrote an opera, then a second, a third, a fourth; then the great *Saul*, *Israel in Egypt* and *Alexander's Feast*. It was as if a spring, long pent up, had been loosed.

Nevertheless, fate soon turned against him. Queen Caroline, his patron, died; his pension stopped; the Spanish wars came. Houses of entertainment were closed, his creditors pressed him and the public remained indifferent. For the first time in his life Handel was tired: the splendid fighter had met his match. In his despondency he murmured the words of the Crucified: "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

A lost soul who no longer believed in his own energy of creation, Handel began to roam the streets of London. Passers-by glanced at him indifferently; his burden of loneliness grew intolerable. Then, on August 21, 1741, he came home obsessed by a single thought: rest, sleep, oblivion. Slowly he climbed to his study, mechanically he lighted the candles of his work table. Then suddenly he frowned.

What was that bulky parcel on

the table? A letter from Charles Jennens, poet who had written the librettos of *Saul* and *Israel*. He was sending Handel a new manuscript, hoping that the greatest genius in music would speed forth the lumbering words on the wings of undying melody.

Handel dropped the missive. Was Jennens laughing at him? A mean thing to scoff at a dying man, stricken as he was! The maestro tore the letter to shreds, stamped upon them viciously. Then, annihilated and lost, he threw himself upon the bed.

But sleep would not come, for a storm was raging within him. Finally he arose and relit the candles, pushed the manuscript nearer the light. On the first page he read the word "Messiah." Another oratorio! All his latest efforts in this medium had been failures. Yet he turned the title page and began to read.

The first words arrested his attention. "Comfort ye!" A marvelous beginning, an angelic summons to his weary heart. Hardly had he read them when they began to translate themselves into a musical idiom, swelling, calling, singing forth into the sky. Once more, Handel heard musical tones after the long drought of inspiration.

With trembling fingers Handel turned the pages. To him had come the call to lift his voice with strength; to cry out with the full blast of tubas, of mighty choirs, of thundering chords on the organ. His weariness disappeared. He was bathed in a rush of words which penetrated to his inner being, bringing a sense of liberation.

Then suddenly he read the sentence, "The Lord gave the Word." Handel held his breath in wonder.

Surely the Lord Himself had inspired this poet! "The Lord gave the Word" . . . divine mercy had rained down from on high.

Again and again must the words be repeated: "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" The voices of mankind must be joined in a mighty chorus—high voices and low, sweet notes from the fiddles merging with the rougher notes from the brass, the whole sustained by the organ's powerful undertones.

Tears flooded Handel's eyes as the fires of inspiration pervaded him. He took up his pen and jotted notes; faster and faster the queer little signs began to cover paper. Darkness lay over the huge city, but light flooded his own soul, and the study was alive with music.

FOR THREE WEEKS, day and night, he kept at his task, living wholly in the realm of rhythm and tone. But as the work neared an end he was increasingly tortured by the fury of inspiration. He strummed on the harpsichord, he sang, he worked with his fingers until they gave out. Never before had he so lived and fought with music.

At last, in three weeks—a miracle in music—the great work was finished. One word alone remained to receive inspiration: the final "Amen." But these two syllables were to be built into a monument which would reach the skies. The composer would dwell upon that first syllable so that (the organ sustaining the chorus) it could fill not only the cathedral but the very dome of heaven.

At last Handel rose to his feet. The pen slipped from his hand. He neither saw nor heard any more;

like a blind man he stumbled to his couch. He fell forward, his strained eyes closed, and he slept.

When, 17 hours later, attempts to awaken Handel were fruitless, Smith went for Dr. Jenkins again. But as the two men drove back to Brook Street, the servant stood in the door, waving both arms.

"The master is up!" he shouted. "He has eaten half a ham, drunk four pints of beer and even now is clamoring for more!"

The instant Handel glimpsed the physician, he began to laugh, peal after peal of ringing laughter as the joy of his life rioted in him.

"What's got you, man?" exclaimed Jenkins. "Has someone given you an elixir?"

Handel, smiling, strode to the harpsichord. "Behold! I tell you a mystery," he said. And he sang as he played the final chorus, jubilantly, triumphantly concluding with "Amen! Amen! Amen!"

When Handel had finished, Jenkins muttered: "Never have I heard the like of this. You must be possessed of the Devil."

As he spoke, a cloud obscured the composer's face. He, too, was alarmed at the scope of his work, and humility overpowered him. With hanging head he whispered: "I think, rather, that God has visited me. . . ."

IT WAS HANDEL'S WISH that the first performance of the *Messiah* take place in Dublin, where receipts were sure to be large. But he did not want to profit from his work. Instead, he directed that the money be devoted to the care of prisoners, orphans and the sick. "I have myself been a very sick man and am

now cured," he said. "I was a prisoner and have been set free."

On the evening of April 13, 1742, crowds were waiting in Fishamble Street for the doors to open. Ladies had come in narrow skirts, gentlemen had left their swords at home so that there might be room for a great audience. First, breathless silence; then the oratorio opened. There came a tremor as the massed chorus singers from two cathedrals began with a hurricane of energy.

Handel stood close by the organ in a dream. When the final Amen resounded he joined in the chorus, singing as he had never sung before. Then, when the storms of applause began, he slipped away.

From this night onward, the stream of public acclaim for Handel flowed on, year after year. Nothing could stop his progress. Age sapped his vitality; he was tormented by gout; but his indefatigable spirit soared above all physical infirmities. He finished composition after composition. At length his eyesight failed, and he went blind while at work on *Jephtha*.

Year after year the *Messiah* was produced in London; always Handel devoted the proceeds to hospitals. The man who had miraculously recovered from sickness wished to help ailing folk and orphans, the disenfranchised and those who lay in chains. Finally he was to bid farewell to life during a performance of this masterpiece which had dragged him out of despair.

On April 6, 1759, a broken man of 74, he drove to the concert hall, to stand among instrumentalists and singers whom he could no longer see. But as the waves of sound assailed his ears, his weary features

lighted up one last time. At the words, "The trumpet shall sound," his face twitched, while his sightless orbs were directed upward as though he were already standing before the mercy seat. Then he staggered and nearly fell.

When friends got him to bed, he murmured: "I should like to die on Good Friday." Physicians were puzzled, for though they knew that Good Friday would be April 13, they didn't remember that April 13 had been the day on which, years before, fate had struck him down—the day on which, with the

*Messiah*, his temporal resurrection had been accomplished in Dublin.

The man's indomitable will had power over death as well as life. By April 13 his vital energies flagged. Handel could not see or hear or feel. His huge frame lay inert. Yet to his inner senses came the sound of faraway music unheard by others—music stranger and more splendid than any he had ever wrought in imagination.

And the next day, before the Easter bells began to ring, there perished all that was mortal of George Frederick Handel.



WHEN MRS. HAROLD METZGER of Belleville, Illinois, reached for what she thought was the garden hose in her basement, it began uncoiling in her hand—it was a three-foot black snake.

SEVENTEEN STRAWBERRY pickers at Hamburg, Iowa, quit their jobs because they couldn't stand the noise the locusts were making.

A BARBERSHOP CHORUS, rehearsing for a stage appearance, sang with such gusto at Olean, New York, that part of the ceiling fell on them.

ALARMED AT THE WAY employees rushed to quit work at 5 o'clock, a government official in Washington posted this memorandum:

"Most of this running occurs within two or three minutes of closing time. Employees dash from their places of work headed for the nearest exits. Frequently they slip and fall. They catch their heels on stair treads. They bump into others. Injuries result."

BRITAIN'S GENERAL POST OFFICE issued 1,600 yards of cloth last year to reseal the trousers of its cycling postmen.

—HAROLD HELFER



# *How to win a* **College Scholarship**

by HAROLD A. WOLFF

Here are important facts for ambitious boys and girls eager for an education

**L**IKE MANY OTHER poor youngsters in the Dorchester district of Boston, this boy's ambition soared high and wide. He wanted to be a lawyer—not just an obscure lawyer who tried minor civil cases but a real student of the law.

The income of his salesman-father, however, wouldn't even permit an ordinary college course. So to help pay his way, the boy worked after school and during summer vacations. Later, he guided tourists around Boston, helped in a library, clerked in a candy store. But his part-time earnings added up to little more than pocket money.

In the end, however, this boy received the best education that money could buy. He studied government at Harvard, then went on to Harvard Law School. After a three-year stint with the Navy in the Pacific—which earned him a citation from Admiral Kinkaid—he completed his law course, and next entered the Harvard Graduate

School of Public Administration. Today, boyish-looking, modest-mannered Larry Ebb is a law scholar who holds a coveted legal post as one of the clerks to the Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court.

How was it possible for Larry Ebb, the son of parents in modest circumstances, to receive a college education worth at least \$12,000? Actually, his achievement would have been out of the question without generous help. Fortunately for him—as for thousands of other ambitious boys and girls—such generous help is always available in the form of scholarships.

While most people know that scholarships exist, few realize the tremendous part they play in America's educational program. Every year more than 100,000 needy students enroll for university courses, thanks to privately donated scholarships. In some of our leading colleges — including Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Chicago — more than

one-fourth of the students obtain help from this source. With additional aid available in the form of loans, and with countless opportunities to earn money after classes and during vacations, up to 50 per cent of students in many universities receive their higher education without having to send the bills home at the beginning of each term.

With a \$15,000,000 annual fund to be disbursed throughout the U.S., you might think scholarship committees merely have to wait for eager applicants. Instead, a survey by the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs revealed that, in 156 communities, its affiliated organizations had \$47,600 in scholarship funds that had never been awarded. Which is one reason why scholarship donors are literally beating the bushes in search of worthy students who need financial aid.

Another reason is that the scholarship conditions imposed in many cases make the candidate-hunt a challenging affair. Last spring, tucked away in the Help Wanted section of the New York *Times*, was this ad: "Scholarships Vacant at Yale University."

Yale was looking for "male students with surname Leavenworth" for whom it has a scholarship worth \$420 a year, and for "male descendants of Mehitabel Lockwood, late of New Haven" who are eligible for grants of \$300 and \$400 each.

Every year Harvard has a more difficult genealogical problem imposed by the donor of a munificent fund that pays about \$1,500 a year "to descendants of Joseph and Robert Downer of Wiltshire, England, who came to America about

1650, provided such descendants bear the surname of Downer."

Even when funds are not so rigorously restricted, scholarship committees are kept busy trying to make sure that some worthy case doesn't escape notice. They are literally haunted by near-misses like the case of Julian Schwinger. In a New York City high school he was lost in the shuffle, and when he went on to New York University, nobody detected anything but a routine student with an avid interest in science.

By chance, he happened to visit a friend who was studying physics at Columbia. While in the laboratory the young men struck up a conversation with Dr. I. I. Rabi, Nobel Prize physicist. Rabi, impressed with Schwinger, persuaded Columbia to give the youth a scholarship. From then on his career was something for the fairy-tale books.

Soon recognized as one of the most brilliant atomic physicists in the country, fellowships and prizes were heaped upon him. At 23, he accepted an assistant professorship at Purdue. During the war he worked on radar and then on the atomic bomb. In 1946, Schwinger was named an associate professor at Harvard. Lest he be lured elsewhere, last year the university raised 29-year-old Julian Schwinger to a full professorship—youngest man now holding that rank at Harvard. Yet the scholarship system missed him the first time around.

That is why Harvard every year sends F. Skidde von Stade, its dean in charge of scholarships, on a nation-wide trip to visit schools, talk to principals, interview young hopefuls. Most universities do the same. Loyal college alumni are also talent

scouts, always on the lookout for top-notch youngsters in need of help. Thus, when the Yale Club of Denver invites John Smith and his son to their annual dinner, they likely want to appraise the boy as a candidate for the club's scholarship.

Likewise, there are civic groups in communities everywhere that make scholarships their special interest. For example, the Business and Professional Women's Club in Long Beach, California, seeks out talented young musicians. Orphans of World War II veterans are eligible for assistance under the Maud E. Warwick Scholarship Fund, established by the will of Mrs. Simon Guggenheim's niece. The Women's Scholarship Association, a group of Jewish women organized in Boston 40 years ago to help poor girls through college, pays for the education of 36 young women every year.

What inspires the work of such groups? One good answer is given by John W. Huck, assistant to the vice-president at the University of Chicago: "Any of these young people, given a chance, contribute more than their share to the comfort and happiness of human life. Some, properly trained today, might guide tomorrow's industry, advise its government, advance learning, discover, invent, produce something of lasting beauty."

Typical is the case of Herbert Coddington, who was forced to leave high school at 15 to go to work. Ten years later he was a motorman on New York's municipal subway. Determined to finish his education, he went to evening high school and was graduated. Then he learned that New York University offered scholarships to people who worked

for the city. He took the examination and won a six-year award.

From 4 A.M. until noon each day he worked at his subway job. Evenings he attended classes. Last year he was elected to Phi Beta Kappa and won another scholarship for advanced studies after graduation. Today, Coddington is a likely prospect for an administrative post with the city's Board of Transportation.

In 1930, Glenn T. Seaborg received a scholarship to study chemistry at the University of California. He became co-discoverer of the element plutonium. J. Robert Oppenheimer, in charge of atom-bomb experiments at Los Alamos, learned higher physics on a fellowship from the National Research Council and the International Education Board.

Dr. Selman Waksman, discoverer of Streptomycin, was able to go to Rutgers because of a scholarship award. George Gallup, public-opinion pollster, was a scholarship student at the University of Iowa.

Yet these men are only a handful of examples. A canvass of University of Chicago graduates disclosed that of those listed in *Who's Who in America*, more than half had been scholarship students.

**WHAT KIND OF SCHOLARSHIPS** are available today? Actually, no one has ever been able to list *all* the possibilities. But any such list would certainly include scholarships to at least 800 well-known schools and would cover courses ranging from jazz to astrophysics. Some grants are small, just enough to meet the difference between what the student can afford or earn, and what is needed to keep him in school. On the other hand, a Harvard Junior

Fellowship pays \$1,250 a year for three years, plus room and board, for Fellows under 25. Those over 25 receive \$1,500, plus room and board.

Each year, graduate schools offer aid to 10,000 young men and women whose college work stamps them as qualified for further training. At Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for example, there are funds for advanced work in textile technology, in nutritional biochemistry, in sugar, in air transport.

Westinghouse, General Electric, American Telephone & Telegraph, Borden's and many other companies have scholarships to extend research in fields in which they are particularly interested. Philanthropic foundations also support hundreds of research projects in every field from algebra to zoology.

But educators emphasize that many who hold advanced fellowships would never have reached college but for undergraduate scholarship help. Prize plums were the 50 scholarships awarded this year by Harvard to students from Midwest and Western states. Providing up to \$1,500 a year for four years, or even longer, they are the result of the Harvard National Scholarship plan begun in 1934.

Various business organizations also scour the country for outstanding young people. In 1945, the Pepsi-Cola Company launched a program to finance college for two top-ranking students from each state. This \$500,000-a-year plan pays tuition, transportation, and \$25 a month for incidentals. The plan also includes one scholarship each for students from Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico, and 18 for Negroes in Southern states.

The Westinghouse Science Talent Search, administered through the Science Clubs of America, selects high-school boys and girls with special ability in science. Each year one boy and one girl win an award of \$2,400; eight receive \$400 each, and 30 others divide \$3,000.

Even Uncle Sam has gone into the scholarship business. Right now, Navy recruiting offices are seeking 2,500 promising young men who would like to go to college at Navy expense. The only important stipulations are that they become reserve officers after graduation and serve on active duty for two years.

To win a four-year college scholarship sponsored by the Chevrolet division of the General Motors Corporation, you have to beat all contenders in the All-American Soap Box Derby held each year at Akron, Ohio. When Clarence Hendrickson of Sandusky, Ohio, won the National Caddie Golf Tournament in 1946, he also walked off with a four-year scholarship to Ohio State. But the runners-up did not lose hope, since any good caddy is eligible for one of a limited number of scholarships at Northwestern, which also has a fund set up by Edgar Bergen for students who show radio or stage talent.

Any boy named Murphy rates special consideration at Harvard, as does any newsboy or any student from northern Alabama. Southern California has a scholarship for a descendant of a soldier, sailor or marine who served honorably in the Union Army. Duly qualified sons of Pennsylvania Railroad employees can go to Princeton on scholarships, as can boys "not of normal physical strength."

Cornell is particularly liberal to

Indians. And there are two special funds at Vassar to educate daughters of Baptist ministers, plus another for daughters of professors.

**H**OW DO YOU GO ABOUT getting a scholarship? First, correct two common misconceptions. A brilliant average in high school will not win a scholarship, nor will stardom on the football team. Both will help but, with rare exceptions, colleges are not looking for geniuses or athletes. They want all-round youngsters with high scholastic averages, plus a lively interest in extra-curricular affairs.

Generally speaking, if you are in the top quarter of your class, and if you have made a school team—even chess counts—you are in the running for a scholarship. So do some exploring. Your principal

should have college catalogues which list scholarships. If he doesn't, try the public library. If you fail there, send by mail for an assortment.

Meanwhile, study other possibilities. Does some university have a fund for talent from your home town or school? Does a special interest—music, journalism, drama—make you eligible for a special award? Spend time and thought on your application; get your principal to write a letter; seek support from alumni of the college.

And remember always that colleges know the weakest link in the whole scholarship program is the method employed in finding talent. By calling attention to yourself, you further your own chances and help the donors to fulfill their purpose of making education available to the best students, regardless of means.

### **Educators Propose "A Handbook of American Scholarships"**

**I**N PREPARING THIS ARTICLE, the author received helpful advice and cooperation from many educators and educational institutions. They suggested that Coronet follow this article with a comprehensive handbook listing the scholarships now available at most institutions of higher learning. Such a handbook, they felt, would be of immeasurable help to students, high schools, student counselors, boards of education, colleges, libraries and cultural agencies.

Upon investigation, Coronet has found that compiling "A Handbook of American Scholarships"

would involve months of painstaking research and editorial work, conducted on a national scale. Hence the cost of preparing and distributing such a volume would be approximately \$10 per copy.

Coronet, however, is willing to undertake the task as a nonprofit public service, if there is sufficient demand for copies. Therefore, we invite correspondence from librarians, educators and educational agencies, giving their opinions as to the need for such a definitive volume. Please address the Coronet Educational Dept., Coronet Building, Chicago 1, Ill.

How a major emergency set a young medical student free from the tyranny of fear



## *The Girl Who Took GAS*

by WALTER LENTINO, M. D.

THE TELEPHONE RANG at 4 A.M. I grabbed for it.

"This is the ambulance driver," a voice said. "Will you please hurry right down to Emergency? There's a rush call for an ambulance."

"Be with you in a minute!"

Click! I turned to my friend on the bed opposite. He still slept. I could have awakened him—but why? I could handle this case. Besides, this was my first time on emergency duty at the hospital, and I wanted the thrill of having my first ambulance ride alone.

In the emergency room, I found the driver waiting—a stocky, middle-aged man with a red face. He wore a policeman's uniform with

the word "Hospital" on his cap.

"Where's the other doctor?"

"He's not coming."

In a few moments we were racing through the streets. After nearly four years of medical school, I had come of age: I was finally the only "doctor" on a case—no overseer to criticize, to lend a hand, to correct mistakes. I was on my own.

In medical school we were watched like babies. If we bandaged a toe or removed stitches, it was always the same. In the background was a wise old doctor who checked and rechecked what we did.

Just recently, our overburdened and understaffed hospital had agreed to let two senior medical

students serve each night as "emergency doctors." The harassed interns would get some rest—and we would get some experience.

Only one thing bothered me. All through medical school, I had a feeling of insecurity, a lack of confidence in my own abilities. It had grown into a suspenseful fear that goaded me day and night. Now, however, a feeling of new-found freedom came to me. There was no room for those nameless fears of incompetency that I knew so well. I was too busy enjoying the thrill of disobeying red lights, of watching cars pull to the curb to let us pass.

My elation was still soaring when I casually asked the driver, "What kind of case is this?"

"Gas, doc. Girl tried to commit suicide. Guess she had a mixed-up love affair. That's the usual story."

Gas! . . . Swiftly my elation changed to acute fear. What I had dreaded had come to pass. I had gotten a case in which I had no practical experience. Yet a patient's life depended on me. How I wished for the comforting presence of one of those old doctors in the clinic who told us how to do everything!

Why couldn't it have been a fractured skull? An inflamed appendix? A broken arm? An acute coronary? I had handled similar cases in the clinic and knew I could treat them. Why *must* it be gas, one of the few things I had never actually run up against?

I must keep cool and think. I had studied poison gases in pharmacology, had heard Army lectures during the war. I knew about carbon-monoxide poisoning, and the treatment for it. So I must think carefully and diligently; it would

all come back to me. But my mind continued to grope for a method of treatment, the right method.

Then the ambulance screeched to a halt. A crowd that had collected before the dingy apartment house stared at me. I was afraid.

As I stepped from the ambulance, a policeman said, "Hi, doc! Upstairs. Fifth floor."

I started to dash forward when a familiar voice stopped me. "Hey, doc, you forgot this!" The ambulance driver was holding the big black emergency bag. My God! What was the matter with me? Had fear frozen my mind? "Thanks," I managed to say, and took the bag. Then I entered the building.

IN ROOM 505, SIX PEOPLE, three of them policemen, were leaning over a girl on a couch. One was giving artificial respiration: the others were just gawking.

The windows were still closed, and the smell of gas was strong. I got angry. "You!" I pointed to one policeman. "Open that window wide! And the rest of you get out of here! What do you think this is—a circus?"

They all trooped out, except the bluecoat who was administering artificial respiration. I bent over the girl. "Pulse is fast, bounding and irregular," I muttered. "Respiration considerably depressed—almost Cheyne-Stokes in character. Bad, bad . . ."

I took from my bag an ampule of coramine, injected it intravenously into the medium basilic vein. Her respiration picked up, her pulse went down to 100. Then I turned to the policeman.

"I'll take over," I said. "Hop

downstairs and tell them to send an oxygen tank."

As he sped out the door, I shook my head. The respiration wasn't doing the girl any good. One reason was obvious—an extremely tight corset. I took scissors and cut away all her clothes, including the corset. Then I covered her with a bedsheet.

The policeman popped back. "The tank'll be up in a few minutes," he announced.

"Take over," I told him. "Your respiration wasn't doing her much good. Her corset was in the way."

"I know," he answered calmly.

"You know?" I exclaimed. "Why didn't you take it off?"

"Look, I'm not a doctor."

I gave the girl another shot of coramine, and tested her reflexes. Her respiration had definitely picked up, slow but regular. Her pulse rate was dropping steadily—a good sign.

First she blinked, then opened her eyes. Two policemen now arrived with a tank of oxygen. I inserted the two prongs into her nostrils and taped them in, setting the flow at a low rate.

The bluecoats looked at me. "She'll be all right now," I said. "No more artificial respiration."

I glanced down at her. She was a beautiful girl, about 21, with lovely blonde hair and full red lips. I now

understood why all those men had been gaping when I arrived.

"Hello," I said.

"Hello," she answered softly.

"You're not going to try anything like this again, are you?"

She shook her head slowly.

"That's good," I said, and winked at her. She winked back. Then she closed her eyes, still with a smile on her face.

I turned to the policemen. "She should be transferred to the hospital where she can be watched. But I don't want to move her until she's been on oxygen for about an hour, and well out of it. I'll send a nurse right over to stay with her until she can be moved."

"You did a good job, doc," one policeman said.

I left with a feeling of inner warmth. If I had not come, and done what I did, that girl would have died. I had saved a life. It was a tremendous sensation.

Only then did I realize that I had acted without thinking; *I had intuitively done the right thing*. My old terrors were banished. I had met my ordeal and overcome it. I was free at last from the tyranny of fear.

As we rode back in the ambulance I remarked to the laconic driver, "You know, it's really a wonderful life." His only answer was a grunt, "Uh-huh."



## The Height of Service

**A** NEWLY CREATED father received the following message in a telegram: "Your wife just gave birth to an eight-pound baby girl this

morning. Both mother and child are doing well." Attached to the wire was a sticker reading, "When you want a boy, call Western Union."

—Tales of Hoffman

# DO Mysterious Cycles SHAPE OUR LIVES?

by ROGER WILLIAM RUS

Scientists seeking to solve the riddle of the universe are on the verge of exciting discoveries; some day they may be able to predict the future

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WANT A REAL, THRILLING, baffling mystery, right in your lap? A mystery of the universe, whose ghostly influence seems to shape our daily acts in ways to make shivers run up our spines?

Well, you *can* have such a mystery—for you and I are essential parts of it. Yet strangely enough, the few scientists who have given years to solving the riddle know almost nothing about it. Even stranger, it is only they who realize that it hangs over us.

It's the mystery of cycles — of the recurrences, repetitions and rhythms that occur in the universe around us. Every one of us is aware of many common cycles, so common that we don't think of them as cycles at all. For instance, the rhythm in music, the pulse in our

wrists, the tides, the swing of our earth around the sun.

But the scientific cycle-hunters know scores of other rhythms. They can show you cycles in things as far apart (or *are* they far apart?) as sunspots, chinch bugs, influenza, snowshoe rabbits, atmospheric ozone, marriage rates, real estate, wheat crops, rainfall—and your own behavior. Their passion is to identify enough rhythms, and be sure of enough of them, so that we shall be able to predict the future. And they seem to be on the verge of exciting discovery. Secretly they know they are on a trail which leads—where?

Along this trail, however, science and imagination do battle together. After learning about a few of the cycles, it is easy to let

the imagination run riot about the Cause of Things. It is exciting fun, too. But before we indulge in it, we should listen to warnings of the professional cycle-hunters, for this is a dangerous game.

It began in 1931, at a remarkable two-week "house party" of 30 scientists who labeled their gathering the First International Conference on Biological Cycles. The host was Copley Amory of Boston; the place, his summer home on Matamek River, 300 miles east of Quebec. So lively and so searching were the discussions that some of the participants put them on a permanent basis by forming, in 1940, the Foundation for the Study of Cycles. Here is the GHQ of cycle-hunters, the council of the high priests.

Its director is Edward R. Dewey of Riverside, Connecticut, formerly chief economic analyst for the Department of Commerce and market analyst for the U. S. Rubber Company. Its guiding committee includes top-rank men: Charles Greeley Abbot of the Smithsonian Institution; George Baekeland of the Bakelite Corporation; William Cameron Forbes of the Carnegie Institution; Wesley C. Mitchell of the National Bureau of Economic Research; Dr. Harlow Shapley of Harvard; Frank C. James of McGill University; Patrick Ashley Cooper, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company; and Julian Huxley.

The engaging thing about these solid scientific gentry is the hot zeal of their cold caution. They are aggressively conservative about cycles. They insist constantly that they do not know all the facts. But in their eyes is the zealot's glint.

"Yes, we have a cycle here and a

cycle there, more or less well established. You can't be sure of a cycle in less than two or three centuries. But we do not know what they mean, or why they are, *if* they are. We are sure of only one thing—the past. But simply because a happening has regularly recurred 500 times in the past is no positive guarantee that it will go on recurring in the future."

Definitely they are not out selling cycles. Then, in the next breath, they send one of those shivers up your spine, thusly:

Lynx and libraries. The abundance of lynx rises and falls but makes a regular peak every 9.6 years. So do humans in their use of libraries. Just chance? Perhaps. But it gives you a creepy feeling.

Furthermore, the amount of ozone in the air increases and decreases on the *same 9.6-year rhythm*. So do human deaths from heart disease. And so, on the great 9.6-year swing, do mink, grouse, marten, fisher, tent caterpillars, chinch bugs and salmon.

Can it be that we humans are subject to the same mystic influences that control chinch bugs? It not only can be, it clearly *is*, although the cautious cycle-hunters say: "It isn't proved." But today we begin to see that man is but a part of the scheme of things he inhabits, subject to all the influences of the vast emptiness he lives in.

HOW DO THE CYCLE-HUNTERS stalk their game? Here is an instance: years ago, the management of Hudson's Bay Company was troubled by the ups and downs in the amount of fur the Indians brought in each year. An inquisi-

tive official dug out some century-old records and made a chart of the fluctuations. Startled, he got out all the old records back to 1725. Charles Elton of Oxford worked over the figures and found that 9.6-year cycle for the first time.

Similarly with salmon. The exclusive Restigouche Club in Quebec for 50 years has kept a record of the number and weight of all catches, and the number of days spent by members in fishing. This reliable raw material works out into the mystic 9.6 swing.

One sector of cycle-hunting specializes in "psychological cycles." Cautiously, the professionals admit that "the appearance of impressive changes in the atmosphere has approximately coincided with similar changes in the organism"—which means you and me.

Translated, this says: when magnetic disturbances have been most active, deaths from suicide, from mental disorders, from diseases of the nerves, sensory organs and circulatory systems have been at their maximum. And magnetic disturbances are in turn related to sunspots!

The figures were taken from 3,700 deaths in three European cities on the 12 days before and the six days after maximum magnetism. As magnetism increased over the 12 days, for the most part so did the deaths, and as it decreased over the six days, so did the deaths. The peak of magnetism came a little before the peak of deaths.

Sunspots occupy a stellar role in cycle-hunting. Abundant in a cycle of 11.3 years, they have a superbly named "master double cycle" of 22.7 years. There's an interesting story back of that.

For 26 years, the Smithsonian has been operating a dozen stations for measuring the sun's heat, located from Washington, D.C., to the wilds of Chile. One has been in a balloon 15 miles up. The scientists have taken more than 20,000 measurements, and have quite literally sat up with them for hundreds of nights, charting and analyzing. Using also all the data on sunspots gathered over the past 150 years, they announce that the master double cycle "really is."

Observe its practical use. In 1922, there was a sharp fall in solar radiation, and simultaneously our weather was severely disturbed. If the 22.7-year cycle held true, we could expect foul weather in 1945. The scientists waited eagerly, and were among the few people who were happy about the 1945 weather. Very heavy snows fell in the U.S., the Hudson River froze 24 inches deep in some places, 2,000,000 sheep perished in Australia's worst drought, and Europe will long remember that bitter season.

When a Tennessee Valley Authority engineer asked the Smithsonian whether it could tell anything about probable rainfall in TVA territory for months ahead, Dr. Abbot, with many misgivings, figured 84 to 87 per cent of normal. The event showed 87 per cent. Again, he ventured a prediction of rain in Peoria, Illinois, as far as 15 years ahead. His chart missed badly in only one year, 1938.

THERE IS A NINE-YEAR cycle in stock-market prices. It is also said that there is a nine-year cycle in the alkalinity of the human blood stream. Any layman is at

liberty to speculate on the relation of these two; the cycle-hunters don't know, and it's hard to poke them into any public speculating. Says Dewey:

"Just because cycles of the same length appear in different phenomena, we have no right to jump to the conclusion that one is the cause of the other, or that they have a common cause. The relationship may be purely accidental.

"On the other hand, when we have identity of cycle length in different phenomena, we have a right to *suspect* some possible inter-relationship. Such behavior gives us a clue, which then needs to be run down by scientific experiments in the fields involved."

There is a clear cycle in real-estate activity, 18.3 years. It runs also in building expansion, marriage rates, and acreage planted to certain crops. This cycle, which has 150 years of data back of it, is now near its periodic bottom, heading downward.

A rhythm which touches the daily life of everyone is a quickie, a 3.4-year cycle in business. It shows in the production of pig iron, a basic industry. It shows in the production and sales of many commodities and many business firms. The Westinghouse Company in 1938 based a \$10,000,000 capital investment program in part on that cycle, and had reason to be happy afterward.

Try making a chart of your own business, over as many years as possible, and see if you note any such cycle. Don't expect clean-cut ups and downs at precise intervals. You may find throbs or pulsations at intervals on a line which rises

and falls over much longer periods. It isn't always exactly 3.4 years; it may be 3.1 or 3.6 at times. A 3.4-cycle means that, over the course of many years, the peaks and valleys average that far apart.

One trouble is that there are too many cycles of different lengths. Whether it is because we have insufficient data, or because we interpret wrongly, the rhythms often fail to match neatly. Why should there be one cycle of 9.6 years and another of 18.3 years, irritatingly not quite double? Why the 18.3-year job, and the long 54-year industrial cycle, exasperatingly not quite three times as long? The solution, the cycle-hunters whisper, may lie just around the corner.

The connection between weather and industrial activity and prices is obviously close. Insects and drought affect crops, meat prices, retail business, transportation. The rubber companies would like very much to have positive data on next year's weather, in order to plan production of tires, overshoes, raincoats. So would the coal companies like to have advance notice of severe winters.

Much depends on how the different cycles work together. If different rhythms are moving in opposite directions at any given moment, they tend to cancel out or delay one another's action. If they all move in one direction, however, they tend to build up a mass effect.

So it becomes stimulating to note the calculations of Dewey in his recent book on cycles, written with Edwin F. Dakin.\* The four major rhythms, it seems, are now declin-

\* *Cycles: Science of Predictions*, by Edwin F. Dakin, published at \$2.75 by Henry Holt.

ing together. The long, slow 54-year rhythm, the 18-year real-estate rhythm, the shorter price-production and stock-market rhythms, all are destined to reach the bottom of their graphs together, in or around 1952. Therefore, that period looks to some cycle-hunters like years of foreboding.

Between now and then, Dewey believes, the wise individual will make fast his financial decks in case the weather turns stormy.

But there is in the picture more hope than dismay. All the major cycles are slated to turn upward together about 1953. And then their combined lift should bring about a period of historic advance.

More than that, the 54-year cycle has in the past marked distinct eras in our nation's economic life. The first one, 1790 to 1844, was a time of establishment and transcontinental growth. The next, 1844 to 1898, was the railroad and

expansion era. The third, 1898 to 1952, has been the age of development in electricity, chemistry, motors. The coming one—well, what new force is now in the cyclotrons of our laboratories, waiting to be harnessed?

A final wild speculation may be permitted the layman in this stimulating field. When the motor of an automobile is running, a wheel here, a gear there, each is turning in its own regular cycle. Beneath the hood a score of different rhythms are in action. All, however, depend upon the great central rhythm of the motor.

Scientists today are charting a number of different rhythms, much as an intelligent insect might chart those in the automobile. Suppose all our lesser cycles have their origin in one great central rhythm—the Great Central Rhythm? Will man ever succeed in “establishing” that supernatural fact?

## The Doctors'



## Dilemmas

**A**T A NEBRASKA HOSPITAL, the hair of a pedestrian who had suffered a head injury was being trimmed when he suddenly shouted: “Stop” and snatched a toupee from his head.

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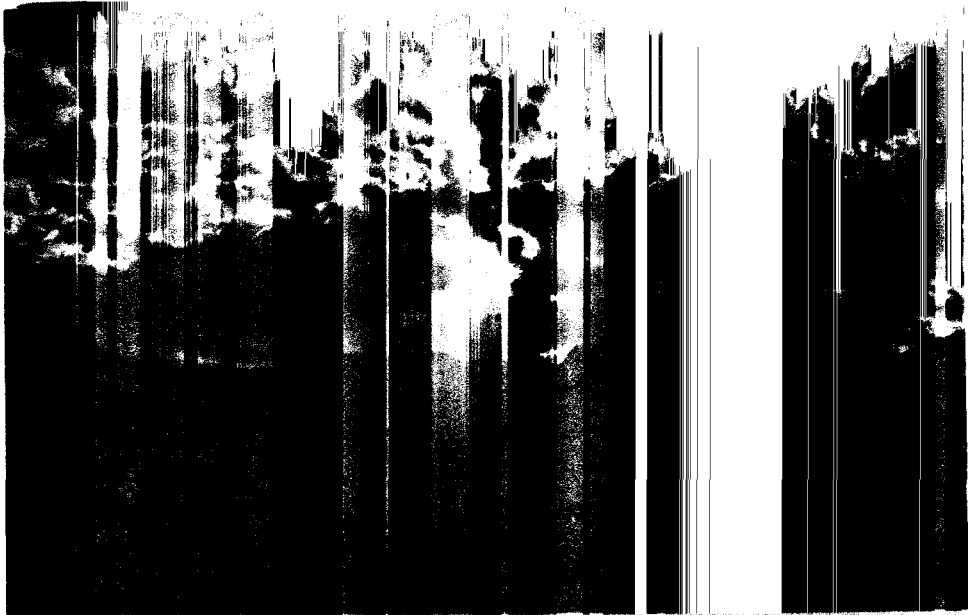
**A** FLORIDA DOCTOR broke his leg on the way to the hospital but carried on by delivering an 8-pound baby while balancing on one leg.

•

**A**S HE REACHED the seventh tee at the Country Club golf course, a Utah doctor received a hurry-up call from the husband of an expectant mother. The doctor hurried to the clubhouse, showered and changed, drove to the hospital, delivered the baby and was back in time to rejoin his foursome at the 11th hole.

—HAROLD HELFER





When you come to the end of a perfect day,



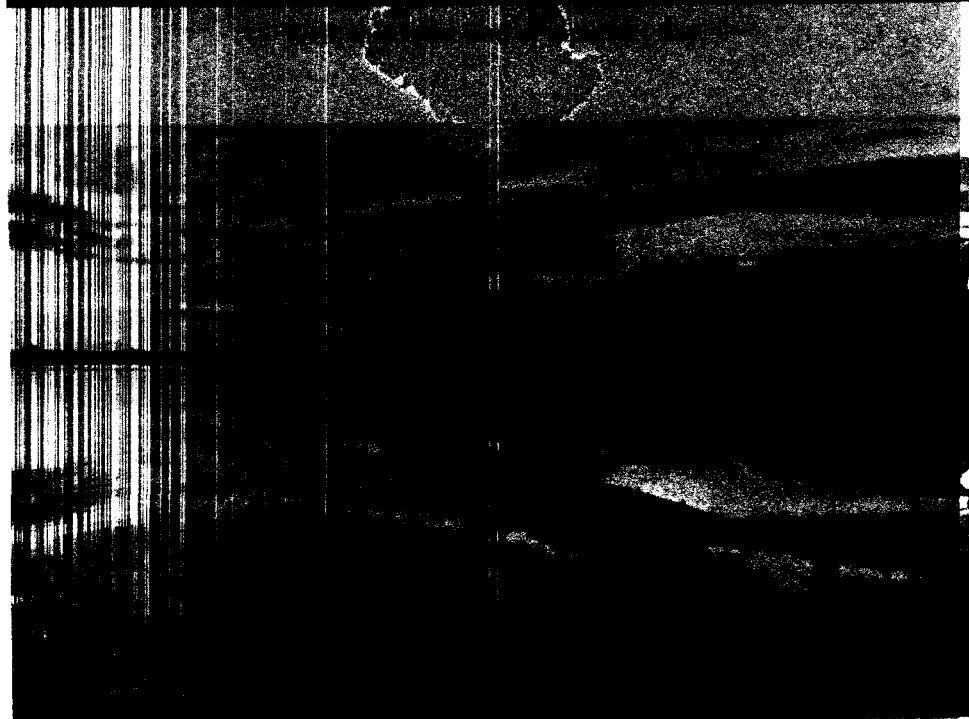
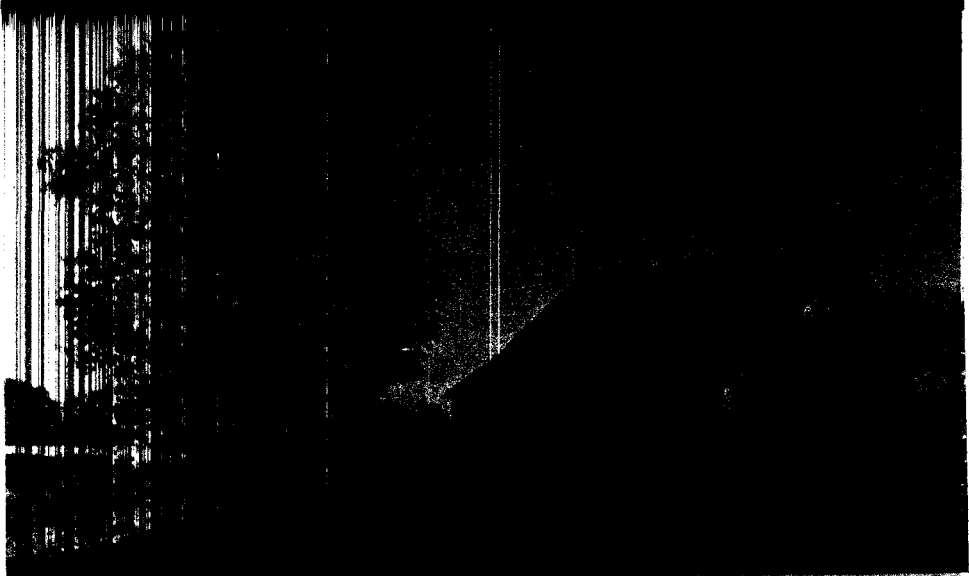
you sit alone with your thought.

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# NEEDED:

## *A Gambler's Anonymous*

Gambling has left a trail of disaster and heartbreak across the U. S., emphasizing the need for action against a national menace

MARJORIE WALKED SLOWLY up the steps to the little bungalow in Hillside, bracing her shoulders as she fumbled in her handbag for the key. Anyway, she thought, the rent isn't due for a week and Tom should be able to get another job. After all, he *was* a good salesman. People couldn't help liking his pleasant smile and laughing Irish eyes.

Maybe this would be a lesson to him—just as Mr. Brant, the district manager, had told her. "I'm sorry, young lady, that I can't take Tom back. But I warned him after the last garnishment that if there was another, he would have to go."

She had pleaded with him, she had even cried.

"No," Brant said firmly. "Tom gave me his word last time that he would never make another bet. But he didn't keep that pledge any more than the others. Maybe this will

bring him to his senses at last."

She knew that Brant was right. Before they married, Tom swore he would give up the bookmakers. He meant it. But six months later he came home one night, flushed and excited. He made her close her eyes and slipped a ring on her finger—a big diamond solitaire.

"But, Tommy, darling," she said. "We can't afford it!"

Tom laughed. "A fellow gave me a sure tip on a race. I couldn't resist. It won and here's your ring."

Then there was the morning a month later. She looked at the dresser where she carefully laid her ring every night. It was gone. So was Tom. Frantically she called his office, but he was out for the day.

When he came home that night there was a cold look in his eyes. "All right," he told her roughly, "so I took the ring! I had to have it—to

pawn. Now go ahead and bawl me out."

She cried and went to her room. Later, Tom came in and they talked it out. He had been betting again. Finally he had to pawn the ring in order to pay the bookmaker. "But this is my lesson," he promised. "Never again!"

How many times had she heard that promise in the last six years? She had lost track. Well, maybe losing his job would do it. Meantime, she would have to figure out some way of paying bills until he went back to work.

The story of this young couple may sound like cheap melodrama. But the truth is that this kind of story, with minor variations, is being repeated all over America every day. The truth is that Tom is a sick person. Yet few people realize that gambling, like alcohol, may be the neurotic symptom of a mal-adjusted personality.

Let us, however, make one distinction plain. There are two kinds of gambling. For millions of us, gambling is just an occasional amusement. We buy a chance on a new car, play poker or bridge for low stakes. This is fun. But some people are different. They can't stop betting for big stakes, no matter how many pledges they take.

What makes the problem even more acute is that gambling, almost unnoticed, has grown into big business. In some form, it reaches into almost every home in the country. You can walk down main street in a small Kansas town and wonder where to buy a drink—but you can always find a drugstore selling punchboard chances or a cigar store with a poker-dice game. You

can pick up any phone in Minneapolis or Pittsburgh and make a bet on a basketball game—or call long distance if you happen to live out on the farm.

Our national income is better than \$200,000,000,000 a year. And a substantial percentage of all we earn is being staked on races, dice, gin rummy, baseball, basketball and football pools, bingo, raffles, pinball games, sweepstakes tickets, bridge and poker. In addition, there is the "numbers game," a racket which originated in Cuba and has become big business, particularly in metropolitan centers.

A particularly vicious phase of the "numbers game" is that runners who collect bets hang around schoolyards at recess time and encourage youngsters to wager lunch pennies on a number. In some Eastern cities, cases of actual undernourishment have been uncovered among children playing the racket with their milk money.

**H**OW MANY AMERICANS gamble? One careful survey puts the number of petty gamblers at 40,000,000. A Gallup poll found that nearly one of three adults takes chances on church raffles, lotteries and bingo—compared to one in five who plays cards for money. Last year, several million people went to the races. How many of these are neurotic addicts is not known, but the number is constantly rising.

The effect of gambling on municipal and state governments and police forces is such an everyday phenomenon that it hardly merits mention here. Nor is it just confined to big cities like Chicago, where the Capone gang used to reap as much

as \$25,000,000 a year in gambling profits.

But gambling not only corrupts individuals and governments — it reaches into industry. Last year three foremen and 16 workers were fired and another 18 suspended in an effort to prevent the spread of betting hysteria at the Ford Motor Company. Some 9,000 men and women in one division were reported betting \$300,000 a month. At that rate, wagering in the River Rouge plant would total \$2,000,000 a month for 65,000 workers.

Big as these problems are, the human tragedies are even greater. The list of suicides, wrecked families, children condemned to near-starvation, lost jobs, divorces, heart-break and ruined lives is endless. For the grim fact is that gambling can hit anyone, anywhere.

Last winter, in St. Petersburg, Florida, a widow from Iowa arrived with \$100,000 — proceeds from the sale of her farm. She invested \$20,000 in a rooming house and settled down. A favorite St. Petersburg pastime is shuffleboard. The widow started playing with a retired Army colonel as partner.

In shuffleboard tournaments the players usually bet on themselves. By February the widow was betting as much as \$500 on a game and losing quite often. By April she had lost her \$80,000 nest egg and had mortgaged her house. In another month she had lost the house, and a few days later took an overdose of sleeping pills.

Why do things like this happen? Why do shrewd, intelligent individuals deliberately put their fortunes in jeopardy?

There is a famous gambling ca-

sino in Las Vegas, Nevada, that caters to Hollywood stars and other celebrities. It is all glitter and color, soft music and elegance. Most of the men and women are in evening dress, and in front of them on the tables, thousands of dollars change hands on each spin of the roulette wheel. Everywhere there is an atmosphere of regal luxury—but the most fascinating sight is the faces of the players.

At one table you see a pale, steel-jawed man, a professional gambler. He bets steadily, his eyes narrow slits which watch the wheel. Beside him is a promising young starlet from Hollywood, blonde and handsome. You can see her knuckles whiten when she clutches the table as the wheel spins.

A few places down is a birdlike little woman in her sixties, whose evening dress went out of style before the war. She has a small notebook in which she carefully makes notations after each spin of the wheel. From time to time she places a small bet. Win or lose, she jots her "system" in the book.

Further down the table is a tall Westerner who has come into town from his ranch for the evening. He clumps his bets down loudly and you can hear his laugh when he wins. Pretty soon he stalks off, announcing loudly that he is going to find a poker game where he "can get a little action."

You can see those same faces at your local movie theater on "Screeno" night. Those just there for an evening's amusement are relaxed, carefree and detached. Those infected by the gambling germ are gripped by excitement, obvious or suppressed. They are persons pos-

sessed—in the clutch of forces beyond their control.

Listen to the comments of a New Jersey bookmaker, a quiet, intelligent man with a family, who has run a conservative bookmaking business for 20 years.

"Most of my regular customers are business and professional people," he says. "They get a kick out of betting and can afford to spend what they lose. But my problem is with the plunger.

"I had a dentist who had bet with me for years. All of a sudden he started to bet very heavily. I tried to discourage him because I knew he was getting in over his head. But he wouldn't listen, even when I pointed out that it cost me a lot to run my business—\$100 a week for protection, another \$100 for racing results, plenty more for phones, clerks and accountants. I told him I paid all these bills—and still made money on the bad judgment of people like himself.

"But he kept on plunging, until I told him I wouldn't handle his bets any more. He got hysterical, but I wouldn't argue. I suppose he shopped around and found another commissioner."

One common denominator runs through all these stories. People addicted to gambling do things which no person in his right mind would think of doing. Not long ago, a successful writer for popular magazines lost \$100,000 in a Tiajuana gambling establishment. Why did he toss away five years' savings? His explanation was that he felt sure he could win a million dollars and retire to a hacienda in the Yucatan.

A middle-aged Indiana woman

was brought into court for neglecting her children. Asked why she spent all her time in bingo parlors and "screeno" theaters, she said: "Something gets a hold on me. I begin to get excited. Every day I am sure that I am going to win. Then, if I lose, I feel sure that next time I will win."

Recently, the assistant teller in an Illinois bank was found short \$5,200 in his accounts. He had belonged to a poker club—a "small game" with a 25-cent limit so that "nobody will get hurt." One night he had bad luck and kept increasing his bets, trying to recoup his losses. Next day he had a stack of IOUs and took \$50 out of the till, planning to replace it on payday. You know the rest . . .

**W**HY DO PEOPLE DO IT? The problem is one of the most interesting in human psychology—and one of the least studied.

Dr. Edmund Bergler of New York, one of the few psychiatrists who have analyzed the problem, calls the gambler a neurotic person—a person who cannot control his conduct. Bergler advances the startling conclusion that gamblers, unconsciously, really want to lose. Naturally, no gambler will admit this. But if you study a dozen case histories, you will find that almost always there was at least one point at which they could have quit while ahead of the game.

But they never do. They go on until they have lost everything. Bergler compares the neurotic gambler to a naughty child who defies his mother by saying, "Look, I'm spilling my cereal on the floor"—and then waits expectantly to be

spanked. Apparently the child—and the gambler—get pleasure out of “feeling bad.”

This applies equally to the Des Moines housewife who loses her week's grocery allowance playing bridge and to the tough-lipped St. Louis mobster who bets his roll in a back-room dice game. Neither is ever satisfied. Eventually both lose.

John Scarne, the New York expert on gamblers and gambling, says flatly that the gambler never gives up. “Sure,” he says, “I know plenty who have ‘quit.’ I see them going around with long faces because they have lost all their money. But they have only quit temporarily—just until they can get more money to play with.”

What is the fascination of gambling? Fundamentally, it seems to be a combination of fear and hope. Suppose you are playing blackjack. You get two cards and they total 14. Your point is 21. You decide to take another card. If you get a face card, it will “bust” your hand. But you “feel” that it will be a seven.

You watch the dealer drop the card. You pick it up carefully. You look at it cautiously. It is a seven! Suddenly you feel very powerful. Actually, pure chance gave you the seven. Nothing you did changed the sequence of cards in the deck. But now that you have drawn the seven, your feeling is akin to omnipotence. You have controlled events!

This is very exciting business indeed, and the gambling operators heighten the excitement. Why are children attracted by pinball games? Because of flashing lights, sputtering noises, moving figures—and the chance of winning “something for nothing.”

In the gambling houses of Las Vegas and Palm Beach, the same principles are applied—luxury, deep carpets, money stacked carelessly on the tables, perfume and music. At the fabulous Brazilian hotel at Quitandinha, the ceilings were recessed like bowls so that the whirr of the roulette wheel and the click of the chips would re-echo through the room. The stage was set for money . . . for winning . . . and losing. . . .

It is plain that the rules for tempting gamblers are well understood, but the problem of rehabilitating the psychotic gambler has thus far been almost untouched. Dr. Bergler has discovered that gamblers seldom, if ever, seek professional treatment. Occasionally, they are persuaded to see a consultant or psychiatrist, but they make difficult patients because they see nothing really wrong in gambling away their weekly pay check.

One obvious suggestion has been made. Since Alcoholics Anonymous has achieved such great success with psychotic drinkers, why not a “Gamblers Anonymous” for psychotic gamblers? There may be merit in the idea, but both gamblers and psychiatrists express grave doubts. One gambling professional laughs at the idea.

“I know what would happen,” he says. “You would get some fellows together to talk about gambling and the first thing you know, one of them would happen to have a pair of dice in his pocket and they would wind up shooting dice until the sun came up.”

A psychiatric specialist is equally pessimistic. “Alcoholics Anonymous works because the members recog-

nize that they have a problem. They want to be cured. But the gambler doesn't think of himself as sick. He doesn't recognize the fact that he has a problem."

Clearly, all the evidence now available indicates that no short-cut solution to "gambling fever" is likely to be found. Psychotic gambling is a disease—just as serious as psychotic drinking and possibly more widespread. Certainly it is less generally recognized as a disease. The gambler who can't quit is suffering from a deep-rooted personality maladjustment. His conduct should not be excused with remarks that "gambling seems to run in the Jones family," or that

"after all, he isn't hurting anybody but himself."

The remedy, first of all, is to recognize that the psychotic gambler is not a normal person. He must be persuaded that for his own good and that of his family, he requires treatment—professional care. In most cases, this is a difficult battle to win, but once the victim has been persuaded to consult a specialist, the first and most important barrier has been cleared.

However, after the treatment starts, do not expect miracles. Psychiatrists frankly state that gambling is one of their more difficult problems. Time is one of the great aids—time and understanding.



### Lincoln's Most Remarkable Victory

ON THE DAY OF THE presidential election in 1864, when Gen. George B. McClellan was running against Abraham Lincoln, the Confederates were hoping against hope that Lincoln would be defeated, for McClellan had called the war a failure.

Authorities at a prison camp in South Carolina, where 10,000 Northern prisoners were incarcerated, decided to take a "bean vote" among these Union soldiers, thinking it would give them some indication of how the Yankees were voting. Bags of dried beans were distributed to the helpless, hungry Northerners with instructions to drop a black bean in the voting bag hung just inside the stockade if they were for Lincoln, and a white bean if they favored the election of McClellan.

Just before the voting began, the Confederate colonel in charge of the stockade announced to the prisoners: "If a majority of votes is cast for McClellan you will get extra rations today."

Then the Union prisoners—shrunken shadow-shapes of men, hundreds of whom took sick and died every week—were marched to the bean-casting bag. Many were too weak from hunger and disease to cast their votes.

But when the votes were counted, the Confederates found that the promise of extra rations was not enough to change the allegiance of those Northern prisoners, even when they knew their "bean vote" would have no influence on the outcome of the real election. McClellan got only 1,500 votes while Lincoln received more than 6,000!

—THE REV. PHILIP JEROME CLEVELAND



# *Darling of the Dancing Debutantes*

by LAWRENCE LADER

**You've probably never heard of Meyer Davis,  
yet he's America's best-paid dance maestro**

**M**EYER DAVIS, WHO HAS supplied the music for Presidents, bankers, debutantes and dowagers for the last 35 years, is the greatest paradox, both social and economic, among our orchestra maestros.

Other leaders like Gene Krupa or Tommy Dorsey achieve popularity through the radio and juke boxes. Davis plays only at exclusive private parties where a mere 75 guests may be dancing to his 100-piece orchestra. While Krupa's and Dorsey's bread-and-butter depends on millions of ardent worshippers from Glens Falls to Keokuk, Davis' fans are mostly confined to the imposing mansions of New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Newport, Bar Harbor and Palm Beach.

He has never been mobbed by bobby-soxers on a theater stage or featured in a Hollywood offering. He has never even been stopped on the street by autograph collectors. Yet Davis' fortune was amassed while most of today's top bandmen were still in knee pants, and he will probably still be adding to his

hoard when most of them retire.

Small as they are in numbers, Davis' fans are unabashedly devout. They look upon this genial, ruddy-cheeked man of 55 as a god of the rumba, fox trot, waltz and tango. The demand for his music is so great during the Eastern debutante season that he often plays at three or four places in one night.

Davis' admirers want him so much, in fact, that he is paid more for a single night's work than any other orchestra leader in the business. In 1946, he received \$12,500 from Peter A. B. Widener III. For another Widener party a few years ago, the fee was \$10,500. Ralph Beaver Strassburger has paid him \$10,000, Clarence Geist \$7,500. With a gross income of more than \$50,000,000 in the last 35 years, Davis is easily the top money-maker in the dance-music world.

Why Davis, who is almost unknown outside of Park Avenue or Philadelphia's Main Line, should receive \$12,500 a night while "big-name" bands like Krupa's or Dor-

sey's command a mere \$5,000, is a phenomenon that has nothing to do with the inspirational qualities of his drums or saxophones. The difference lies in the fact that Davis' music does not just move the feet of his dancers. It is a psychological force which may also move lives and events.

Society parties are usually given for a specific objective. Davis believes that his music helps to achieve these objectives. Played at the party of an industrial magnate entertaining other industrialists, it may set the stage for a multi-million-dollar deal. At a coming-out celebration, it may throw an eligible young man into the arms of the ambitious debutante.

Davis, an obvious practitioner of crowd psychology, studies his patrons before each party. If the guest of honor is from South America, Davis plays the music of his native land when he sets foot on the floor. If a particular girl is interested in a particular young man, Davis finds out what rumba or fox trot they like best and plays it for their benefit.

Davis modestly calls this "personal attention." When a dowager who holds the party pursestrings steps on the floor, he switches to her favorite waltz, meanwhile throwing her his best smile and bowing low. No hostess has ever failed to be touched by this demonstration. Usually, she shows her appreciation in the size of her check the next morning.

When Davis remembered that *The Blue Danube* was Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s, favorite tune at a Bar Harbor party, she reciprocated by asking him to play at

her next dance. When Queen Elizabeth of England attended a reception in her honor at the New York World's Fair in 1939, Davis broke into the strains of *Beautiful Lady* at her entrance. Elizabeth blushed and blew him a kiss.

WHEN DAVIS LEADS HIS orchestra, his 170 pounds sway gracefully, his ruddy face beams down on the dancers. He looks like the happiest man in the world, casting a warm glow over the party. But if he senses that festivities are slowing down, he speeds the tempo of his music through prearranged signals to key men in the orchestra.

At a large party with 1,000 guests and a 100-man orchestra, he stations a special assistant at a blackboard near his feet to write directions. At one recent party, he even equipped the key men with tiny headphones through which he transmitted orders.

Davis' psychological skill receives its greatest test around midnight, when the older guests, who are beginning to leave, request a nostalgic favorite like *Smiles* while their sons and daughters are clamoring for the latest calypso offering. Not till 1 A.M. can Davis really let loose. Then the rumbas and fox trots grow frantic, his saxophones wail, his drums beat with aboriginal fury.

Around 3 o'clock, his music becomes mellower. Boys and girls lock arms to sing *The Whiffenpoof Song* and *Fair Harvard*. Around 6, he starts to play *Auld Lang Syne*. But if the guests keep shouting for more, he may still be playing at 8 A.M.

Davis looks on his product not as the overflowing of a musician's soul, but much as one of his clients, the

late Henry Ford, looked on the product of Dearborn's assembly lines. Davis' admiration for big-business methods led him early in his career to branch out with as many as 120 orchestras in hotels scattered from Hot Springs, Arkansas, to Swampscott, Massachusetts. Although each has its own leader, they are called Meyer Davis Orchestras, and are paid directly by Davis. The maestro himself only takes baton in hand for the most expensive socialite parties. As soon as an engagement ends, orchestras are broken up and re-formed into new units.

Davis keeps as many as 1,300 men on his payroll, some 800 of them being assigned to "location bands" at hotels and night clubs. The rest of his men form a pool, from which he draws for "party work." Davis' leaders make an average of \$10,000 a year, his musicians about \$6,000. At its peak, his payroll runs to \$3,000,000. What he makes himself is a well-kept secret. But friends report he has \$800,000 in insurance and at least \$1,000,000 in savings.

THE MAESTRO APPROACHES his blue-blooded clients with the reverence of a Limehouse cabbie being presented at the Court of St. James'. Although he has had many chances to mix with them on a social level, he considers this stepping out of place. "I'm just a salesman of music," he likes to say. He gave this philosophy concrete expression when Paul Whiteman refused the request of a Newport hostess to enter her mansion through the back door. Promptly the hostess summoned Davis.

"Does the caterer come in that way?" Davis asked. The hostess said that he did. "Well," replied Davis, "he sells you food. I sell you music. What's good enough for him is good enough for me."

But when the role of Davis, the businessman, becomes too dull, a more glamorous Davis emerges, created by his publicity department under direction of his brother, Uriel, and Harry Sobel. This is the Davis who sips champagne cocktails with celebrities at the best night clubs in town. This is also the Davis who drops his baton at a "400" dance to teach a dowager new steps; the Davis who helps John D. Rockefeller, Jr., push his living-room piano into place before a dance; or the Davis who, according to one publicity release, lives "next door to Mrs. Vanderbilt."

The fact that the actual distance between his four-room apartment on 55th Street and her former mansion on Fifth Avenue is a good six blocks mattered little. The important thing to both Davis, the businessman, and Davis, the habitué of Palm Springs and Newport, is that the stories get into print.

When Davis is not playing either of these roles, he likes to push a cigar in his mouth and sit down to his weekly poker game with Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay, co-authors of *Life with Father*; Theron Bamberger, the producer; Harold Ross, editor of *The New Yorker*; George S. Kaufman, the playwright; and Franklin P. Adams, the columnist.

Although he has been married for 30 years, his family claims he is still a bachelor. Five days a week he lives alone in New York; on week

ends he commutes to Philadelphia, where his pianist wife, Hilda Emery Davis, maintains a 14-room home for their four grown and talented children.

Davis was born in Ellicott City, Maryland. In 1903, when he was ten, the family moved to Washington where his mother, who wanted him to become a lawyer, sent him to Business High. But Meyer spent most of his time at school leading a five-piece orchestra.

At 17, Meyer entered George Washington University, where he began his legal training by talking his way into playing for the college dances. That summer, during a trip to San Francisco, he heard a new type of music that was to sweep the country—ragtime. Meyer brought it back to Washington along with a quaint new dance called “The Bunny Hug.”

His first engagement was at the new Willard Hotel, where Capital society foregathered. When he heard that Mrs. Anna Wilson Hayward, prominent hostess, was planning a dance, he knocked on her door and described his music so eloquently that she hired him.

Instead of halting the music at the traditional 2 A.M. finale, Davis caused a sensation by playing till 5 o'clock. Next day, his phone began to ring. Washington hostesses, now convinced that a successful dance had to run till 5 A.M., were begging Davis for music.

That summer, Meyer's brother, Uriel, landed a piano-playing job at Bar Harbor, and the budding maestro went along. Music at the hotel was supplied by staid members of the Boston Symphony, picking up spare change on vacation.

Davis quickly sold the manager on bringing his five-piece orchestra from Washington, and before long he was booking private parties for society's summer colonists.

By 1918, Davis was running the society music business of Washington. His bands were in every important hotel, and few hostesses would risk their standing by not having a Meyer Davis orchestra at their parties. Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean had him play weekly at her famous country home, “Friendship.” In 1913, he had charged Mrs. McLean \$100 an evening. Now his price was \$3,000.

Soon he began to branch out. Because many Bar Harbor clients lived in Philadelphia, he opened an office there. In 1922, he started a third office in New York, which today is headquarters. Three years later he made Bar Harbor the official summer office, and when the grass looked even greener in Rhode Island, expanded to Newport. In 1925, Meyer Davis took over the winter trade at Palm Beach, and his monopoly of Eastern society was complete.

**D**URING THE 1930s, when swing became a national craze, hostesses tried alternating the exuberant rhythms of a Goodman or a Dorsey with Davis. But when debutantes and their escorts struggled to keep up with the hot brasses, Davis made his music more danceable than ever with string sections that totaled up to 50 violins. Soon the guests merely stood and listened to the swing bands, flocking back to the floor only when Davis began to play.

On one occasion, Davis helped to make political history. Before a

Roosevelt dance at the White House a few years ago, he wrote Marvin McIntyre, a presidential secretary, asking him to name Mr. Roosevelt's favorite tune. McIntyre replied that he didn't think the President had any. But pressed by Davis, he finally suggested *Home on the Range*.

At the dance, Davis struck up the tune when the President appeared and announced that he was honoring FDR with his favorite music. No one was more surprised than Mr. Roosevelt, but the newspapers recorded the fact with due reverence, and *Home on the Range* will go down in history linked to FDR's name.

Today, Davis sees nothing on the horizon except silver-lined clouds. After the lean war years, the debutantes are now back in full bloom and the Ivy League boys are crowding the stag lines. Even the Meyer

Davis party schedule for the future is filling up.

A few years ago he started sending old clients, who had just given birth to feminine offspring, a card of congratulations that asked: "May we reserve a date in 1960 or 1961 for the debut of your new daughter?" So many reservations have already been made that Davis hopes to establish a new tradition to vie with the custom among alumni of exclusive Groton School of registering their sons at birth.

Davis believes that as soon as the first feminine wails emerge from the cradles of today's aristocracy, mothers will rush to send off telegrams, reserving a date in 19— for their daughters' debuts. Davis confidently expects to be there himself to supply the music—at prices that he hopes will be close to \$12,500.

## The Fatal Luncheon

HERE'S A STORY that pops up as regularly as clockwork. The last time it came out of Hollywood, and was pinned to the lovely Joan Caulfield.

There were to be ten at her house for luncheon, and the individual portions of cold cuts and salad had been neatly set out; but the hostess' dog got into the kitchen and gobbled up one of them. Miss Caulfield banished the pup to the garden, and hastily redivided the remaining nine portions into ten.

The unwitting guests arrived, ate, and made merry—until Miss Caulfield looked out of the window and saw her dog lying dead on the terrace. "He's been poisoned," she



cried in horror, and then told her guests what had happened before their arrival.

There followed a mad rush to the hospital, with ten beautiful but panic-stricken ladies screaming for stomach pumps at the same time. When the ordeal was over, and it became apparent they were going to survive, they headed weakly for their homes and sleeping pills.

Miss Caulfield found her neighbor waiting for her when she returned. "Wasn't it awful about your poor doggie?" the neighbor said. "I saw the truck run over him, but you were having such fun with your guests I didn't want to disturb you."

BENNETT CERF

# New York to France



## *— in a Rowboat*

by TOM MAHONEY

INCREDIBLE AS IT SOUNDS, two men once rowed across the Atlantic Ocean in an open boat—the full 3,250 miles from New York to France. In comparison with this epic feat, the recent South Pacific cruise of six men on a raft seems a sedentary enterprise. Yet today the Atlantic adventure and the names of its heroes are forgotten.

Frank Samuelson and George Harbo, two Norwegian immigrants, lived in Brooklyn and dredged for oysters off New Jersey. In 1896, the year of their exploit, Harbo was 30, Samuelson 26, but both had spent their lives at sea and possessed a strength far greater than their medium stature indicated.

"If anybody would row the ocean," Samuelson told Harbo,

The most incredible adventures of the sea pale before the feat of a pair of forgotten Vikings who crossed the Atlantic in an open boat; here is the exciting story of their two-month voyage

"he would make a fortune. People would pay to see the boat." One man couldn't do it, they agreed, but two men might make the voyage in two months, if they rowed 54 miles a day. So why not try it?

The mustached Harbo, a licensed pilot, calculated that the most feasible route was eastward by way of the Gulf Stream and the North Atlantic drift. These currents would add slightly to the speed of a craft going in their direction. Further,

this was the heavily traveled North Atlantic shipping route, which promised help in event of disaster.

For two years, the Norwegians devoted their spare time to completing plans. Finally they designed a double-pointed, 18-foot craft, with a five-foot beam and eight-inch draft. At both ends were watertight compartments and tanks for drinking water. Richard K. Fox, publisher of the *Police Gazette*, financed construction of the boat at Branchport, New Jersey, and the little white-oak craft was named *Fox* in his honor.

Boatmen shook their heads incredulously when the cockleshell was rowed to the Battery. But Samuelson and Harbo stubbornly continued outfitting. Into the boat went five pairs of oars, a compass, a sextant, a canvas sea-anchor, an air mattress, signal lights and five gallons of kerosene for the small stove rigged in the bow.

Provisions included 250 eggs, 100 pounds of sea biscuit, nine pounds of coffee, and considerable canned meat. All clothing except oilskins and what they were wearing was discarded. No tobacco, liquor or sails were taken aboard.

A crowd of 2,000 gathered at the Battery the afternoon of June 6, 1896, to see them off. The weather was perfect but there was an air of gloom about the crowd. "This is suicide," was a common comment.

"We'll see you all in Le Havre or in heaven!" shouted Harbo cheerfully as the *Fox* pushed off. Harbor whistles saluted the boat as it skimmed down the bay and through the Narrows, with both Harbo and Samuelson rowing.

When the *Fox* passed out to sea,

the two Norwegians began their carefully calculated routine, which called for 15½ hours of rowing a day for each man. At first, the weather was glorious; but trouble began with the oil stove. It was hard to keep lighted even in a mild breeze. They had little coffee and soon had to eat their eggs raw.

On the fourth night out, Harbo was asleep under the canvas shelter astern. Suddenly he sat up, crying: "Something bumped us!"

As they listened, it came again, a bump and a scrape across the bottom. Then something white flashed in the dark water alongside.

"A shark!" said Harbo.

For two days the shark swam with the boat, while the oarsmen, undisturbed, continued their methodical pull for the horizon.

A week out, the adventurers encountered the Canadian schooner *Jessie*, bound for New York.

"Come alongside and we'll take you aboard!" the schooner's captain megaphoned.

"No thanks," Samuelson shouted back. "We're on a voyage."

"Where are you bound?"

"Europe."

With her crew shaking their heads, the *Jessie* sailed on.

The next day, Sunday, brought the tireless oarsmen their first bad weather. A heavy gale blew up from the east, almost dead ahead. Waves rose higher and higher until they washed over the *Fox*. At 9 A.M. the two men gave up rowing and tossed out the sea anchor. By 5 P.M., Harbo calculated their progress for the day had been 25 miles backward!

Two days later, the *Fuerst Bismarck*, pride of the North German

Lloyd, encountered the *Fox*. As nautical amenities must be maintained even between rowboats and liners, Harbo hoisted an American flag and the steamer responded with her colors.

"Are you shipwrecked?" the liner's skipper shouted.

"No. Bound for Europe."

"Are you crazy?"

"No indeed."

Amazed passengers at the rail cheered as the *Fox* pulled away toward the East.

On the Norwegians rowed, sometimes singing but usually pulling their oars with silent efficiency. July 1, on the Grand Banks, they met a fishing smack, whose astonished captain invited the voyagers aboard. For the first time in three weeks, Harbo and Samuelson enjoyed a cooked meal.

ON JULY 7 A WESTERLY gale blew up, and for two days the weary oarsmen battled mountainous seas. It was a grim fight. Ten times a day the tiny craft had to be bailed out. Only the watertight compartments kept her afloat.

On the second night, Samuelson saw a gigantic wave bearing down. "Look out!" he shouted.

"We'll never clear it!" gasped Harbo.

In an instant the *Fox* was overturned and the two men were struggling in icy water. But even for this emergency they had made plans. Each wore a lifebelt, fastened to the boat by rope. Also the keel had been provided with a rail to which the voyagers could cling.

After several attempts they righted the boat, crawled aboard and began desperately to bail. Some of

their provisions had been swept away; their clothes were waterlogged. Sleepless and hungry, they presented a sorry spectacle as the sun rose over a comparatively calm sea.

They stripped and wrung out their soaked clothing. Then they resumed rowing to take the stiffness from their swollen joints. After apparently tossing its worst at the *Fox*, the ocean relented. Winds were favorable and the sun smiled.

But there were other troubles. The backs of their hands became an agony. Wind, sun and salt water had turned them into raw flesh, further irritated by the constant chafing of oilskins. An even graver problem was their depleted food stock. While previously it had been amusing to chaff with passing vessels, it was now a matter of life or death to hail one.

Salvation appeared on July 15 in the shape of a full-rigged bark. They tied a blanket to an oar and began to wave it. At last the bark turned toward the famished oarsmen. As she neared, they made out the name *Cito* on her bow.

"Must be Italian," said Harbo.

But the Canadian-bound vessel proved instead to be the *Cito of Lavick* from Norway, birthplace of the two bedraggled adventurers. Harbo and Samuelson boarded the ship for a gargantuan meal and a joyful reunion with seamen like themselves. Before they left, the Norwegians filled the *Fox's* water tanks and stocked her with fresh provisions.

With half their voyage behind them, Harbo and Samuelson took up the oars again. The weather continued fair, and for more than a

week they averaged 65 miles a day. On August 1, they sighted land—the Scilly Islands, southwestern tip of Britain.

Just 55 days after leaving New York, they stepped ashore at St. Mary's, to be greeted by an incredulous American consul. After resting for only one day, during which Harbo wrote a three-paragraph letter to the *New York World*, saying "We are satisfied with our records," the *Fox* set off for Le Havre, France, 250 miles distant. There the voyage ended on August 7, to the cheers of thousands.

The Norwegians and their boat were worn and battered. They could not stand on their stiff legs after landing; their hands were in frightful shape. All during the voyage they had enjoyed good health, but on their first day ashore both developed bad colds.

The fortune that they hoped to reap by their exploit proved illusory. Many paid to see their boat during exhibitions in Le Havre,

Paris and London, but they barely earned expenses. Next they journeyed to their native Norway. This trip proved the greatest disappointment of all. Their families welcomed them but Norwegian press comment was adverse.irate editors contended that the voyage should have been made under the Norwegian flag.

A year later, Harbo and Samuelson brought the *Fox* back to America via steamship. But as a carnival attraction the craft was a failure. The rowboat that had crossed the Atlantic looked much like any other and couldn't compete on midways with livelier attractions. Both men vanished from the limelight and eventually went back to Norway.

In 1946, Samuelson died in an old people's home at Farsund. The Norwegian press was kinder to him in death than it had been in life. "The world will not soon see his like again," editorialized one journal. "Ours is an effete age."



## A Matter of Opinion

A DECADE OR SO AGO, the Columbia University program committee invited Dr. James Rowland Angell of Yale as a speaker at one of the weekly chapels. He traveled down from New Haven without a text for his speech. When he got off at Grand Central Station, he was still unprepared. He took a taxicab up to the college and still had no idea of what he would say. Walking up the chapel steps, he quite suddenly saw a sign on the

door: PUSH. That would be his topic; he would speak about the value of aggressiveness in life, of gentle force in the world.

Upon the platform he said: "The text for my speech is not drawn from the Bible, or from any great philosophy; rather, from a sign on the chapel door naming the chief asset that a person may have."

His entire audience twisted their heads and saw inscribed on that chapel door the word: PULL.

—ALDOUS HINDLEY FLETCHER

# Celebrity *Hide and Seek*

Your job here is to find the celebrities who—in each instance—fulfill the conditions required. Questions become progressively more difficult, so give yourself 1 point for question No. 1, 2 points for question No. 2, and so forth. A score of 30-43 is good; 44-55 is excellent. Answers on page 88.

## *Seek*

1. The highest ranking Cabinet member:
2. The President who was the oldest at his inauguration:
3. Two feminine members of the same profession:
4. Two each make two professional pairs:
5. Five succeeding Presidents by dropping four:
6. Three of the same profession:
7. Four screen celebrities who have blond hair:
8. Five American heroes (two Army—three Navy):
9. Five succeeding rulers by dropping three:
10. Five who became famous for seeking and finding:

## *Hiding Among*

- (a) Fred Vinson (b) James Forrestal (c) Tom Clark (d) George Marshall (e) Julius Krug
- (a) William H. Harrison (b) John Adams (c) Benjamin Harrison (d) Theodore Roosevelt (e) Abraham Lincoln
- (a) Geraldine Farrar (b) Marie Curie (c) Evangeline Booth (d) Helen Douglas (e) Rosa Bonheur (f) Lise Meitner
- (a) Puccini (b) Cellini (c) Marconi (d) Debussy (e) Toscanini (f) Rodin
- (a) Lincoln (b) Arthur (c) Johnson (d) Grant (e) Pierce (f) Hayes (g) Buchanan (h) Taylor (i) Garfield
- (a) Joseph Lister (b) Walter Reed (c) Joyce Kilmer (d) Johns Hopkins (e) William Penn (f) William Mayo
- (a) Veronica Lake (b) Ann Sheridan (c) Van Johnson (d) Harpo Marx (e) Frank Sinatra (f) Loretta Young (g) Sonja Henie
- (a) George Dewey (b) Thomas Dewey (c) David Farragut (d) George Custer (e) Stephen Decatur (f) James F. Byrnes (g) Philip Schuyler
- (a) Victoria (b) Charles I (c) Edward VII (d) George V (e) James II (f) Edward VIII (g) Elizabeth (h) George VI
- (a) Magellan (b) Columbus (c) Vespucci (d) Knox (e) Velasquez (f) Stuyvesant (g) Ericson (h) Hamilton (i) Marquette



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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Around the corner and down the street from tens of thousands of homes in metropolitan U.S.A. stands the neighborhood hospital. It's almost as familiar as your movie house or your supermarket. Yet you rarely notice it, you hardly know it's there, until you need it--until sickness strikes someone close to you. Then suddenly the hospital down the street becomes the center of your world. You are caught up in it. Your life revolves about it. Everything seems to depend on what is going on inside.



... at first you feel helpless and alone, but as you sit and wait, you begin to realize that there are others here—those who know only too well what you feel ...



... and those who know how to share hope and courage—people not much different from you—plain people trapped for a moment in the tense drama of the hospital down the street.

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Your hospital knows that mother-love alone is not enough to protect a newborn baby. Young mothers must know how to recognize illness, how to bathe a child—even how to hold their tiny bundles of life . . .



. . . and your hospital knows, too, that motherhood can be a little frightening, that many a young mother must learn confidence in herself before she takes her child into the new excitement of the future.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Ever alert, your hospital is a vigilant guardian of life, sending its ambulances into the confusion of city streets, reaching into homes where sickness strikes suddenly and without warning.





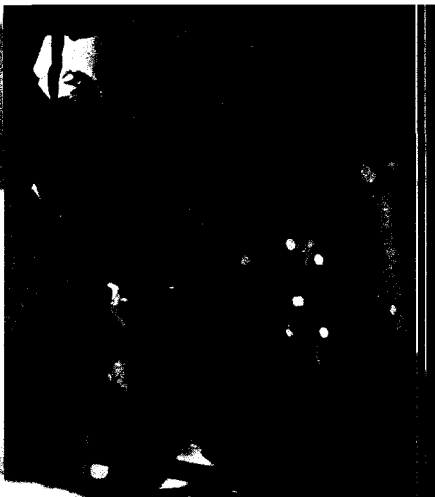
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in the patient lies waiting. Movements are  
signals in a dream. Voices are calm, insistent  
*more light here, please.*







sweet and bitter, the pungent odor swirls slowly, spins faster  
er, fills and hums and drones. The world and time disappear.  
omewhere, hands move, instruments click . . .





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... to convalescence and the long, careful way back ...





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# I Served on a Parole Board

by DR. DAVID DRESSLER

AS EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR of the New York State Division of Parole, I often sat on the Parole Board, replacing an absent commissioner.

There I experienced the first step in the parole job—selection of inmates for release. And as executive director, administering a staff of parole officers who supervise parolees after their release, I was able to weigh the correctness of our judgments.

So when someone asks me, "What is this parole business, anyhow?" I tell this story:

Timothy was up before us for parole consideration. He eyed the board craftily, warily. He wasn't particularly fond of us, for he had appeared a year earlier and failed to make the grade.

"Timothy," a commissioner asked, "do you think you're ready for parole now?"

"Why ask me?" snapped the inmate impatiently. "Youse gentlemen are the experts. Youse are supposed to know if a guy is reformed! That's *your* job!"

It takes courage, understanding and humility to make the right decision when a man's freedom is at stake; read this significant story and you'll understand why

Timothy hit the nail on the head. The most important function of a parole board is precisely that. It must study every eligible applicant and

select only those who may safely be released. If the board chooses the wrong man, the public is endangered. And yet, our job is so full of complications and hazards that anyone is apt to get an unrealistic view of parole.

The question we penologists most often hear is this: "How did you happen to parole John Jones, who then staged another crime? Can't you pick them properly?"

In reply, I would like to ask this question: have *you* ever tried to figure out, when little Johnny cuts up the curtains to make a pirate costume, whether he is going to become a delinquent or the world's greatest child actor? . . .

The parole-board member is charged with one of the most difficult responsibilities imaginable. He must try to predict, on the basis of all available evidence, whether a certain prisoner will remain a crim-

inal or become a useful citizen. In his hands rests the gift of man's most precious possession—liberty. He can grant the gift or impose further servitude. Either decision requires human understanding, courage and humility.

We saw before us all kinds and conditions of men: forgers, gunmen, rapists, bigamists, murderers and petty thieves; drug addicts, alcoholics, neurotics and psychopaths; bright men and morons, young men and old, first offenders and repeaters.

In each case, we first studied a report made by our field staff, covering the inmate's background, education, work history, criminal record, habits, personality and family. We got prison reports on his conduct, mental condition and attitudes. Then we interviewed the inmate himself, seeking to identify the men and women who had truly undergone a regeneration.

There are many such. Some need only the shock of imprisonment to bring about change. Others have met a warden with ability to influence human behavior. Still others have developed new interests that take the place of crime.

I recall an inveterate forger who seemed hopeless when he entered prison. But being a highly intelligent man, he turned his talents to art, and painting became his passion. Paroled, he is making a living designing calendars.

SOMETIMES WE MUST take a chance on a prisoner who is dubious except for one redeeming feature. I remember an old, professional pick-pocket, arrested 72 times in 51 years. What chance was there of

his ever "seeing the light"? How could I, in good conscience, recommend his parole? Then he gave us the ray of light.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "I'm outa business!" He held up his hands. "I got arthritis of the joints. I couldn't lift a wallet if I had to. I gotta retire!"

We paroled him.

Sometimes we make mistakes, as in the case of the Pumpkin Pie Kid. A red-haired boy of 25 who looked 18, he came in with a chip on his shoulder.

"You know you ain't gonna parole me!" he snapped. "My record is against me, so why kid me?"

Here was a situation! We were taken aback. But after an hour's conversation, he calmed down. He explained that he had "never had a fair shake from the law." He was, he said, amazed to find us so understanding.

"I'm sorry I blew my top. After that, I don't *deserve* parole!"

By this time, seeing the tears streaming down the boy's face, we practically pleaded with him to accept parole. Hesitantly, he told us he had no home. He only knew that he had a brother in upper New York State, a farmer. He hadn't heard from him in years, but he remembered that "his wife makes wonderful pies, and I sure love pumpkin pie!"

We located the brother, who said he would give the boy a chance. So again we called in the Pumpkin Pie Kid and told him the news. He grinned all over.

"Well," I said after he had left the room, "I'll wager that boy's attitude has really changed. He knows we want to help him. Give

him pumpkin pie, and he's going to stay on the farm."

A month later I led a raid on a farm believed to be headquarters of a holdup gang. We had been told that a parolee—unidentified—was with the mob. We found pistols, ammunition and narcotics. And stretched across a bed, in a marijuana jag, were the Pumpkin Pie Kid and his brother.

Only he wasn't a brother but a mobster who had played the role when we investigated. The farm was his, all right, but he didn't farm. And if there was pumpkin pie around, we failed to find it.

No, we don't always release the men we would like, nor refrain from paroling persons who later prove unworthy. Fortunately, our bad selections are in the minority.

"But," you ask, "if you make mistakes, why have parole at all?"

Consider this: 99 per cent of all prisoners must come out sometime. Only one per cent will be executed or die in prison. The rest will some day be released, by service of sentence, pardon, commutation by the governor, or parole. Some 40 per cent of all prisoners released come out via parole. Isn't it better that some be released so that they may be watched, supervised and aided to become decent citizens?

The theory of parole is that there comes a time in the term of some inmates when further incarceration serves no useful purpose. The inmate has changed for the better. To keep him in prison would only harden and embitter him.

And it takes money to keep him locked up—ten times as much, in most states, as it would cost to supervise him on parole. If he can

be released with safety, why burden the taxpayer?

"All right," you say, "but six months after you paroled Bill Jones he pulled a spectacular robbery. Why didn't you know what he was doing? Isn't that your job, too?"

Yes, it is. The bigger and better the staff of paroled officers, the more we will know about what parolees are doing. But even with the largest staff, we can't follow every man 24 hours a day. We can only check carefully on parolees and concentrate on those who arouse suspicion. It is the man we didn't suspect who gets away with another crime.

However, on occasions when we have been too late to prevent a crime, we have been able to detect the perpetrator. Patrolman Casey was murdered in cold blood on the streets of New York. Nothing was known of his assailant except that he looked young, wore a light gray hat and might be Italian. He had hailed a cab after the shooting, gone to Harlem, told the cabbie to wait while he ran around the corner. Soon he was back with money for the fare. That was all the police knew, and they were stumped.

Parole officer Sidney Gross went through his roster and picked out the men who had failed to report since the shooting. From these he eliminated all Negroes and older men. That left three. One wore a beard, so he was crossed off. Both of the others lived on Long Island, not Harlem. Now what?

Gross consulted his records and found that one of these men owned a light gray hat. Check. He had used a gun in the past. Check. But what about the Harlem angle?

The parolee, the records said,

had a girl friend in Harlem. Her name and address were on file. Could it be that the parolee had killed the policeman, gone to the girl's home for taxi money, then returned to her apartment to hide? It could be—and was. The parolee was arrested there and confessed.

By hindsight, it is clear that a man like this should not have been paroled. But had he served his full sentence, come out, and then committed the crime, he might never have been apprehended.

“WELL,” YOU NOW SAY, “you have told us about men who revert to crime even while on parole. Do criminals ever change?”

Among New York parolees, about 15 per cent will have been convicted of new crimes within five years of release. Another 15 per cent will have been returned for other parole violations. Thus, 30 per cent were failures. But 70 per cent did well as

free men—and that is an impressive salvage job.

I know one parolee who became mayor of his city. Another heads a company with branches around the world. There are manufacturers, businessmen and architects. There are actors, writers and radio technicians. And a former parolee is a technical expert in Hollywood—on prison pictures!

Recently I ran across a man who was under my supervision when he was a youth and I was a parole officer. He completed his parole ten years ago. He is married, has two children, a good job. While reminiscing he said:

“To be a parole officer, you’ve got to be smart. You’ve got to know when to be tough and when to be human. You don’t earn your pay by keeping everybody in jail. You earn it when you help the right men learn how to stay out of jail.”

That about sums it up.

## Public Notice

Ad in *London Times*: “Brilliant speaker wants first-class cause.”

Announcement by the Vermont Development Commission: “Farm for sale. If purchased before the next heavy windstorm, a barn is included.”

Sign in a New York restaurant: “What Foods These Morsels Be.”

Ad in the *Washington Post*: “House wanted. Normal couple—we drink, rhumba, like parties and, what’s worse, have three children.”

Ad in a Woodstock, Ill., paper: “For rent—Sleeping room, suitable for couple. Man and wife preferred.”—HAROLD HELFER

by REED MILLARD

**T**HIS YEAR, AS EVERY year, some 30,000 people will die in the "safety" of their homes. But it won't happen to you if you can answer "yes" to these 17 questions, prepared by safety experts who know where the home-killers lurk.

1. Have your household electrical appliances and cords been inspected recently to detect loose connections or short circuits?

2. Do you have chimney flues and heating equipment checked at least once a year?

3. Do you keep your attic, cellar and closets free of rubbish and inflammable material?

4. Is your fireplace fully enclosed by a tight-fitting screen?

5. When you dry-clean at home, do you do it out of doors—on a porch or in a yard? Do you use noninflammable materials?

6. Do you always disconnect electrical appliances and turn off gas before leaving the room?

7. Do you make it a habit not to smoke in bed or when you are feeling drowsy?

8. Are stairways and floors in good condition and free of objects over which people might fall?

9. Are pads or other devices provided to keep rugs from slipping?

10. Are grease, ice and other slippery substances removed promptly from floors, stairs and walk areas?

11. Are you always careful to dry your hands thoroughly and refrain from touching wet or metal surfaces when you are adjusting a light switch or using an electrical appliance?

12. Are all medicines, cleaning materials, poisons, insecticides, kerosene and gasoline kept beyond the reach of children?

13. If there are young children in your home, do you have gates at top and bottom of stairs?

14. Are pots and pans so placed on the stove that children cannot reach the handles and overturn the contents on themselves?

15. Do you keep matches and firearms out of reach of children?

16. Are screens or storm windows securely fastened to prevent falls from windows?

17. When you find it necessary to use electrical appliances in the bathroom, do you keep them beyond arm's reach of tub, shower and wash basin?

*While you were taking this safety test, 40 Americans were injured in home accidents. At least one of them was disabled for life*

**The most dangerous street in the world? Your own home! According to statistics, in a typical day 90 men, women and children are killed, 13,500 injured, and 360 crippled for life on this street. Check your home against this list for safety insurance.**



# Voices OUT OF NOWHERE

by VINCENT H. GADDIS

THE RADIO AUDIENCE of WJZ, New York City, was enjoying the music of the Ford Sunday Hour. Suddenly the orchestra faded and a conversation between two women boomed from the loudspeakers.

"Where is Myrtle?" asked one voice. Then, before the second could reply, the music returned and the voices drifted away.

In St. Louis, an orchestra leader in a night club stepped up to play a solo on his electric guitar. Before he could strike a note, the instrument began offering news bulletins to the dancers.

A housewife in Santa Barbara, California, started to cook on her electric range and received a Schubert melody. By the time neighbors arrived to listen to the "haunted stove," a voice was extolling a certain brand of soap.

A list of the objects that have, at times, become radio receivers is startling. There have been musical furnaces, talking bedsprings and

If your bathtub suddenly starts to croon or your stove to talk, charge it up to radio's mysterious antics

crooning bathtubs. Even iron fence posts, water faucets and barnyard wells have suddenly developed conversational abilities. On the other hand, receiving sets have turned into telephones, and loudspeakers have blared intimate phone conversations.

Behind these phenomena are certain factors that are known to radio engineers, and others that still remain mysteries. In fact, some happenings throw doubt on existing theories of electronic and magnetic-wave behavior. For example, the recent reception of distorted telecasts from London by experimenters on Long Island and as far west as Arizona led to a revision of accepted television frequencies.

The closer one is to a powerful transmitter, the more effective its electromagnetic waves are. Most

incidents occur within a half mile of the station. A metal object in this area capable of vibration at the transmitted frequency may pick up the carrier current.

In Gushing, Oklahoma, an iron fence post broadcasts programs from WKY. The listener simply places his ear against the post. A radio furnace was a feature in the home of Henry Phillips of Victor, New York, reproducing programs of WHAM without the aid of radio equipment. Volume was controlled by the smoke-pipe damper.

A singing bed was reported by a Chicago attorney shortly after WBBM's new transmitter went into action at Glenview, Illinois, in 1936. Rusty springs, sensitive to resonance, were responsible.

More startling was the case of a man in Newark, New Jersey, who began hearing voices while walking along the street, although he was not within listening distance of a radio receiver. On the verge of consulting a psychiatrist, he noticed that the phenomenon occurred only when he was near the transmitter of WOR. Investigation revealed that he worked in a machine shop filled with emery dust, and that grains of emery in his mouth, coming into contact with fillings in his teeth, operated like an old-fashioned crystal pickup.

SINCE THE HUMAN BODY is an electro-chemical mechanism, Prof. Smith Stevens of the psychological laboratory at Harvard decided it should be possible to make a radio receiver of his body. After experiments, he reported that by "filling one ear with salt water, inserting a piece of wire into the water and

strapping a second piece of wire to another part of the body," he succeeded in receiving musical programs. Stevens explained that "energy carried into the ear by the wires caused hairs in the inner ear to vibrate."

Far more puzzling, however, was the report from Prague, Czechoslovakia, that two young factory workers, after vigorous breathing exercises, could turn themselves into human receiving sets. Holding the terminal ends of a loudspeaker in their hands, these men could bring in the programs of a distant station in full volume. Reporters and scientists could offer no explanation except that the breathing exercises seemed to be essential to the demonstrations.

Short-wave stations are especially responsible for aerial antics. "QST," trade magazine of amateur radio, has reported many transmissions picked up on electronic devices, such as electric organs and guitars, and even "talkie" amplifiers in movie theaters. In one case a gas range began picking up signals so strongly that the owner had a loose connection in the oven repaired. Soon after, with perverse determination, the signals concentrated on his bedsprings.

Reports of telephones picking up radio broadcasts and radio sets picking up telephone conversations were far more common in the early days of broadcasting. Utility engineers have now almost eliminated these occurrences. The WJZ incident in New York was due to a mechanical failure in local telephone circuits and the conversation was not heard over the network.

Occasionally, however, radio's

tricks are not so easily explained, as witness several cases reported in Canada. A housewife of Aylmer, Ontario, notified police that her stove oven offered news bulletins every time the door was opened. Acting on the theory that the oven was simply a resonator for a radio set in the house, since no broadcasting transmitter was close by, an expert who was called in had the household receiver disconnected. But the oven continued to talk. Then every other radio set in the neighborhood was silenced — and still the oven talked. Mystified, the engineer-expert said he had no other theory to offer.

Within two weeks of this, a farmer near Edmonton, Alberta, announced that one morning, when he lifted the cover of his well, he was greeted by orchestra music. Astonished, he dropped the cover. The music stopped. When he lifted the cover again, the music resumed. Driving to Edmonton, he reported the mystery, and police and neighbors were soon at the scene. Every time the cover was raised the musical well performed.

It was reasoned that the phenomenon might have been caused by the farmer's grounding his radio in a near-by stream. But the farmer did not own a radio. His nearest neighbor owned one, but the well continued to broadcast when this set was silenced. So the mystery went unsolved.

Published reports of the musical well gave a Montreal housewife courage to tell of her crooning bathtub. The tub, when filled with water, brought her the latest in radio entertainment, but the programs came only when the water was at a certain level. Since, in entering a tub, the occupant always raises the level of water, a problem resulted. The housewife solved that difficulty, she told reporters, by getting into the tub first, then allowing the water to flow until the correct level was reached.

Here was a riddle that stumped the engineers. Yet they were not disheartened, for they admit that when radio plays the role of magician, its secrets are often more subtle than the knowledge of the curious engineers.



## What's in a Name?

AFTER THE CIVIL WAR, a life-insurance company tried to hire Gen. Robert E. Lee as its president at an annual salary in five figures. He explained to the directors that he knew nothing about the life-insurance business and he certainly would not be worth that amount. They replied that they didn't want him to know much about insurance; all they really wanted was the use of his name.

"Well, gentlemen," Lee replied, "if my name is so valuable, don't you think I should be very careful how it is used?"

He turned down their offer and accepted the presidency of a small college, at a salary of \$1,500 a year.

—*Tales of Hoffman*

# COME ONE, COME ALL!

Right this way, ladies and gentlemen! Step right up! See the greatest Freak Show of all time! In this single sideshow are packed the strangest creatures of legend and story. The billboard

below gives you the clues to their identity. Drawing on your knowledge of literature, fable and mythology, see how many you can name. Then check your answers on page 88.

1. **See the Ladies with the Curls that Coil!**  
**The One and Only Snake-Haired Women**  
Their Twisted Tresses Are  
Real Live Snakes!!
2. **TEST YOUR SKILL**  
**Hit The Living Target!**  
The Giant of Philistia  
*The Tallest Warrior in the World!*  
Five Pebbles for a Quarter
3. **Hear the World's Weirdest Musician!**  
**HALF MAN, HALF GOAT!!**  
*His Wild Tunes on the Pipes*  
*Will Set Your Feet Dancing*
4. **See the Two-Faced Roman Deity**  
**HE LOOKS FORWARD**  
**HE LOOKS BACKWARD**  
*At One And The Same Time!!*
5. **WORLD'S TINIEST FEMALE!**  
No Bigger than Your Finger-Tip  
She Fits in a Thimble!
6. **He Lives! He Breathes!**  
**He SEES with but ONE EYE**  
**In the Middle of His Forehead!!!**  
**SEE THE STRANGE GIANT OF SICILY**
7. **Hear Him Bark with All Three Heads!**  
**THE WONDER DOG,**  
**THE WATCHDOG WITHOUT EQUAL**  
**The Triple-Fierce Guardian of Hades**
8. **The Marionette Boy With The LIE-DETECTOR NOSE!!**  
*Geppetto's*  
**Most Famous Creation**
9. **World's Finest Horseman**  
**HALF HORSE, HALF MAN**  
*The Speed of a Steed!*  
*The Acumen of a Human!*
10. **HEAR HER SIREN VOICE!**  
*This Beautiful Maiden,*  
*Formerly Playing to*  
*Enthusiastic Audiences*  
*on the Rhine River*  
**WILL ENCHANT YOU WITH**  
**HER ALLURING SONG!**
11. **Blue Bovine—King Size!**  
**Largest Ox in the World!**  
(On exhibition by special permission of his owner, P. Bunyan.)
12. **The Famous Blind Strongman!**  
**MIGHTIER THAN EVER BEFORE**  
He Brought Down the House  
in His Performance at Gaza

# GREYHOUND CAN TAKE YOU *Anywhere*



C. E. WICKMAN

How a giant bus line grew from one car to a cross-country fleet that carries millions is a story typical of America

by NORMAN CARLISLE

THE MINERS STOPPED to gape at the sign on the familiar touring car. On Minnesota's Iron Range anything could happen, but what they now looked at left them open-mouthed. Suddenly a good-natured voice, heavy with Swedish accent, boomed at them: "Come on—what you waiting for?"

With wild whoops in Hungarian, Finnish, Swedish, Italian and other assorted languages, they piled in. Maybe the big man at the wheel was crazy, but they liked him.

The sign that sent them stampeding for Carl Eric Wickman's car that day in Hibbing 34 years ago seemed fantastic to them; it would have seemed more so if they could have looked into the future. For as the car rattled down the dusty road, the wheels of destiny were turning with it.

The man in the front seat had started something that was to end up as one of the most far-flung transportation companies in the world. Down 1,000 highways, and over nearly 80,000 miles of road, it would send a fleet of 5,000 vehicles. These vehicles would stop at some 40,000 communities to take aboard almost 250,000,000 passengers a year. Today, everyone knows it as the Greyhound Bus Lines, but the tale of how the system came into being is one that could only have come true in America.

It all started when that burly young Swedish miner, Wickman, felt the sudden stirring of ambition. There must be, he thought, a better way of making a living than by spending merciless hours behind a jerking diamond drill. And he had capital, too—the \$3,000 he had

saved since coming to this country eight years before.

Wickman looked around for a new business. How about automobiles? There should be a market for them in rip-roaring Hibbing, where money flowed as freely as beer in the numerous bars. He drew his last dollar from the bank, arranged for a Hupmobile franchise and took delivery on his entire stock—one car. Then he treated the miners to a demonstration of what it could do.

But no business came. While Wickman was wondering what to do next, fate brought him a buyer—another giant Swede, Big Andy Anderson, who for 14 years had been working in a blacksmith shop. Big Andy eyed the Hup.

“What do you want to buy a car for?” Wickman asked.

Well, said Big Andy, he was tired of blacksmithing and thought he might start a taxi service.

“That’s funny,” said Wickman. “Been thinking the same thing myself. Let’s go in together.”

They shook hands on the deal and Wickman and Anderson were off on a fabulous career as transportation magnates. The prosperous miners who hadn’t rushed to buy Wickman’s car now flocked to ride in it. The fare was \$4 an hour, take it or leave it. Mostly the business was in the night hauls, when the enterprising partners made a killing by hauling pleasure-bent miners from one saloon to another.

THINGS WERE GOING FINE, and the burly partners were taking in what looked like riches. But even then, Wickman was turning a new idea in his mind. It had to do with Alice, the deceptively named rough-

and-tumble town that was growing up a few miles south of Hibbing. Miners were moving there and the partners were making good money on the haul, at \$1.50 a head.

But Wickman had his eyes open. For all the loose money in Hibbing, there were a lot of miners with big families who couldn’t afford the ride. And Wickman could see another thing, too. That town of Alice was growing; it would be South Hibbing some day.

So Wickman and Anderson announced that they weren’t in the taxi business any more. They were going to make scheduled runs to Alice, leaving every hour from Hibbing. The charge? Fifteen cents one way, 25 cents a round trip.

No wonder the miners were amazed when they saw the sign on Wickman’s car. The idea seemed fantastic. You have a good business hauling miners at \$1.50 and then you offer a 15-cent ride. Hibbing’s other drivers laughed. But today, as chairman of the board of mighty Greyhound Bus, Wickman can do the laughing.

There was one driver around, however, who didn’t laugh. Ralph Bogan, a lanky, likable Irishman, showed up one day with a sign on his car: “15c one way, 25c round trip.” Wickman and Big Andy reacted promptly. They cut the rate to 10 cents. So did Bogan.

“We’re going to cut each other out of business,” Wickman said to the Irishman. “Let’s go in together.”

Bogan pondered for a minute, then nodded.

Soon, Arvid Heed, another Swedish hackie, saw the light and brought his cumbersome Buick and own muscular bulk into the Wickman-

Anderson-Bogan combine. They could use him, too, because by now they were carrying capacity loads.

Before long, the combine acquired a fifth partner. Dominic Bretto, an Italian, didn't own a car, but he had something else that was badly needed—\$2,500 in cash. With this, they incorporated as the Mesabe Transportation Company. The total take that year was only \$16,000, but six years later, in 1922, Mesabe could boast no less than 22 vehicles that at least passed for busses. And they were pushing steadily into northern Minnesota.

NOW WICKMAN LOOKED OUT beyond the roadways of Mesabe and saw other highways with people waiting along them. Leaving Anderson to run Mesabe, he and Heed moved to Duluth and started a bus line from that city to Minneapolis. At this juncture, something else happened that was to influence transportation history. Wickman met Orville Caesar, an automobile and truck dealer who was running a little bus line out of Superior.

There was something about the two men that struck a spark instantly. Caesar was a rock-jawed, husky individual with an almost uncanny knowledge of machinery. Wickman, comparatively slow-moving, responded to Caesar's intense energy and drive.

When Caesar agreed to Wickman's classic suggestion, "Let's put in together," a great team was born. Today Caesar is president of Greyhound.

It was still small business, this collection of vehicles that rattled and bumped over back roads. Then Wickman had a surprising visitor—

Ralph Budd, at that time president of the Great Northern Railroad.

"The Great Northern has decided to go into the bus business," Budd said. "We want to buy you out."

Wickman was no longer the rough-and-ready taxi driver. He counseled with his associates. "Let's negotiate," was the decision. Those early bus men made the audacious offer that the giant railroad come in with them. It worked.

Now, with the money he needed, Wickman plunged into the job of acquiring and consolidating a number of small bus lines in Great Northern's territory. But all the while, the man from Hibbing was pondering the fact that thousands of communities in America lacked rail service. Here lived millions of people who wanted to go places—five miles or 50 or 1,000. If the railroads had passed them by, the highways hadn't.

Wickman had a breath-taking vision of something new in mass transportation—a single great bus line to serve an entire nation.

The building blocks for the structure were present—all the little bus lines that had sprung up in the years since Hibbing. Some were run by fly-by-night operators; others were manned by staunch, stubborn men with a goal. Wickman knew how to talk to these men; he knew how to say, "Let's go in together."

But there was still the problem of sufficient capital. Then that wheel of destiny went around again and came up with Glenn Wood Traer, a Minneapolis banker. He looked at the two ex-taxi men and liked them. Traer became their financial adviser. Then they boldly went to the big railroad systems. They sold

stock, lots of it. Money began to pour in for the big job ahead.

History repeated itself when Caesar arrived in Chicago to talk to Ralph Bogan, who had left Mesabe to start a bus line in Indiana. Bogan had gone in before; he'd do it again. Ed Ekstrom, another old Mesabe man, liked the idea too. So they went out to collect bus lines. They traveled fast, and talked faster, in that hectic period of the late '20s.

The black lines on the map in their office pushed out to the Pacific, into the Deep South, finally to the East Coast. They could see the rough outlines of the mighty transportation network they had dreamed of. They had tied together a whole group of companies, and had shrewdly kept on many of the former owners as operators or had promoted their early drivers to regional managementships.

That group included Swan Sundstrom, Paul Tibbetts, Clifford Graves, F. W. Benefiel and Robert W. Budd, to name just a few of the men who are now presidents of the regional operating companies in the vast Greyhound system. Like Arthur M. Hill in the Southeast; W. E. "Buck" Travis on the West Coast; Wickman, Caesar and Bogan in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota, these men gained an intimate knowledge of the transportation needs of the communities they served.

Today the dashing symbol of the Greyhound is known in every corner of the nation, but not until 1930 did the sprawling new transportation giant get its now-familiar name. Up to then it bore the prosaic title of Motor Transit. The

lines operated under a variety of names and were painted in color combinations that rivaled the rainbow. On the busses of one of these lines a running Greyhound was pictured as a decorative insignia. It caught the fancy of the riders, who dubbed the line "Greyhound."

When Motor Transit reached the point where national advertising seemed possible, the need for a catchy trade name was recognized. The men who were building the great transportation system were in close touch with the riding public. If the name Greyhound had become so popular in one territory, why wouldn't it be readily accepted by all Americans? So Greyhound was adopted as the name for all the lines, and blue and white became the standard colors.

Thus, in 1930, the Greyhound men had a big bus system, a good name and high hopes. Then the Depression struck. Their empire trembled, bills piled up. But they convinced creditors that if they would be patient the highway transportation system would pay off. And soon events helped them out.

When the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition opened, Greyhound jumped at the chance to operate 60 special busses on the grounds. That operation produced a cool \$500,000 profit. Then a Hollywood producer asked if Greyhound could provide a bus for a motion picture. Greyhound could. The picture was the classic, *It Happened One Night*, in which Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert gave the public a new slant on bus travel. At last, the Greyhound story had become an American saga.

Today the same group of men

who created the vast Greyhound enterprise are still at the helm. Wickman became chairman of the board in May, 1946, and was succeeded as president by Caesar. The executive committee is composed of Wickman, Caesar, Bogan and Travis, with Hill as chairman. A sixth member is Robert Driscoll, vice-president and general counsel.

Although he's president of the company, 54-year-old Caesar is still as capable of picking up a wrench and doing a maintenance job as he ever was. He is particularly proud of the way things are done in the 110 garages where 4,000 maintenance workers inspect, repair and overhaul the highway coaches.

Bogan's hand may be seen in the firm good humor of the more than 6,000 bus drivers who are taught to get along with people everywhere. Out on the highway, any one of these burly fellows (you've got to be strong to change a 165-pound tire) is on his own as a combination engineer-conductor-baggageman.

Like a plane pilot, he is required to check his craft carefully before starting a journey. When he climbs behind the wheel he must be satisfied with tires, lubrication, and all mechanical details. And he knows by heart the Greyhound dictum: "To be on time is never so impor-

tant as to arrive safely." As a result, many drivers can boast of 1,000,000 miles without accident.

Now that the leaders of Greyhound have completed their big job of building the sprawling highway network, they're exploring the new frontier of travel by bus. Greyhound is receiving daily deliveries on its order for 1,800 improved, air-conditioned Silversides coaches that will cost more than \$40,000,000. Another \$20,000,000 is being spent to build new stations and modernize old ones.

Soon to be ready for experimental runs is the new Super Liner, a sleek, three-compartment model complete with washroom, air conditioning and water cooler. This Super Liner, which will seat 50 passengers instead of the present 37, is being engineered and built by Greyhound's own staff, and styled by Raymond Loewy, noted industrial designer.

In the big business of carrying millions of people, there's still a sense of excitement for Wickman, Caesar and the others who came up the long, hard road with them. When you see what these determined men have done in a scant 34 years, you can't help being awed when Orville Caesar says: "You haven't seen anything yet!"



## Point of View

**T**HE TWO MATRONS were discussing the problem of household help. "How long was your last cook with you?" asked one of the ladies.

"Oh, she was never with us," replied the other. "She was against us from the start."

—EDINBURGH *Evening News*

by JAKE WOLF and WELDON MELICK

# A Pullman Porter Speaks His Mind



Looking back on 43 years of service, he concludes that the job of caring for all types of passengers is a liberal education in human behavior

AS THAT TRADITIONAL symbol of Pullman service—the beaming porter—I have just rounded out 43 years of taking care of train patrons.

There was a time when I catered mostly to the traveler's physical comfort—opening or closing windows and brushing him off after a long, dusty trip. But nowadays, with modern air conditioning, a whisk broom is almost useless.

Today's porter caters first to your *mental* comfort. He massages your ego, flatters your vanity, helps you enjoy your trip. In fact, a modern train is so self-sufficient that most porters would be out of work if they

didn't add applied psychology to their job of running errands.

Sometimes the most appreciated service a porter can render a traveler is to leave him alone. But other Pullman patrons revel in the unfamiliar privilege of ringing a bell and having a servant answer. You have to size up your customers and treat them accordingly.

There's always one passenger who will ruin the dispositions of everyone in the car if the porter hasn't mastered the art of doing nothing—diplomatically. On one trip it was the lady in Section 11 who complained that she was "freezing to death." I assured her she would hear the steam coming up immediately. I'm always glad to play an obbligator on the steam pipes with my berth key to make one passenger happy, *if* the temperature is already agreeable to the others.

Although a porter's specific duties have dwindled with improvements in equipment, he can still make himself highly useful, especially in emergencies. One Pullman car, the "Daniels," was named for a porter who saved many lives in a train wreck. When scalding steam from the locomotive poured into his car,

it cost him his life to close the door.

A famous architect tried to commit suicide in my car. I found him in a pool of blood, arteries in both wrists severed. The doctor who injected glucose into his veins told the man that he owed his life to the tourniquets I had made. The architect didn't thank me and I never saw him again, but every year some new church or apartment house "thanks" me. I designed them with a cord from a laundry bag.

Refereeing domestic squabbles isn't strictly in line of duty for Pullman employees, but sometimes when you see things going wrong between a couple, the most tactful thing is to butt headlong into their business. One hazard of travel is frayed nerves, and I didn't have to eavesdrop to hear a young couple, three months married, shrilly bickering because the girl had stayed with friends in another car for two hours. Finally she threatened to get off at the next station and go home.

"That's a good idea," he retorted, "and I mean your home—not ours!"

I had known both all their lives, as well as their parents and friends, who had come to the station with flowers to see them off. I called the young man aside and talked to him like a Dutch uncle.

"If you or your wife go back, you'll humiliate your parents and her parents, the friends who saw you off and the ones waiting in New Orleans," I said. "They are looking to me to care for you on this trip, so I'm going to lock up your luggage and refuse to open this car at Beaumont. When your drawing room is made down, you can go in and fuss all night."

Next morning they came out

smiling. And today they are happy grandparents. But sometimes I wonder where they'd be if I'd minded my own business.

I also risked being a busybody when a well-dressed young woman stayed away from the dining car all day. If she chose to diet, it was no concern of mine. But when her hunger strike went into a second day, I became alarmed. Finally she confided that she didn't have a nickel: she had dropped her purse at the station. I had a hard time persuading her to accept a \$5 loan.

A few days later the girl's brother, a druggist in Salisbury, North Carolina, sent me \$10 and a gracious invitation to look them up. Seven years later, when I had an extra car out of New Orleans to Washington, I wired them the time my train would arrive. The young woman, her two children, husband, brother and sister were all there to meet me, with fried chicken and chocolate cake. Startled bystanders must have thought I was the King of Siam.

**I**N CONNECTION WITH other people's business, one of a porter's first duties is to protect women in his car from chance acquaintances, whether they want protection or not. There are many ways of coping with pickups—all disguised as courteous service.

I may say to a young woman I've never seen before, "And how are you today?" implying that we're old friends. Her companion of the moment may have been sizing up his chances, but he won't risk familiarities if he thinks she's even slightly acquainted on the train.

I've sold a lot of extra lowers by staring first at tickets which don't

match, and then at the uncomfortable "Mr. and Mrs." who got on at different towns but want to share the same berth. I take up the tickets and tell the man I'll have to inspect them and return them later. He begins to think about a certain Federal law. And pretty soon he fades into the night.

Hunting lost articles gives the porter a real headache. Items include false teeth, a glass eye, a wooden leg, crutches, a suitcase filled with religious tracts and Pullman towels, a wash boiler, a baby, and a chamois bag containing \$400,000 in jewelry and money. Hundreds of articles are returned before being missed. But hundreds more are missed without being lost.

It takes tact to persuade a traveler to let you go through his luggage, when he's sure you won't find the missing valuables there. Nine times out of ten, though, they're found packed safely among shirts and socks. Sometimes, after you search his berth, his luggage and the washroom, he remembers he left the article at home.

At 4:30 A.M. on a trip to Minneapolis, an excited old gentleman told me his wife had lost her diamond ring. I learned she had been up during the night, so I searched the dressing room. The ring wasn't there, but I noticed that one of two women in Lower 10 had also been out of her berth. An experienced porter can figure out such things at a glance. There was a ruffle in the curtain.

If one of these women had found the ring, chances were against her admitting it, since she hadn't reported it immediately. So I decided to make an honest woman of her in

spite of herself. I stood in front of Lower 10 and spoke distinctly, as though to the old couple:

"Don't worry. The conductor has wired ahead for a police matron to meet us at Eau Claire. This car will be cut out and searched."

Then I went to the smoking room and waited. In a few minutes, Lower 10 rang for me. One of the women had found a diamond ring in the dressing room and wondered what to do with it.

THE BEST-LIKED PORTER is the one who answers his bell before it rings. I know to the minute how long Mrs. Johnson can go without a lemonade, so I get it without asking her. If Drawing Room A wanted a card table at 4 o'clock yesterday and rings again at the same time today, I go prepared with a table and earn the reputation of being a mind reader.

As soon as I know Mrs. Farrell is on my car, I prepare her berth in her special way, with an extra pillow and blanket roll. Dale Carnegie likes his bed elevated with a bolster under the mattress. A certain inventor wants his pillows removed and the slips stuffed with blankets.

If several men leave calls for the same time, I stagger them to avoid jamming the washroom. When there's a limited stopover for breakfast on trains that don't carry diners, I call people ten minutes earlier. And when passengers want to stretch their legs on the platform during a ten-minute stop, you can tell the men how long and forget about them. But tell the women they have only eight minutes—and then keep an eye on them!

Don't ask a person's name, but

learn it through some strategy and address him matter-of-factly. Never refer to a previous trip a passenger has made unless he speaks of it himself—not all trips are business ones.

My Pullman years have left me a store of amusing memories. There was the man who mailed a letter in the slot of my stepping box. There was a woman who couldn't stand being in the same room with herself. I hung a sheet over the mirror and she was happy. And a six-year-old girl traveling alone, whose mother had told her to stay with the porter, wouldn't get off the train without me. So I had to be released from the rest of my run.

And there are other memories . . . Thomas Edison telling me about the happiest day of his life—when he invented the incandescent light . . . a pillow fight with Ben Bernie . . . taking a telegram from Al Jolson—to be delivered to himself. And there was the day I received a stock-market tip. I don't

gamble, but the man I passed it to made \$11,000 and gave me \$500.

If travel is broadening, certainly a porter's life is a continuous education in human behavior. The wash-room alone offers an extensive course. Every porter knows that men will hurry their washing if other passengers are waiting, but women won't.

Women used to take about 40 minutes, and men half that long. Now the situation is reversed, with electric shaving and face and hair lotions requiring twice as much time as a woman spends combing her hair and applying rouge.

Another phenomenon is that men nowadays are using all shades of powder instead of talcum. Finding powder puffs in the men's wastebasket is no longer surprising. But then, a good porter wouldn't bat an eyelash if he found a king cobra in the wastebasket. He'd simply go through the train until he found a zoo keeper, and politely ask him whether he'd lost something.



## Philosophy Footnotes

If you look back too much, you will soon be heading that way.

—*A amalgamated News*

• • •

Nothing cooks your goose quicker than a boiling temper.

• • •

Today's profits are yesterday's good will, ripened.

—*Vision*

• • •

Beautiful young people are accidents of nature. But beautiful old people are works of art.

—MARJORIE BARSTOW GREENBIE

# TOO TOUGH TO CLASSIFY

Here's an even dozen classified ads, similar in appearance to those in your newspaper but a lot more challenging in content. Each one contains a reference to a well-known novel, play, short story, opera or poem. Award yourself

two points for each correctly identified title and one point for each author or composer you name. A perfect score would be 36 points—but anything over 25 is cause for congratulation. Answers will be found on page 88.

## 1. FOR SALE

Rambling, gabled New England house. Apply to Pyncheon estate for terms.

## 2. PERSONAL: Tim—New York's bright lights are a fearful headache. I'm ready to come back to Grand Republic and you—if you'll have me. Your lost kitten—Jinny.

## 3. MATRIMONIAL OPPORTUNITY!!

Beautiful princess offered in marriage to suitable party! Only qualification necessary is to open right door. (All funeral expenses paid on behalf of those opening wrong door.)

## 4. BE ORIGINAL! Why live in stuffy city surroundings when you can reside in this picturesque house-boat on quiet, secluded river? Complete with shades and other furnishings.

## 5. CHICKEN FARM FOR SALE

*at sacrifice price!*

Located in picturesque Northwest region, closely adjacent to equally picturesque neighbors. Property has been greatly improved. (You should have seen it when we arrived!) — Betty M.

## 6. WILL TRADE hand-made tent for one jug of wine and one loaf of bread; will also exchange references with attractive female companion capable of appreciating poetry.

## 7. PERSONAL: J. — Meet me at Friar Laurence's cell. Object: Matrimony.

## 8. RADIO CONTACT EXECUTIVE

required immediately! Generous salary, unlimited opportunity. Pleasant work; clean product. Applicant must possess exceptional tact in handling slightly whimsical client. Need not be a "yes" man—can say "check" instead.

## 9. BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

Learn a profitable profession. Light work; brings you in close contact with notables at popular gatherings. Apply to Mr. Fagin.

## 10. GALA EVENT!

Thrilling bull fight! See the great Toreador Escamillo in his very last appearance of this season.

## 11. PERSONAL: John — why don't you speak for yourself? Priscilla

## 12. WANTED: EXPERT RETOUCHER

Valuable portrait shows rapidly progressing signs of aging; high fee paid to retouching artist capable of restoring portrait to original state.

# MR. VAUDEVILLE

His rare old phonograph records started Joe Franklin on a fabulous career and re-created a golden era of the theater

by BYRON VAN RIPER

IN 1934, A SIGNIFICANT and shocking event occurred in the show world. Two-a-day vaudeville died. Four years later, when the experts said that vaudeville would never come back, another event, unpublicized, took place on a park bench in New York's Central Park.

A brash, 12-year-old boy, Joe Franklin, reporter for his school paper, interviewed George M. Cohan. As a result, young Franklin unwittingly became the savior of vaudeville—on wax.

Exploring the city for news, Joe spied the great stage star feeding a flock of happy pigeons. Joe introduced himself and proceeded to get an interview. One of the questions he asked was: "Mr. Cohan, did you ever make records?"

Cohan hesitated, then reluctantly confessed that he had made a few. He further confided that he sang badly and didn't want to make another record.

"Where could I find some of them?" asked Joe.

"Darned if I know," Cohan retorted rather grimly. "Maybe junk piles or secondhand shops."

Promptly, the curious youth set



forth on a search. His first discovery was a recording of *Life's a Funny Proposition After All*. Thus encouraged, Joe resolved to locate all of Cohan's platters, some of them dating back to 1905.

In the course of his prowling through secondhand shops, the youngster not only located the choice Cohan items but also ran across old recordings by Al Jolson, Eddie Cantor, Georgie Price, George Jessel, Smith and Dale, Elsie Janis, Belle Baker, Sophie Tucker, Ben Bernie and Irving Kaufman. Soon his collection had grown so large that his parents complained of "all that junk around the house." Furthermore, they said, he was wasting his time playing "old, worthless" records.

Today, however, Joe Franklin, a tense but amiable fellow of 22, has reincarnated vaudeville and made

it a lucrative business. He furnishes all the collectors' items for Paul Whiteman's recording show on ABC. He supplies platters, at \$25 each, for a onetime spin to disc jockeys, advertising agencies, television shows and for audition purposes. He has presented two of his own radio shows — *Vaudeville Isn't Dead*, which brought back to life the songs, patter and voices of the great vaudeville artists, and a Record Collector's Exchange, in which he interviewed collectors and presented rare records.

Meanwhile, Joe plays his old platters and lectures on them at social functions, for fees ranging up to \$300 per evening.

**T**HE SAVIOR OF VAUDEVILLE first realized the value of his hobby in 1944 when, as a private in the Army, he was sent to McCloskey General Hospital in Temple, Texas, as a result of a knee injury. Offered a medical discharge which he didn't particularly want, he talked his way into becoming disc jockey for the hospital. Soon he was known as "The Old Wreck with the Records."

Daily, Joe sent home for a supply of his rare items, and each morning and evening he divided his show between old and new recordings. With the C. O.'s blessing, Joe held this job for several months. When he returned to New York, word of his program had preceded him.

Today, Franklin is known up and down Broadway by theatrical personalities, who often refer to him as "Mr. Vaudeville." He is in constant demand by movie and recording people who seek his advice on music trends. When Columbia was making *The Jolson Story*, Joe was called

in to name Jolson's best-selling discs and to indicate which songs the public would want to hear.

The legion of contacts built around Joe results in all kinds of fabulous offers from would-be promoters and kingpin executives in the theater realm. One movie company wants to do a series of shorts showing Joe at home playing his records. A Broadway play, written around Joe's life, is in the works. Record collectors besiege Joe for information on rare records.

Besides being president of a record collectors' club, Joe dishes out information on music, artists and show business in general to disc jockeys throughout the country.

His unique collection of 20,000 records, covering the vaudeville era from 1895 to 1929, is valued at \$100,000, although he acquired his choicest items for a nickel each. Joe also has a rare collection of early theater programs, posters and old-time films, all supplementing the same Broadway story.

From memory, Joe can accurately recall the title, author and publisher of practically every song published between 1900 and 1929. Theatrical names, dates and places also flow endlessly from his lips.

He can, for instance, tell you that Rudy Vallee once recorded under the name of Frank Mater, because a recording executive felt that the name of Vallee would never go over with the public. He can name all of Whiteman's records from memory, and once surprised Irving Kaufman by telling him that he had recorded some 30,000 records under 300 different names.

Some of Joe's rare discs and programs came from the demolished

Hippodrome Theater in New York. When he heard that the building was being razed, he wormed his way past a watchman and searched dilapidated trunks and boxes backstage. First he unearthed several Weber and Fields records, then picked from the rubble the one and only platter that Lillian Russell ever made—a private recording of *Come Down, Ma Evening Star*.

Would you believe that Charlie Chaplin once made a record? Certain authorities might deny the fact, but Joe says he has the disc to

prove Chaplin recorded *Tango of Roses* on the violin. And then there is that rare recording of Cohan's song, *You're a Grand Old Rag*, sung by Billy Murray in 1905. When the record came out, Joe recalls, patriotic organizations protested so violently that Cohan promptly changed the "rag" to "flag."

Franklin's current ambition is to complete his collection and donate it to a museum there to re-create for the world of tomorrow a nostalgic memory of the Broadway that glittered only yesterday.

## Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

### *Celebrity Hide and Seek*

(Quiz on page 50.)

1. d, Secretary of State; 2. a (68); 3. b-f, physicists; 4. a-d, composers; b-f, sculptors; 5. a-c-d-f-i; 6. a-b-f, physicians; 7. a-c-d-g; 8. a-c-e, Navy; d-g, Army; 9. a-c-d-f-h; 10. a-b-c-g-i.

### *Come One, Come All!*

(Quiz on page 75.)

1. The Gorgons; 2. Goliath; 3. Pan; 4. Janus; 5. Thimbelina; 6. A Cyclops; 7. Cerberus; 8. Pinocchio; 9. A centaur; 10. Lorelei; 11. Babe, the Blue Ox; 12. Samson.

### *Too Tough to Classify*

(Quiz on page 85.)

1. *The House of the Seven Gables* by Nathaniel Hawthorne; 2. *Cass Timberlane* by Sinclair Lewis; 3. *The Lady or the Tiger?* by Frank R. Stockton; 4. *A Houseboat on the Styx* by John Kendrick Bangs; 5. *The Egg and I* by Betty MacDonald; 6. *The Rubaiyât of Omar Khayyâm* translated by Edward FitzGerald; 7. *Romeo and Juliet* by William Shakespeare; 8. *The Hucksters* by Frederic Wakeman; 9. *Oliver Twist* by Charles Dickens; 10. *Carmen* by Bizet; 11. *The Courtship of Miles Standish* by Henry W. Longfellow; 12. *The Picture of Dorian Gray* by Oscar Wilde.

# rin and share it

*Edited by* IRVING HOFFMAN

"I'M HAVING MY TROUBLES," a man complained to his friend at the club. "My wife tells me that almost every night she dreams she's married to a millionaire."

"You're so lucky!" exclaimed the friend. "Mine thinks that in the daytime!"

—MRS. MOLLIE PRESTON

AFTER THE WEDDING, the happy couple were photographed as they left the church, and proofs were promised in a few days. The large envelope duly arrived and was opened in great excitement.

Inside were several studies of a baby lying on a rug and on the back they read: "Please state clearly which size you want—and how many."

—SAM SHAW

"NEVER A DULL MOMENT in this house," sighed the careworn mother as she made for the nursery to answer a sudden scream of anguish. She found the baby tugging manfully at her small boy's long curls.

"Never mind, darling," she com-

forted him, "baby just doesn't understand that it hurts you."

She had hardly resumed her work when more shrieks brought her back to the nursery. This time it was the baby who was crying.

—from *The Joke Teller's Joke Book*, edited by  
FREDERICK MEIER, published by CIRCLE BOOKS

A MOTORCYCLE COP stopped a car and pulled out his book. "I clocked you at 45, mister," he said. The lady in the back seat cackled gleefully. "Just you give him a ticket, officer," she said. "Serves him right. He's a reckless, inconsiderate, dangerous driver."

"Your wife?" asked the cop, and when the driver nodded glumly, the officer snapped shut his book, and added, "Drive on, brother."

—*Lejeune Globe*

THE TEACHER WAS a big blustering hulk of a man whose vituperations had his class in a constant state of uneasiness. "Tell me," he barked one day at his smallest, shyest boy, "tell me how you can prove that the earth is round."

"Please, sir," said the boy, "I didn't say it was round!"

—ALDA Y. COSGROVE

RECOVERING FROM an operation, a patient asked the doctor, "Why are all the blinds drawn?"

The doctor replied, "Well, there's a fire across the street, and I didn't want you to wake up and think the operation was a failure!"

—JENNIE AZOFF

ONCE UPON A TIME a young man attempted to write an advertisement to describe a new kind of soap. Here is what he produced:

"The alkaline element and fats in

this product are blended in such a way as to secure the highest quality of saponification, along with a specific gravity that keeps it on top of the water, relieving the bather of the trouble and annoyance of fishing around for it at the bottom of the tub during his ablutions."

A more experienced writer later said the same thing in two words: "It floats."

—SCOT ALLEN

WHILE HIS PLAYBOY aspirations burned, a manufacturer's representative in the Midwest found that his pockets weren't exactly bulging with money. He'd have to get a raise, that was all. Three letters to his boss in New York brought no reply. Finally, the representative wired in desperation:

IF NO RAISE GRANTED ME WITHIN TWO WEEKS COUNT ME OUT.

Back came a wire:

ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX SEVEN EIGHT NINE TEN. —HENRY S. GALUS

THE GIRL CUSTOMER looked at the saleslady. "Does this lipstick come off easily?" she asked.

"Well," said the saleslady, "not if you put up a fight."

—JENNIE AZOFF

STANDING NEAR the gangplank of a lately arrived army transport in Liverpool, England, an American visitor watched as two British Tommies came down the way, laden with their duffel bags.

In an instant came the supreme moment—they stood again upon the soil of jolly old England.

Dropping his bag upon the ground and flinging his arms toward the sky, one of the soldiers peered happily into the impenetrable fog which blanketed the great

port. "Ah, me matey!" he cried to his comrade. "This is weather as is weather; none o' those bloomin' blue skies for me!" —*Christian Science Monitor*

THE LITTLE OLD LADY had just returned from a trip to Europe and was busy impressing her friends with the beautiful things she had seen and the wonderful places she had visited, when a woman asked, "Did you by any chance see the Dardanelles?"

"See them?" the traveler replied impressively, "why, my dear, I had lunch with them!" —WALTER H. FLYNN, JR.

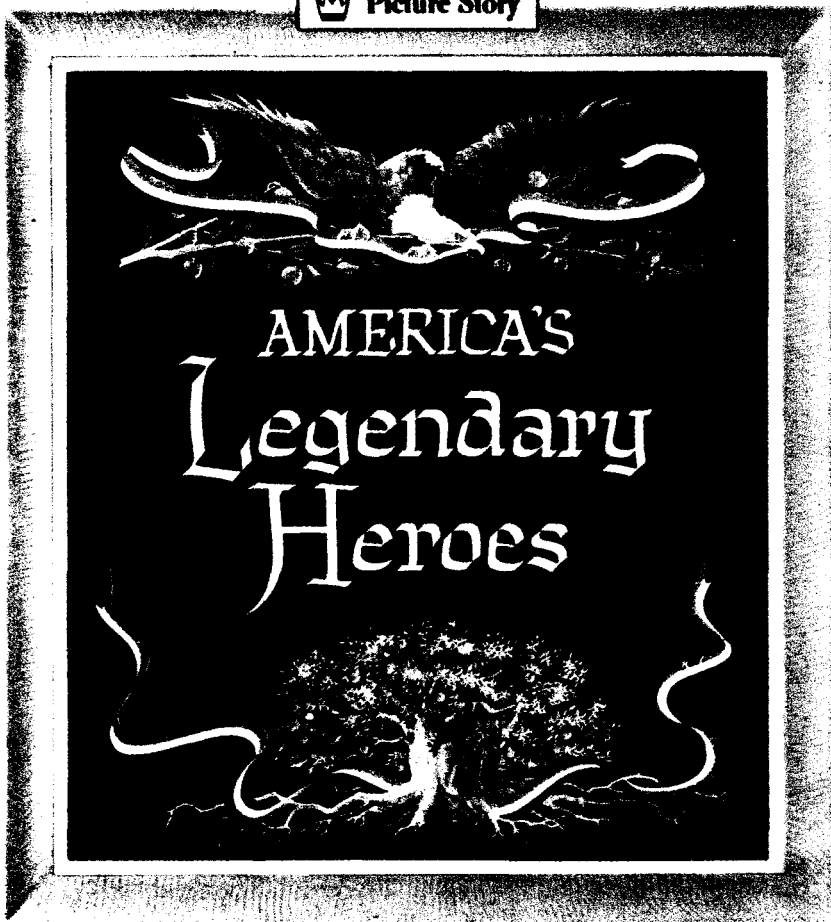
A CERTAIN BUSINESSMAN had the habit of leaving his umbrellas at his office. One morning as he was going to work, he sat next to a young lady in the trolley car, and as he rose to get off he absently picked up her umbrella. She said, "Pardon me, but this is mine." The man was naturally quite embarrassed.

That night he decided to take all his umbrellas home with him. When he got into the car, there sat the same young lady. She leaned forward and said in a low, confidential tone, "I see you did pretty well today after all."

—*The Pointer*

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*Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.*



**T**HERE IS SOMETHING big and cheerful about the citizens of the U. S. A. From gigantic Texas to tiny Rhode Island, we share a robust joy in life, a red-blooded sense of humor. We enjoy whistling in the streets, barn dances and hymn singing. We're energetic and muscular, romantic and sentimental. Best of all, we think we're unbeatable. According to experts,

these are some of the things which make our folklore unique and highly original. Our favorite folk tales are built around good-humored personifications of our ideals—like the six legendary heroes on these pages. Painted especially for Coronet by Howard Mueller, they keynote our national character—symbolizing the strength, courage and boundless vitality of America.



**PAUL BUNYAN**  
*The Biggest American*

FOR A NATION which honors truth, the U.S. shows remarkable tendencies toward exaggeration in its folk tales. Our favorite hero, for instance, is Paul Bunyan, super-strongman of Northwestern lumber camps. Though Paul could clear whole forests with a few strokes of

his ax and took delight in watching his blue ox, Babe, drink rivers dry, he was at his best when re-decorating the landscape. According to "authentic" tall tales, it was Paul who built Pike's Peak and handpainted the Grand Canyon in moments of playful relaxation.

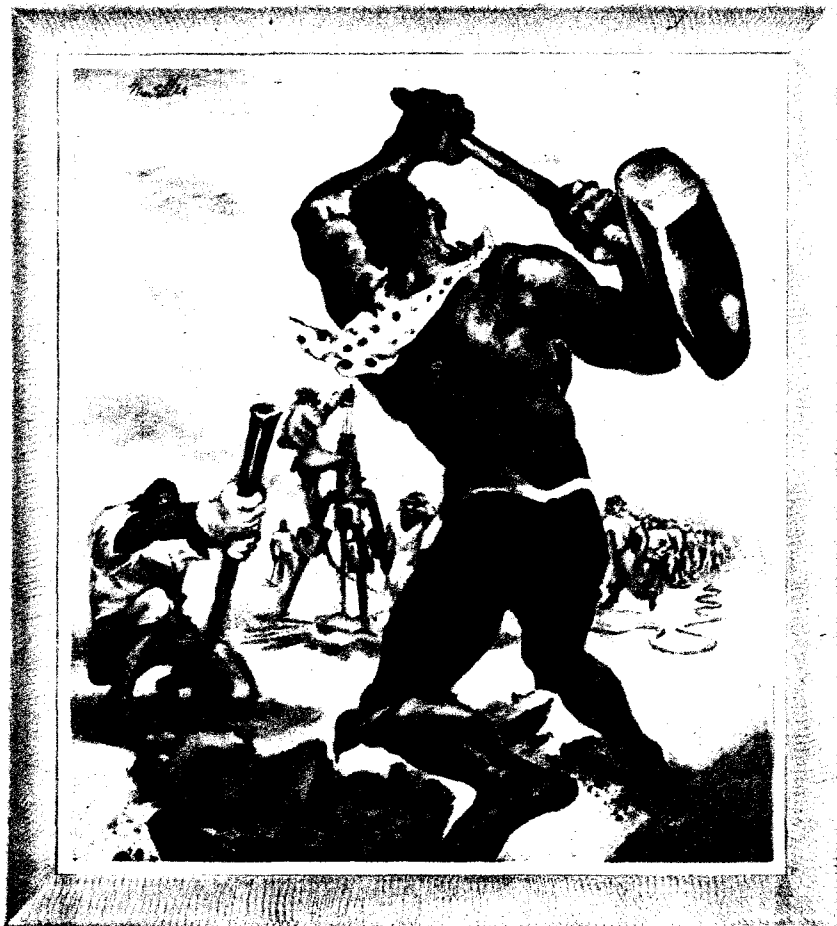


## PECOS BILL

*King of the Cowboys*

**F**EW MEN can spin yarns as convincingly as American cowboys—especially when the yarns are about Pecos Bill—a rip-snorting hero out of the old Wild West. One of the choicest stories told about this cowpuncher concerns his fight with a mountain lion three times

bigger than a full-grown steer. Bill “broke” that lion and rode it down the canyon, using a rattlesnake for a whip. Bill was unconquerable, but one sad day he met an Easterner who asked so many fool questions about the West that “old Bill just naturally died laughing.”

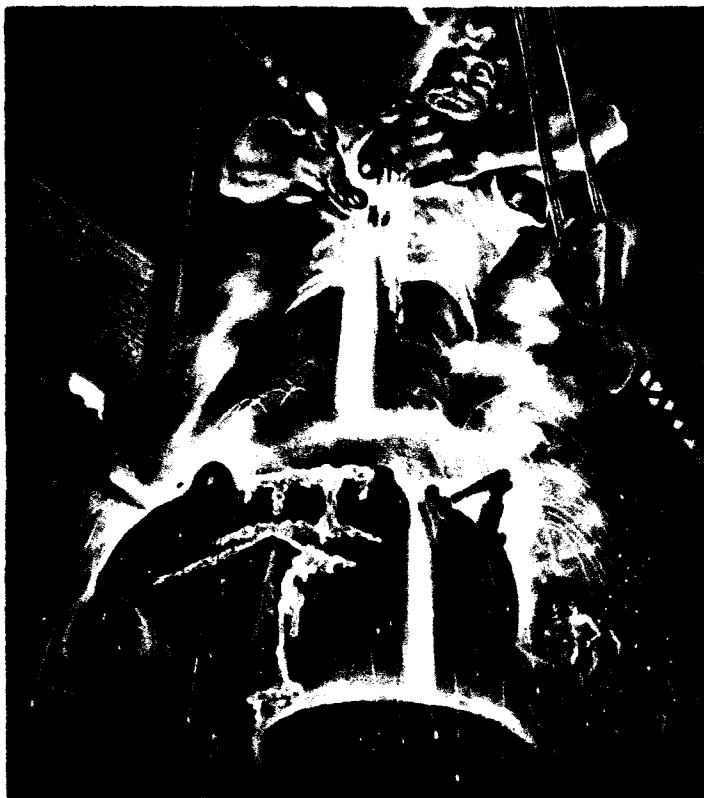


## JOHN HENRY

*God of the Hammer*

NOT TO BE OUTDONE by fellow citizens on the plains or in lumber camps, American laborers have their own legendary heroes. One of the most famous is John Henry—a Negro steel driver believed to have actually worked on the C & O railroad during the

1870s. In an epic duel with a steam drill, John Henry hammered two seven-foot holes into solid rock, while the engine drilled only one hole nine feet deep. As the tale is told, John Henry proved his superiority over machinery, but the tremendous effort cost him his life.



## JOE MAGARAC

*One-man Steel Mill*

THERE ARE TIMES when there's not enough work to keep all hands busy in Pennsylvania steel mills. Then the blame is likely to be placed on the return of Joe Magarac. Joe was a colossal but good-natured giant who poured molten steel with his hands and squeezed

rails through his fingers. In his own words, Joe lived for "making steel, that's all." Unfortunately, his productivity deprived ordinary men of work. When Joe heard this, he obligingly retired. But steel men say if we ever need a lot of steel in a hurry, Joe will come back.



## OLD STORMALONG

### *Sea-going Colossus*

NEW ENGLAND SAILORS, traditionally tellers of tall tales, have given America one of its most rambunctious heroes—Alfred Bulltop Stormalong. Key figure in many a “whopper,” old Stormy ate whale broth out of lifeboats and scratched his back with an 18-foot

oar. His favorite ship was so big he had to soap its sides to get it through the English Channel. Stormy’s colorful career ended with the coming of steamships. The sea was no place for him, when a ship could be sailed by any lad strong enough to hoist a mere shovelful of coal.



## JOHNNY APPLESEED

*Man into Legend*

ONE OF OUR MOST fascinating heroes is a man who actually lived. His real name was Jonathan Chapman, but during the early 19th century hundreds of pioneer farmers knew him as Johnny Appleseed—a strange, wild-eyed man who roamed about planting apple

seeds in Ohio and Indiana. So great was this man's devotion to his curious task, that in time he became part of pioneer tradition. And today many an Ohio farmer swears that his apple orchard was planted by the hand of Johnny Appleseed—one of America's legendary heroes.



# It's MAPLE SUGARIN' TIME AGAIN



by HAYDN S. PEARSON



DOWN IN THE VALLEY there's the winding, silver strip of the river, shining bright in the midday light. Beyond are the blue-green hills of a low mountain range. One hears the far-off bark of a farm dog. Spirals of gray smoke rise from farmhouse chimneys. Here is the kindling, warming message that spring is on the way.

Sun is climbing higher. Cumulus clouds move across the blue sky. The wind is whipping the pussy willows and cattails at the edge of the meadow swamps. Here in the sun one can watch and feel a winter passing. The chickadees are in an old apple tree, singing their husky, alto song. A blue jay flashes across the upland field uttering his rough, defiant scream.

It's sap time again, and on the farm they are getting ready for the annual harvest. The buckets are washed; the old, weather-grayed sugar house in the maple grove is set in order.

The grove of gnarled old sugar-maple trees is a veteran of many years of intense activity. Contrary to the idyllic thoughts of those who have observed but not participated,

maple-sugar time is a period of hard work as well as fun.

Trees have to be tapped; the sap has to be gathered regularly. Often the snow is still deep in the grove and it's hard work for the horses or the oxen to pull the sled with the big wooden barrel.

When the weather is right, the fire beneath the long evaporator has to be kept going day and night. Today sugaring is a scientific process, and when the thermometer says the density is exactly right, the syrup is ready for the cans. But at least once in the season the family plans a "sugarin' off."

Neighbors and friends from town come for the evening. Then there's sugar on snow, a stringy, gooey, sweet, half-warm, half-cold confection—the purest confection of nature. There's warm, whitish sugar, just before it's ready to harden. With doughnuts, hot buttered biscuits and perhaps a dill pickle or two, it's a feast the gods would not have scorned.

This is part of American folklore, along with barn raisings and quilting bees. The roaring wood fire in the old sugar house, the clouds of steam escaping through cracks in the walls, the lights and shadows, the fun and good neighborliness add up to the fact that it's maple-sugar time again.

← ————— ◆  
Winston Pote, one of America's finest photographers, made this Kodachrome of maple-sugar time in New Hampshire

Excerpted from the book *Country Flavor*, published at \$2.75 by Whittlesey House, New York, N.Y.; copyright 1945 by the McGraw Hill Book Company, Inc.

APRIL, 1948

(9)

# The Case of the MILLION DOLLAR NEWSBOY

by CAROLINE BIRD

WIVES WHO complain that they breakfast every morning with the wrong side of the newspaper should consider the lot of slim, prematurely gray Mrs. Smith Davis. Her burly, six-foot husband steals out of bed in pajamas to crumple 30 dailies and a fistful of national magazines. It is, he claims without apologizing, the only way he can tell "what's going on."

Mrs. Davis, a sensible woman, stays quietly abed. Newspaper reading is the serious business that provides the five Davises with their 15-room apartment on Fifth Avenue, their country place in Maine with golf course and yachts, and other assorted millionaire trimmings.

There is nothing special about the way Davis reads a paper. Like thousands of other early risers, he dives first for the comic strips, then the sports section, glances at the lead paragraph beneath the catcher headline on page one, and finishes by rumpling the inside papers to



Selling papers is big business when Smith Davis is involved in the deal

admire the ads. But when he sees something he doesn't like, he calls the publisher and tells him about it.

Publishers seldom print stories about Smith Davis, but they pay close attention to his morning calls. Davis has been eyeing newspapers since he made a penny apiece peddling them at the age of five. Since 1936, he has made commissions of \$3,000,000, selling newspapers lock,

stock and columnists for an aggregate \$100,000,000.

"Smith Davis talking," he announces crisply to a Big Name in another time zone. "Say, what went wrong with today's front page? Better take a look! I'd rather buy the cornflakes in the ad inside your opposition than read that carbon-copy story they've set up for the lead article this morning."

"Smith Davis talking," he booms to a nationally known cartoonist. "Don't you know there's a paper shortage on? By the time they reduce that art of yours, the kids can't understand it. If I were you

I'd holler for better ink before I went back to bed."

Publishers take it because they know that Smith Davis is the one person most responsible for the fact that American newspapers are growing fewer and bigger: that he can pull a banker out of his gaudy vest pocket as easily as he can produce 50 tons of scarce newsprint or a really good city editor when a publisher needs them; and that he can tell you the sale price of every newspaper in the country without asking you to hold the line.

Newspaper brokering, as Davis admits, is a funny business. One American out of every five has at one time or another dreamed of owning a newspaper. But even the well-heeled can't get much further than that. Most of the lucky owners got their papers by matrimony or patrimony, and they are violently disinclined to part with their grip on the public mind. Over the past 12 years, taxes, the glint of cold cash or a death in the family have forced the sale of little more than 100 papers.

Even at that, a score of these would probably not have given up if it hadn't been for the ex-newsboy from East Liverpool, Ohio. He got the *Miami Herald*, the *Detroit Free Press* and the *Chicago Daily News* for Jack Knight; the *Chicago Times* for Marshall Field; and the *Portland Sun* and *Seattle Star* for Sheldon Sackett.

Publishers contemplating expansion have so much faith in his powers of persuasion that they pay him fat retainers to keep an eye peeled for good newspaper buys. And they have so much faith in his personal loyalty that they don't mind if he

represents several bidders for the same paper, as well as its owner and the banker who is going to put up the money.

SMITH DAVIS IS A 200-pound hunk of man who looks like a coach's dream of a halfback. Now that he is 46 and turning over \$30,000,000 worth of papers a year, cross-country plane hops are his main exercise. He loves good Scotch, good talk and good clothes, but none of them ever gets in his way.

When he lumbers into a room and relieves his Davis-size feet on a convenient piece of furniture, he breathes the kind of virile ease that draws faces his way. He has FDR's timing for a laugh and the Roosevelt talent for talking with anybody. A visitor who isn't calling him Smitty in five minutes ought to see a psychoanalyst.

While Smitty is shaking your hand, he is already figuring out what he can do to make money for you and from you. A few years ago he met Bill Townes, brilliant junior editor of the *Cleveland Press*. "I'll bet you're just like every other newspaperman," Davis reflected. "What you really want is to get your hands on an ailing paper and show what you can do with it."

Townes wished he had the money to try. Smitty fixed that. He bought two newspapers in Spartanburg, South Carolina, hired Townes to run them and then made him a present of a quarter-interest. Davis' faith in his own judgment of talent was so well justified that in a year he was able to turn the *Spartanburg Herald* and *Journal* over to a client at a handsome profit.

Smitty doesn't sell his financial

legerdemain, he gives it away. Buying on instinct during the Depression, Davis became one of the largest single stockholders in the *Chicago Times*. His sale of the stock to *Times* employees at exactly what he had paid for it helped Marshall Field get control of the paper.

Davis builds good will by living and breathing publishing problems. Recently he has been thinking about the shortage of newsprint. At his suggestion, five paper-hungry publishers sent a personable Tulsa attorney to visit friends in Norway and Sweden.

Davis' man found that the Scandinavians were more interested in American goods than in dollars. So he swapped a comfortable tonnage of newsprint for hard-to-get American steel and tobacco. Davis could have made a pretty penny on the deal, but he is content to know that five publishers regard him as their best friend in the world.

Shrewd, money-making beneficence has become so much a matter of habit that Davis can't bear the thought that anyone should cross his path without profiting by the experience. A cleaning woman who had to disturb him came away with a stock-market tip that made her \$3,000. He'll get you a job on a newspaper, an interview with a Cabinet member, or a radio audition. And pals claim that a good way to make Smitty really love you is to use his name to get a ringside night-club seat.

Cartoonists who prefer a quiet life in the country find themselves making speeches at girls' colleges they never heard of before Smitty called them. Publishers find themselves disarranging schedules to ad-

vised youngsters just out of journalism school. Client Gene Autry, who is currently buying up radio stations as fast as Davis can talk them loose, finds himself autographing pictures for the young fry of casual Davis contacts.

IN THE WALDORF SUITE that serves as New York headquarters for Smith Davis, the main signs of office life are ten telephones. They ring insistently and simultaneously, causing good-natured shouting by the ten employees of Smith Davis, Inc., who hang around to talk shop with anyone who wanders into the perpetually open door.

The bedlam, however, has method, since it provides conversational cover for bankers, movie stars, brokers, crooners, Olympic champs, editors and visiting vice-presidents caught in unfamiliar company.

Davis is in his finest fettle when catalyzing a conference between publishers who speak to each other only in hot print. "They're usually wrought up about their editorials," he comments. "Me, I prefer the funnies." Frequently all they can agree on is that Smitty is okay. But with this as a starter, they sometimes find they have other things in common—duplicate presses and delivery trucks which are eating up profits.

A few years ago it looked as if Roy McDonald's liberal Chattanooga *Free Press* and the Chattanooga cousin of the New York *Times* were more interested in cutting each other's throats than in making money. The Sulzbergers, Smitty, and Smitty's best friend in the world, Roy McDonald, aren't telling just how it happened, but it

is common knowledge that Davis soon had the antagonists planning a joint company to handle mechanical equipment, advertising and circulation. Today the editors disagree as violently as ever, but circulation of both papers is up and expenses are down by \$500,000 a year.

In Miami in 1937, open war existed between Frank Shutt's *Herald* and Moe Annenberg's *Tribune*. Both papers were running in the red. Then Davis arrived in town. Pretty soon, Jack Knight, then an ambitious Akron publisher, bought the *Tribune*, next the *Herald*, and did so well with the merger that he paid off a seven-figure loan in 18 months. Smith Davis retired from the skirmish with general applause and commissions of \$150,000.

In near-by Palm Beach, Davis bought up three papers for John Perry. In 1939, he earned a \$250,000 commission in Atlanta for negotiations which transferred the *Journal* and Hearst's *Georgian* to Ohio publisher James E. Cox.

Some observers think such consolidations lead to a monopoly of opinion, as dangerous to our freedoms as outright censorship. In 1909 there were 2,600 dailies, one for every 35,000 people. Now there are but 1,750, one for every 80,000. In only 117 cities can you take your choice of publishers.

None of this alarms Smith Davis. "American readers want news, not opinion," he says. "They are going to read the paper that turns out the best product."

He thinks we are safe as long as we have strong papers like the *New York Times*, wealthy enough to resist improper influence from advertisers.

"Whichever way you take it," he remarks before changing the subject, "a newspaper just isn't any good unless it's self-supporting."

Davis is a keen judge of how much a newspaper is worth. But appraising newspapers takes intuition, because their most valuable asset is the franchise they hold in the habits of their readers.

A paper worth \$3,000,000 may have only \$800,000 worth of what the bankers call "bricks and mortar." Publishers sometimes have personal reasons for wanting a newspaper—reasons which are hard to value in dollars and cents.

All these intangibles frighten ordinary bankers, who are usually immune from the itch to run a newspaper. They do not frighten Smith Davis, because he was once an investment banker himself.

SMITTY HAS BEEN CAPITALIZING his business instincts since he was five years old. Money was not plentiful in the Davis family, for Smitty's father was an old-fashioned general practitioner in East Liverpool. In addition to his paper route, young Davis used to run special-delivery letters for the post office at eight cents apiece.

The experience taught him how to remember street addresses, a trick which he finds very useful in his present wanderings.

At Western Reserve University, he slung hash and managed the Phi Gamma Delta fraternity house to pay for his education. But the money-making instinct outweighed his thirst for knowledge, and soon he was selling bonds on the side for Hord, Curtiss, Inc. (now Curtiss House & Co.) in Cleveland. Grad-

uation in 1924 was only an incident in his career with Curtiss.

"All I knew about the stock market," he recalls, "is that it always went up." It continued to go up until 1929, when Smitty was worth \$500,000 at the age of 27.

The Depression gave Davis time to recall a newspaper deal he had arranged for an old friend of the family in 1927. Judge William Vodrey had wanted to buy and consolidate the East Liverpool *Evening Review* and *Morning Tribune*, but bankers were sensitive about the newspaper business.

"Tell you what to do," said Smitty in his role of brisk young bond salesman, "let's float an issue!"

In those days, Davis could sell anything. He floated the issue almost singlehanded and forgot about it.

In 1935, the East Liverpool people came back and asked him to help finance the purchase of the Canton *Repository*, the Portsmouth *Times*, the Marion *Star*, the Salem *News* and the Steubenville *Herald-Star*. The new bond issue was oversubscribed by \$1,500,000. It was so easy that on January 1, 1936,

Davis posted a sign in Cleveland's Union Commerce Building, "Smith Davis, Newspaper Financing." Then he began his breakneck use of phones and planes to find newspapers that needed money.

Now in New York, Davis is inevitably getting into financing radio stations for newspaper publishers who want to be heard over the air. He was around when Field bought WSAI in Cincinnati, when David Stern bought WCAU in Philadelphia.

Gene Autry's radio ambitions have so far centered in the cowboy Southwest, but thanks to Davis he has also acquired television rights to a number of comic strips which may some day be worth their weight in gold.

Although he reads newspapers for a living, Davis doesn't overlook the financial page. While summering in Maine he got interested in the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad. Soon he became the largest single stockholder, and the down-Easters are expecting some changes in this tidy little line that up to now has just carried potatoes to market.



## Quick Deduction

THE BANDITS MADE a quick job of the robbery and were gone before the cops arrived. The next day they picked up the newspapers to see what clues they might have left behind. And they were greeted by the following headline:

"Robbers get \$12,000. In Hasty Getaway, They Overlook Bag Containing \$10,000."

The chief of the band was furious. The blood left his face.

"Well, boss," sneered an aide, "what ya' gonna do? Gonna go back there and get the ten thou?"

The chief was silent for a moment. Then he shook his head.

"No," he replied slowly, "I've got a better idea. I'll just deduct it from my income tax!"

—NICK BLAIR

# There's Money in It—

With ingenuity and initiative, anyone can turn a good idea into a profitable business; here's evidence to prove it

EARLY IN 1945, THE Daniel Lissners of Brooklyn were expecting a baby and discussed with their family doctor the problem of getting Mrs. Lissner to the hospital in a hurry when the time came. The doctor agreed that it was a problem—not only for the Lissners, but for scores of other expectant parents. In fact, the doctor added, he wished someone would start a taxi service designed to meet this need.

Young Daniel Lissner thought the idea over and decided it was a good one. He contacted other doctors, neighbors and hospitals, received enthusiastic encouragement and in November, 1945, hung out a shingle reading: "Morro Limousine Service—We Beat the Stork."

Offering 24-hour service, Lissner started with two limousines, four drivers and a dispatcher. His chauffeurs called for and delivered an expectant mother to any hospital

in Brooklyn for \$3. For service in Greater New York the charge was based on the mileage.

Business was slow at first, but as word of the efficient service spread, calls increased until today Morro Limousine Service has 14 limousines, 22 drivers and three dispatchers, and averages between 60 and 65 stork-derbies a day.

To date, Morro Limousine Service, true to its slogan, has never lost a race with the stork.

—HY KELLICK



DURING HER CONVALESCENCE from an operation several years ago, Mrs. Bruce G. White of Frederick, Maryland, was given a canary. Both she and her husband became very fond of Dickie and sometimes asked each other: "Why not a mate to keep him company?" And right then, though they didn't realize it at the time, they started a home business that now nets them a nice annual income; for canaries, lovingly and scientifically cared for, can be prolific!

Of course, returns in money, blue ribbons and loving cups didn't come in a flood at first. Nor was their home basement remodeled into the beautiful aviary it now is—housing more than 400 birds—the first year. But work, study, trial-and-error and consistent winnings at local and national bird shows gradually brought success to a hobby-turned-business that the Whites hadn't even dreamed of.

Because of their reputation among bird fanciers for having the best, the Whites sell their most expensive birds to other breeders, although more than a hundred song-

sters—those that would not make top breeders—are shipped or carried away each year in their pretty cages to cheer someone's home. Further, and this seems almost incredible, although the Whites have spent only about \$30 in advertising, birds from their home-basement aviary have gone to nearly all of the 48 states.

—HARRIET W. AMENT



**T**WELVE YEARS AGO, Dr. Thomas J. Barrett moved to a barren spot of ground in the San Fernando Valley. He then obtained, of all things, several thousand earthworms! Having been previously interested in earthworm culture, it didn't surprise him that, soon after planting them in the sandy soil, his acreage became alive with a mass of luxurious vegetation. (Science proves that earthworms build some of the richest topsoil known.)

Then Dr. Barrett started to sell earthworm eggs to farmers. Today, he has two farms and several men under his supervision raising breeding stock for others. Now sold in model breeding cultures of 500 worms for \$10, the demand usually exceeds supply.

—HOMER E. DAVIS



**C**ARL LEWIS OF RUSHVILLE, Indiana, is an example of a courageous individual who has found a full life through his own efforts to help himself. When Carl was ten years old, his family thought he was suffering from rheumatism. But his pains were from arthritis, which made Carl, at 18, a bedridden invalid. That was in 1930.

When Carl realized that he was going to be a shut-in, he decided to make the most of it. He tried all sorts of things to pass the time—reading, beadwork, cartooning, playing a banjo. But these things were at best only diversions.

Then Carl learned to twist gold wire in such a way that it formed the names of people. He also joined WLW's Mailbag Club, which had formed a craft shop to sell the goods of handicapped persons. He sent some of his pins to the shop and they were sold rapidly. When he received a check from the Craft Shop, he bought his mother the first gift he had ever been able to give her—a canary.

After less than a year he was earning his own living. Since 1940, he has had all the work he can handle. In 1943 Carl met a girl who had been badly crippled in an automobile accident. They are now married and have a two-year-old daughter. They also have their own home—all paid for by the sale of gold wire pins.

Carl is happy because many of those who order pins through the mail do not know that he is an invalid and buy the pins because they're good. People have ordered them from as far away as Australia, Hawaii, Africa, England and South America.

—from the WLW Mailbag Club, NBC

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*Do you know someone who has turned a good idea into a profitable occupation? Coronet invites contributions for "There's Money in It," and will pay \$25 for each accepted item, upon publication. No contributions can be acknowledged or returned. Send your entries to "There's Money in It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York.*

## BROADWAY BACKSTAGE

Behind the grease-paint mask of New York's Broadway lie hard work, high hopes, bright dreams.

Taking you into the fascinating world of show business, Coronet presents a fresh and exciting report on one of America's most glamorous industries with exclusive candid photographs by Ruth Orkin.



**ON STAGE** for a tryout, this young dancer watches anxiously for a sign of approval.

## THE BIG CHANCE

**Broadway wants actors, but only the talented need apply**

COMEDIAN JIMMY DURANTE, who has been entertaining Americans for more than 25 years, climaxes one of his funniest routines by looking down his famous schnozzle and wailing: "Everybody wants ta get into de act!"

It brings down the house. Audiences lap it up like so much sugar candy, but wise showmen know that Jimmy isn't kidding. His classic gag is probably the best seven-word definition of show business ever concocted by nimble wit and sharp insight. It tickles us because it's true—in America most of us are so dazzled by the glamour of Broadway that we'd probably trade a chance at the Presidency for three hours behind the footlights.

The center of attraction for America's tinsel dream of fame and fortune is mid-town New York, where Broadway flares out into Times Square. At this point, between Forty-second and Forty-ninth Streets, Broadway is a neon-lighted carnival, gaudy as a king-sized midway with hot-dog stands, restaurants, dance halls, penny arcades and glittering moving picture palaces. But branching off east and west of the fabulous street itself are the legitimate theaters, the actual homes of show business, the playhouses where many an obscure youngster has started the none-too-easy climb to stardom.



**CHORUS JOBS** attract girls between 19 and 25. Modern musical shows like *Bonanza*

*Bound* (above) feature ballets requiring artistic skill and long years of training.

Attracted by Broadway's potent magnet, thousands of young men and women stream into New York every year looking for work in the theater. Most of them know that the going will be tough, but they are convinced that the pay-off for persistence is too great to miss.

The first and biggest obstacle facing young actors is the "tryout"—the chance to show a director that they can really act, dance or sing well enough to hold an audience. Once a youngster passes this first test and lands a small part, he is on his way. Those with real talent and the patience to keep plugging in spite of an appalling rate of unemployment (today some 90 per cent of actors in New York are out of work) can get what they are after. The others had best go home and forget it.



**HIGH SPOT** for a young hopeful is seeing herself listed as a successful candidate.



MAURICE EVANS (CENTER) TAKES DIRECTION FOR A LOVE SCENE IN SHAW'S *MAN AND SUPERMAN*

## PUTTING IT TOGETHER

**Broadway shows are spun out of words, people and scenery**

**R**EAL WORK on a Broadway play begins after the casting has been completed. Directly responsible for a major part of the job is the director. He's the man who translates a playwright's words into a stage full of people caught in the coils of deep tragedy or in the bubbling hilarity of high comedy.

Rehearsals begin as soon as the cast has been chosen. Dramatic plays as a rule rehearse for four weeks, more complicated musicals take five. On stage, the director is the boss of the show. His main function is to wring the proper emotions out of actors. Again and

again he stops the action. "You're dying," he shouts, "not running for Congress. Get some guts into it!" But hectic as his life is, the director is not a show's key man. The man with all the headaches is the producer. Coordinating the thousand and one details of a play, he sits at the center of a surging crowd of harried people—stage designers, lighting experts, stage managers, costume designers, and a dozen or so other highly skilled men and women. Besides keeping these people on their toes, he must keep his backers (angels) happy, so his source of funds doesn't suddenly disappear.



**DIRECTOR** Guthrie McClintic struggles with a problem in *Antony & Cleopatra* . . .



*. . . for the lovva Pete! Don't you see what I mean? I'm building you up . . .*



*. . . now you stand over there . . . and keep your face out of his face, see? . . .*



*. . . no! no! no! take it again . . . once more now . . . what am I here for anyway?*

APRIL, 1948

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**WARDROBE MISTRESSES** check every detail of actresses' costumes just before the cur-

tain goes up on a big scene in this season's popular musical, *High Button Shoes*.

## CURTAIN TIME

**T**HE THEATER's biggest moment is just before curtain time on opening night. Backstage the dressing rooms buzz with excitement as costumes are adjusted (*above and right*) and make-up is applied (*opposite page*). The atmosphere is charged with impatience and anxiety—a feeling even the most experienced actors cannot escape. Until the curtain goes up and the play begins no one knows how the public will react. Of an average 80 plays opening in New York every year, less than a quarter last more than 12 weeks. These are the odds actors face when the curtain goes up.



**DANCERS** make sure their hair is fastened tightly enough to take strenuous action.



## ALL ACTORS HAVE STAGE FRIGHT—

THESE FOUR PICTURES are of actor Anthony Ross about to make an entrance in *The Big People*—a play which opened and closed without ever reaching Broadway. As Ross braces himself, takes a deep breath, waves his hands and bites his lip, he symbolizes the theater's worst

bugaboo — stage fright. Even internationally famous actors like Helen Hayes and Alfred Lunt confess to this weakness, and almost every actor carries some sort of good-luck charm to guard against the hazards of nervousness.

So great is Broadway's belief in



## ESPECIALLY ON OPENING NIGHT

luck that show business has developed an amazing list of superstitions. It is believed, for instance, that anyone who whistles in a dressing room will lose his job. It is also bad luck to speak the last line of a play during rehearsals, or to applaud any actor during the prep-

aration of a play. Good luck, on the other hand, is assured by the presence of a black cat in the theater, by delaying the opening curtain seven minutes, or by touching a hunchbacked person. Yet despite all precautions, the success of a play depends on the people behind it.



**FIRST NIGHTERS** wear formal clothes. They like to arrive about 5 to 10 minutes late.



**CHARACTERISTIC** of opening night audiences is sophistication. They are hard to please.

## THE CRITICS

**When a play opens, Broadway holds its breath and prays**

**O**PENING NIGHTS in New York are gay social affairs (*left*)—except for theater people.

Primary cause of Broadway's first-night jitters are the critics (*bottom, opposite page*) from New York's nine daily newspapers who get free tickets to the best seats in the house (worth anywhere from \$6 to \$25). Naturally all come to praise, but that doesn't prevent them from panning a flop.

Professional critics, however, are not always the final judges of a play. Audiences have been known to save a show from sudden death. This season, for instance, the folksy musical, *Allegro*, got split reviews. Some critics gushed over it, others turned away in embarrassment. Still the public went to see the show, and within a month of its opening, *Allegro* claimed an advance ticket sale of more than \$700,000!

According to showmen, musicals like *Annie Get Your Gun* and *Brigadoon* are easiest to sell. Drawing-room comedies come next and tragedies rank last. With such facts before them producers have a difficult time: for the least-liked plays are cheapest to produce (average for drama: \$75,000) while the most popular shows are also the most costly (*Annie Get Your Gun* cost \$350,000). It seems that any way you look at it show business is the world's biggest, brightest gamble.



**BETWEEN THE ACTS** playgoers discuss the merits and faults of a show. Average New

Yorkers wait until a play is approved by critics before deciding to buy a ticket.



**COLUMNIST** Leonard Lyons (*left*) stops to talk to expert critic George Jean Nathan.

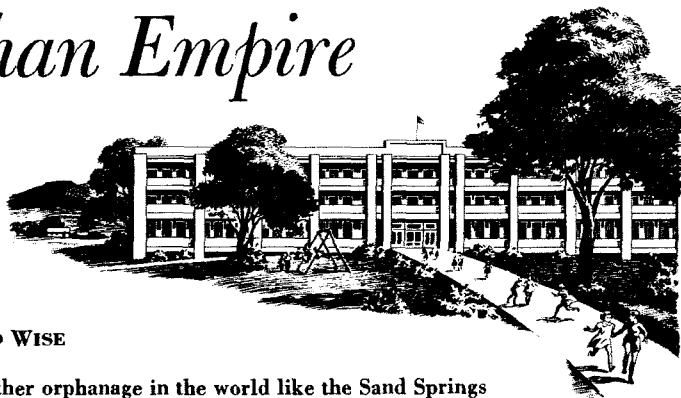
Both are dependable judges whose opinions are watched by producers and public alike.



CURTAIN CALL

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# OKLAHOMA'S *Orphan Empire*



by WINNIFRED WISE

There isn't another orphanage in the world like the Sand Springs Home, a rich and remarkable institution just outside Tulsa; it is the dream-come-true of a philanthropist who built for the future

**D**RIVING WEST OUT OF Tulsa on U.S. 64, you pass a six-mile-long vista of thriving factories along the meandering Arkansas River. That the oil capital of the world should have such an industrial empire on its outskirts is not unusual. What is unusual is the reason why these factories are so compactly grouped on the western approach to the city—a reason that goes back almost 40 years, to a day when pioneer-financier-philanthropist Charles Page decided to build an orphans' home in the wilderness, eight miles out of Tulsa.

It was in 1908 that a burly, gray-eyed man wearing the stained khaki of an oil-field roustabout walked up to young B. F. Breeding, Salvation Army captain in Tulsa. Here, in this lusty, roaring boom town, the two men had often discussed a project that seemed far

removed from the rough scenes about them. They wanted to build a home to take care of Tulsa's parentless boys and girls.

"It's time for you to pull up stakes," Page told Breeding. "I've got the land—and I've got my first customers. Are you ready to take the job as superintendent?"

"I'm ready," said Breeding with a smile, for at last his cherished dream had come to pass.

Today, the Sand Springs Home is a unique institution which owns a railroad, is represented by millions of dollars' worth of stock in real estate, farms and industrial concerns, and is one of the biggest taxpayers in the state—an orphans' home that is not only self-supporting but regularly makes substantial donations to other charities.

"Daddy" Page's first customers were eight homeless brothers and

sisters, whom he housed in a tent until a frame building could be erected. His land was 160 wooded acres, purchased from his Osage Indian friends and fed by clear bubbling springs. But because it was hard to reach except by a road which wound through almost impenetrable sand dunes, Page at once built a short-line railroad for himself and his "kids."

Then, to maintain his railroad, which would in turn maintain his Home, he built the city of Sand Springs in the foothills of the Osage Nation, thus laying the groundwork for an industrial empire.

That railroad, since dubbed "one of the biggest little railroads in America," now serves the scores of business enterprises located along its right-of-way west of Tulsa.

Says the railway employees' magazine: "Railroads have been owned by stockholders, bondholders, brokers, bankers and insurance companies, but it was up to Oklahoma to achieve the unique distinction of a railroad owned by a group of boys and girls, actually dependent orphans."

Of course, there was more to Page's plan than a railroad. There were cash bonuses and free factory sites for prospective manufacturers, as well as purchase of stock and extension of utility and freight service to their plants.

Always, Page clung to a three-point formula—Oklahoma raw materials should be processed by Oklahoma labor to create new wealth for the new state—and for his new Home. Or, as Charlie Page used to say, "What Oklahoma makes, makes Oklahoma."

All his empire-building was done

in the name of the children who lived in Sand Springs Home. Once, during negotiations with an Eastern oil company, he told Superintendent Breeding: "If I make this deal I'll have more than a million dollars. That's more than I'd ever hoped to have in my life." Yet when he died in 1926 he had spent \$1,800,000 on the Home and there still remained a substantial trust fund for its perpetuation.

The Sand Springs Foundation—the name under which Home interests are operating today—still offers incentives to infant industries, encouraging them to locate along Sand Springs Road. Page's trusted friends, members of the five-man board of trustees created by his will, are seeing to it that Page's oil wells continue to produce, and that destitute orphans are still "adopted" in the philanthropist's name.

**T**ULSA AND SAND SPRINGS citizens still speak of Page as if he were sitting at his cluttered desk, a battered hat tipped down to meet his uptilted stogie. He weighed more than 200 pounds, and his heart matched his massive frame.

"Go see Charlie Page—he'll help you." These were magic words in that raw community of the early 1900s, meaning anything from the price of a meal to two-weeks' lodging for a family stranded on the way from one oil-field job to another.

Born in 1860 in Wisconsin, Charlie in rapid succession was a messenger boy, railroad telegrapher, timber-cruiser, chief of police, Pinkerton detective, mining prospector, real-estate operator, railroad colonizer and industrialist—a cavalcade of adventures that carried him

westward to the Pacific coast and then back to the turbulent oil fields of what was then Indian Territory.

In Tulsa, oil men wore rough clothes, talked rough, were rough. It took only six weeks to become a millionaire or a bum. Charlie became a millionaire, and his first major purchase for the Home was that 160 acres of Osage wilderness.

His office in Sand Springs opened off a large waiting room, but there were no secretaries to sift the collection of human souls who came to Charlie for help and advice. Once, when he was negotiating the sale of an oil company to New Yorkers, Page cut them off in the middle of a sentence to speak to a needy widow who appeared at the door.

One of the Easterners asked: "Page, why don't you hire someone to talk to these stray people and leave you free for bigger things?"

"That's the way I get my fun," was his simple reply.

He got his fun with kids, too. It would have been easy merely to finance the Home, but Page believed that the gift without the giver is bare. So on Sunday nights he would pull up a chair and entertain the youthful circle around him with fantastic stories and songs.

Leonard Nolan, the first boy "adopted" by Page, left the Home years ago and is now a superintendent on the Sand Springs railroad. He married a Home girl. In 1945, their daughter was graduated from college and married. Nolan proudly displayed his first grandchild at the institution's annual Thanksgiving "homecoming."

Nolan's is one of a dozen or so marriages which have taken place between boys and girls of the

Home. "But mostly they look outside," explains Breeding, who is still superintendent. "They get too much like brothers and sisters, growing up here together."

"Too much like brothers and sisters." How Charlie would have loved that! To Page, who had seven brothers and sisters, the breaking up of the family circle after his father's death in 1871 was a tragedy he never forgot. Therefore, with rare exceptions, all children received into the Home are members of groups of brothers and sisters. Thus, it is possible to realize Page's dream of keeping family ties intact as long as possible.

In further remembrance of his father's death, Page made a unique addition to the Home in 1916—the Widows' Colony. Here, in cottages, live widowed mothers with their children. In addition to housing and utilities, they get medical and dental service, hospitalization, a nursery, and a quart of milk per child each day from the modern dairy owned and operated by the Home. If a widow cannot find a job, or if her children are too young to leave at the nursery, the Home also foots the grocery bill.

AT THE SAND SPRINGS home today, Daddy Page's kids enjoy certain advantages over "regular" families. They have their own band; 40 girls have a full-time piano and voice instructor; the recreation room has a bowling alley, wrestling mats, a juke box, ping-pong tables and games; there are 60 acres of wooded campus in which to roam and play; there are horses to ride and gardens to tend.

The older children have chores

every day, like youngsters in any family—housework for the girls, outdoor tasks for the boys. But they get paid for it. Savings accounts are established for each child, and many have accumulated several hundred dollars by the time they are ready to leave the Home.

Boys and girls who show scholastic promise are encouraged to attend college and are given some assistance. Those who prefer vocational work are taught a trade. No one ever has to leave the Home until he is ready.

The 65 boys who fought in the armed services during the war found that the original dormitory had been turned over to them when they came back on terminal leave, so that they could gradually readjust themselves to civilian life.

All this is aimed at one goal—to make the Home a home. That is the reason for the freedom, the liberty, the “extras” not usually

found in orphanages. That is the reason for the one unbreakable rule of the Home—no adoptions. Once a child enters, he is truly home, there to recapture the sense of permanence and protection so abruptly shattered by the death of parents.

And finally, that is the reason why the 250 widows and children who are current members of the Home, and the hundreds of families in which one or both parents are alumni of the Home, think especially of Charlie Page each Thanksgiving. For Thanksgiving is homecoming day. As members of the biggest family in the world bow their heads over plump and crackly browned turkeys, prayers of thanksgiving are offered to God—and to Daddy Page.

Small wonder that these thousands of citizens place Charlie next to God in their thoughts, and feel certain that the Lord, since 1926, has found Himself in good company.



## Improving on the Dictionary

**Ce-leb'ri-ty**—One who works all his life to become famous enough to be recognized—and then goes around in dark glasses so no one will know who he is.

—EARL WILSON

**Cour'age**—Fear holding on just a bit longer.

**Dis-cre'tion**—Something that comes to a man after he's too old for it to do him any good.

**High'-brow'**—A person who can use the word *whom* without feeling self-conscious.

**Morn'ing**—The time of day when the rising generation gets ready to retire and the retiring generation rises.

**Peace**—In international affairs, a period of cheating between two periods of fighting.—AMBROSE BIERCE

**Ra'di-o Com-mer'cial**—The pause that depresses.

**War**—Something that's not over until you've finished saving the country you've finished licking.

—PAUL H. GILBERT

# THE MIRACLE OF BIRTH

by J. D. RATCLIFF



**For all its great discoveries, modern science has barely begun to probe the many mysteries surrounding Nature's most superb achievement—a human life**

**W**ITH ALL HIS GREAT TALENTS and shrewd perception, the modern scientist has barely begun to understand nature's supreme miracle: human reproduction.

How does the initial cell of life divide and re-divide to make the 1,000 *billion* cells in an adult man? No one knows. Why do cells of any body-member—say an arm—divide until the arm is a certain length, then stop? Why doesn't growth continue until the arm touches the ground? No one can say for sure.

What are the genes, the incredibly minute inheritance factors, which determine that a child shall have his father's blue eyes, or his mother's blonde hair? We know almost nothing about them—beyond the fact that they exist, and that

they behave in a certain fashion.

Why does a new life start and grow almost to the point of birth—then expire? This happens 66,000 times a year in the United States, accounting for our shockingly high still-birth rate.

Volumes would be required to list all the things we *don't* know about human reproduction. We spend \$30,000,000 a year in the study of plant and animal breeding, almost nothing on work which might unravel the mystery of human reproduction. Yet this may not always be so. A research program sponsored by the Planned Parenthood Federation, the National Committee on Maternal Health and the National Research Council is about to get under way—the

first coordinated attack ever launched on the most basic of all human problems.

It is little wonder that the birth process baffled primitive man. Possessing only the crudest time sense, he could not relate the sex act to the birth of a baby months later. To him, therefore, birth was a supernatural manifestation. Even today, primitive Australian bushmen attribute female babies to powers of the moon. Boys they consider more earthy, attributing them to the spirits of lizards. African tribesmen have a legend which possibly relates to the original clay of creation. To them, babies spring from swamp mud implanted in the bodies of women.

The groundwork for the modern concept of human reproduction was laid early in the 17th century by William Harvey, great English physician who discovered circulation of the blood. His patient and patron, Charles I, gave him 12 female deer for study, immediately after the mating season. Harvey killed the animals at regular intervals and thus was able to witness the growth of a new life from embryo.

Still, this left many unanswered questions. What about origin of the new life? It was incomprehensible to these early investigators that human life—or any mammalian life, for that matter—sprang from eggs. Eggs of snakes and birds were clearly visible. How, then, could a 200-pound man spring from an egg so tiny as to be on the fringe of visibility? Or how could a 150,000-pound blue whale develop from an egg less than 1,000th the size of a hummingbird egg?

The answer—to these early in-

vestigators — was obvious. Such things just could not happen. Hence they spent little time searching for the cells that we now know are the producers of life.

Today we can patiently thread our way through a long series of great discoveries that led to the modern picture of reproduction:

For instance, Antonj van Leeuwenhoek, pioneer in the use of the microscope, who was astounded by what he saw one day in his Dutch laboratory. While looking through a crude microscope, he was the first person to see human sperm cells—male cells—swimming violently about like minute tadpoles. Leeuwenhoek called them “animalcules.”

Or the story of another Dutch scientist, Reijnier de Graaf, who was the first to find the follicles, or egg chambers, in the ovary of a woman. But his eyes weren't sharp enough to see the egg itself.

TO FIT ALL THE ENORMOUSLY important discoveries into the puzzle would require many times the space available in this entire magazine. Therefore, let us skip to the picture as it exists today, with the ovary as the obvious starting place for the story of reproduction.

These small, almond-shaped glands hang by ligaments in the abdominal cavity, one on each side of the pelvis. The ovary has two functions: production of egg cells, and production of the two female sex hormones.

The weight of evidence points to the fact that, at birth, the ovaries of an infant girl contain her *lifetime* supply of cells. No one knows the exact number, but one Swedish in-

vestigator counted 420,000 in the ovaries of an adult woman. So it is probable that the baby girl possesses at least this number.

This is an astonishing number, in view of the fact that a woman produces but one egg per month. This production, remember, continues only during the fruitful years of her life. Thus, less than 400 of this vast number of cells will ever develop into mature eggs. How any single cell is selected for growth to maturity is as yet unknown. But the process by which this happens is well understood.

First, a follicle—a small fluid-filled chamber—forms about the egg cell. This minute bubble sinks deeper into the ovary where the egg develops. Then the follicle rises to the surface and pushes its way outward, making a bump on the ovary the size of a marble. When the egg is fully mature, the follicle ruptures—casting out the egg.

German researchers did a monumental job in determining the time of month at which this happens. During World War I, it was common practice to give German soldiers 48-hour furloughs. These furloughs were studied in relation to pregnancies that developed with soldiers' wives. From these data the investigators found that, on the average, ovulation took place the 13th day after beginning of the menstrual cycle.

The egg that is cast out is a tiny sphere 1-200ths of an inch in diameter. It would take more than 8,000,000 to bulk one cubic inch. The egg has a tiny yolk, and a covering membrane like stiff gelatin. It appears to be far too fragile to face the rigors that lie before it.

First, it must find its way into the Fallopian tube—the three-to-five-inch canal that stretches from ovary to uterus, or womb. Fluids wash it along the surface of the ovary until it reaches this smooth, funnel-mouthed tube. Tiny hairlike *cilia* are there to move the egg gently along on its three-day journey to the womb.

While this is taking place, the ovary has another job to do. The crater from which the egg erupted now fills with a yellowish tissue which produces one of the female sex hormones, progesterone. While the egg is on its journey, progesterone is poured into the blood stream, to prepare the body for pregnancy.

It quiets the rhythmic contractions of the uterus, so that the egg will not be discarded. It also thickens the walls of that organ, enormously increasing its network of glands and blood vessels—to provide nourishment for a new life that may develop. If pregnancy does not occur, this excess tissue is cast off. Then, a month later, the whole cycle is enacted again.

**T**HIS IS THE FIRST HALF of the picture. To complete its destiny, the egg must be fertilized.

The process by which male cells are produced is quite as miraculous as the one which produces eggshells. Anatomists know that the male glands are an incredibly complex maze of canals—each the size of a fine silk thread and approximately three feet long. Some 1,000 of these canals act as collectors of male cells. They feed into another larger tube—the 21-foot epididymis, which is coiled around each gland. And this, in turn, feeds into still another tube,

the *vas deferens*, which runs almost vertically, just under the skin. Sperm cells are propelled upward by muscular contractions of this tube and stored in the epididymis.

Why this elaborate transport system? No one knows, but there are good guesses. When cells enter the transport system they are young, immature, incapable of producing pregnancy. Their slow movement upward permits them time to grow up—a process which requires more than two weeks.

The male cells are incredibly tiny—so tiny that a single discharge may contain 225,000,000, enough potentially to populate the entire North American continent. But small as they are, each contains a full set of 48 chromosomes. Half of them contain the boy-producing Y chromosomes, half the girl-producing X chromosomes.

Since the woman's cells contain only X chromosomes, she has nothing to do with the sex of the children she produces. If her egg is fertilized by a Y-carrying male cell, she will have a boy; if by an X-carrying cell, she will have a girl.

Once launched to lead an independent existence, the male cells move like tiny wrigglers. The journey they must make to reach the egg dwarfs any other migration in magnitude. Odds against success are 225,000,000 to 1!

At a casual glance, it appears that every conceivable obstacle is placed in the way of these mites of life. First, their size is a handicap—they are the smallest cells in the human body, whereas the egg is the largest. Considering their size, they must travel an enormous distance—six inches at an average. At best,

they can travel about one inch in eight minutes.

The cells must fight normal fluid currents that are, relatively speaking, tidal waves. They must work their way past bits of tissue that act as mountainous obstructions—always with the knowledge that their time on earth is limited, their chance at immortality fleeting.

Tens of millions of them die of exhaustion, others are snuffed out by unfriendly secretions. How long they are able to survive in the body, no one knows, although animals offer suggestive evidence. A few live cells have been found in rats after 17 hours, in guinea pigs after 41 hours. So three days would certainly appear to be the maximum in human beings.

Even when these obstacles are overcome, there are still only two Fallopian tubes—one for each ovary. At least half the male cells will enter the wrong tube—the one which contains no egg. Perhaps the best summation of the difficulties involved is given by Dr. Alan Frank Guttmacher of Johns Hopkins:

“The baby that the germ cell engenders has a far greater chance of becoming President than it ever had of becoming a baby.”

**E**VEN AFTER THE EGG (which by this time is midway on its journey through the Fallopian tube) is reached, there are still difficulties. Only conjecture and study of lower animals indicate what happens.

Research men have watched the miracle of fertilization as it occurs with the eggs of sea worms. It is striking drama. A number of sperm cells attack the relatively enormous egg. Tiny projections shoot out

from the egg, pushing unwanted cells away. Then, with a wisdom all its own, the egg apparently decides to accept one cell. At the point of attack, the cell weakens to permit its entrance.

As mentioned earlier, women normally produce but one egg a month. If there are more, the way is open for multiple births. The relative infrequency of this is indicated by multiple-birth statistics: twins one time in about 87, triplets once in 7,500, etc. In such instances, nonidentical progeny result. Identical twins or triplets result from division of a single egg cell.

Immediately a sperm cell has been permitted to enter, life begins. The single cell divides into two cells, the two into four, the four into eight . . . and the new life moves out of the Fallopian tube to seek a new home in the uterus. Its tiny yolk by this time is near exhaustion, which means that a new source of food must be found if survival is to be insured.

Having once selected a nest on the velvety smooth uterus, the egg secretes a digestive fluid which eats away a tiny niche. Then it sends out a microscopic root to find food. A tiny fluid-filled bubble begins to form. Here, once more, is a reminder that life originated in the sea. In the elemental state, at least, all life finds a submarine life more congenial. Thus, the egg was submerged in follicular fluid and male cells lived an aquatic life. The embryo builds itself a bubble in which to live, and the forming baby will lead an underwater life until the moment of birth.

The direction and order of the process of gestation is astonishing.

Even when life exists only as a fluid-filled bubble, organization of tissue has begun. The bubble has a three-layer covering, each of which has a distinct evolution.

The ectoderm, or outer layer, will go to make up the nervous system, skin, hair, nails and so forth. The entoderm, or inner layer, will evolve into the respiratory tract, the digestive tract and its associated glands, etc. The middle layer grows into bones, tendons, muscles, blood vessels, etc.

At the end of a month, the forming bundle of life has its own circulatory system distinct from that of the mother. Through the membrane which surrounds it—the *placenta*—it draws nourishment from the mother's blood.

At this stage of development, only the most discerning eye would be able to distinguish the forming human being from the embryo of any other animal.

For prospective parents, the period of waiting from this point onward may seem unduly long. Actually, a drama is moving forward at breath-taking pace. By the end of the second month the fetus is an inch long. At the end of the third month it has grown to three inches, and a bony structure is forming. At the end of the fifth month the infant is covered with a downy fuzz, a protection against submarine life.

Meanwhile, the mother-body has undergone profound changes. It has developed an infinitely complex fabric of tissue to nourish the infant. Muscular tissue relaxes to provide the every-increasing requirements for space, and the pelvis provides a protective cradle. By the end of

the sixth month the fetus is 10 to 14 inches long. If born at this point it will fight a losing battle for life—moving, trying to breathe—for it is not yet ready for independent existence. During the seventh month the membrane which has covered the eyes dissolves away. The baby is covered with a fatty stuff, an added protection against its watery home.

By now the baby can move. It flexes muscles, seeks more comfortable positions in which to lie. If born at this moment it has a fair chance of life, provided expert care is available. But nature adds two more months as a safeguard, to allow the maturing process to go still further. At the end of 280 days

the cycle is completed. The moment of birth is at hand.

The female body reacts automatically to this great event. The birth canal is provided with a special lubricant to assist passage of the infant. The mouth of the uterus opens and ligaments of the pelvis relax. The uterus itself, which under the influence of the hormone progesterone has remained quiet for nine months, prepares to rid itself of its burden by setting up strong muscular contractions.

And thus, the process ends. A fantastically complicated series of events have interacted, each perfectly timed with the others, to produce nature's most superb achievement: a new human life.



## Wise and Otherwise

Fifty years ago girls never thought of doing the things they do today. That's why they didn't do them.

—LESTER LEWIS

We repeat: what this country really needs is a good 5-cent nickel!

—*Production Progress*

We have a cleaning woman who insists on calling our most cherished objects of art "break-a-brac," and she certainly knows what she is talking about.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

Where there's a will there's always a relative.

—ROY DENIAL

Men still die with their boots on—but usually one boot is on the accelerator.

—*Alexander Animator*

It's the little things that annoy us. We can sit on a mountain but not on a tack.

—HANSEN HAMMER

A bad habit cannot be tossed out the window; it must be coaxed down the stairs a step at a time.

—MARK TWAIN

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest call of duty.

—ANONYMOUS

Be careful how you live. You may be the only Bible some people ever read.

Don't speak ill of the 20th century. We're not halfway through it yet and we've already had two World Peaces.

—*New Zealand Weekly News*

# The Case of the Limping Spaniel



Was it accident or murder when a Minneapolis socialite fell to her death? A pet dog provided the first clue and helped solve the mystery

SHE STOOD ON A HIGH embankment bordering the Mississippi River as her cocker spaniel frisked near-by in the snow. Slim and attractive in her expensive fur coat and tiny high-heeled slippers which had left an incongruous trail from the sedan parked 300 yards away, Mrs. Mary Fridley Price looked down upon winter-blanketed Minneapolis. It was a familiar scene—one to which her socially prominent family had contributed a great deal since pioneer days.

As the November sun began to set, Mrs. Price decided it was time to go. But when she turned to call the spaniel, Chum was standing stiffly in his tracks, growling.

Startled, she took a step forward, then slipped on her ridiculous heels.

"Fred!" she screamed as she plunged headfirst to the icy rocks below. "Fred!"

In a few moments, her husband, Frederick Price, and a friend, Charles Etchison, made their way down a slippery path to her side. She lay limp and grotesque, her head against a blood-stained boulder. Near-by was Chum, stretched darkly against the snowy stones.

"Mary!" pleaded the distraught husband. "For God's sake, speak to me! It's Fred!"

She moaned once, low and piteously, then fell silent.

"She's still alive!" Price cried;

"get help, Charlie! I'll stay here."

But Mary Price died on the way to the hospital. No human being, the doctors said, could have survived such terrible skull fractures.

Next day, November 29, 1914, Minncapolis newspapers gave full accounts of the tragedy. Late on the previous afternoon, they reported, Mr. and Mrs. Price, together with Etchison, a friend and business associate, had taken a drive before dinner. When the motor balked on the hill leading to the embankment, Mrs. Price took this opportunity to exercise her dog. The frolicsome spaniel had ventured too near the cliff, and in trying to rescue him, she had fallen to her death.

A few days later, Mary Price was buried in Lakewood Cemetery. Leading the mourners was her grieving husband, accompanied by Etchison. Clearly, the 37-year-old Price needed consolation. Married to the 24-year-old girl only a few months before she died, he was a picture of inarticulate sorrow.

Also present were Mary's sister, Louise; her husband, William H. Dye; and Mary's white-haired father, David Fridley. All through the ceremonies, the father's eyes were focused on his son-in-law. Something perturbing was beginning to stir in the old man's brain.

A FEW DAYS AFTER Mary Price was laid to rest, Fred applied to the Surrogate's Office and was named administrator of her \$24,000 estate. As she had left no will, he also became the sole heir.

Two weeks passed. Then one evening a thin, half-frozen cocker spaniel limped to the door of David Fridley's home. Where the dog had

been since the tragedy, no one knew; but his instinct in heading for the Fridley house rather than the Price apartment, his last home, had significance for Fridley.

"He must have hated Price," the old man said to himself. "And any man that a dog can hate—"

Early next morning, an old man and a limping spaniel made their way down the icy path to the rocks where Mary had been found. Soon the dog retrieved one of Mary's gloves, the left one.

That night, Fridley told his daughter, Louise, and her husband what was on his mind. He had never liked Fred Price, who, he felt, had taken advantage of Mary's lack of sophistication to marry into a wealthy family.

Mary had met him while visiting friends in Wisconsin, and had married him after a brief courtship. A salesman of weighing devices, Price had accompanied his bride back to Minneapolis and shortly afterward sent for his friend, Etchison, to open an office with him.

"I know you think I'm prejudiced against Fred," Fridley said to the Dyes, "but some things in connection with Mary's death need explaining. First, as you know, shortly before her death I gave her \$10,000 in railroad bonds.

"That fact may be meaningless. However, when I visited the embankment today, there was a guard wire stretched between the two trees where Mary slipped!"

Then Fridley placed the black glove on the table. "A few years ago, Louise, I gave each of you girls a diamond ring for Christmas. Bill and I were impressed with the pact you made at the time. Who-

ever survived was to receive the other's ring. Now—what has happened to Mary's ring?"

"I don't know," said Louise. "She wore it on her left hand, but it wasn't there when I visited the hospital. Fred may have it."

NEXT DAY, DYE CALLED at Price's office, but he had to wait a considerable time. Price, closeted with a lawyer, was planning to sue the City of Minneapolis for \$7,500 for negligence in his wife's death.

When the lawyer left, Dye explained the reason for his visit. From his desk, Price produced a gold ring with a prong setting.

"But where's the diamond?" Dye asked.

"I don't know. The prongs must have been torn open when Mary fell. Perhaps the diamond is at the bottom of the cliff."

Dye picked up the ring and slipped it into his pocket. Price regarded him uneasily. Then he spoke again. "Mary mentioned her agreement with Louise to me," he said apologetically. "The ring belongs to Louise. The diamond, too, if we can find it."

"My car's downstairs," said Dye. "Let's take a look."

They drove to the scene of the tragedy, and after a search of several hours Dye found the diamond near the bloodstained boulder.

"I'm glad you found it," said Price sincerely. "I should have suggested a search before, but I've had a lot of things on my mind."

As Dye headed back for the Fridley home, he was wondering how the prongs of the ring had been torn open so widely, especially since Mary had probably been wearing

a glove at the time—the left glove which the spaniel had found.

When Dye told Fridley what had happened the old man's eyes blazed. "This convinces me!" he cried. "I think Fred's going to sue not so much for the \$7,500 but to be certain that no responsibility for Mary's death clings to him. I want an autopsy performed. Suspicion of foul play. Murder!"

"You're too hasty," said Dye.

Everyone knew, Bill pointed out, that Fridley disliked Price. To demand an autopsy on the strength of insufficient evidence might absolve Price. If he was guilty, it must be proved—conclusively.

It was thus that John P. Hoy, a private detective, entered Fridley's employ. To him, Fridley confided his suspicions. When the old man had finished, Hoy spoke up.

"There's just one thing you haven't told me," he said. "What was Mrs. Price's weight?"

"About 105 pounds."

That afternoon, a tape measure in his pocket, Hoy drove to the embankment. From the top to the rocks below was 38 feet, six inches. From the base of the cliff to the bloodstained boulder was 37 feet.

"She fell outward almost as far as she fell downward," Hoy said to himself. "That doesn't seem possible unless she took a running jump or was given a mighty push."

Hoy then made a dummy weighing 105 pounds and dropped it over the embankment. It landed ten feet, four inches from the base.

"Somebody's going to explain the remaining distance of almost 27 feet," he mused. "And I think that somebody will be Etchison."

Etchison, he had decided, was

the weaker of the two men. His hunch was based upon the man's action in coming to Minneapolis to live and work, at Price's suggestion.

Backtracking on Etchison, he found that he was a colorless individual with a checkered business career but no criminal record. In Minneapolis, he had lived quietly at a hotel where Price had been a frequent visitor. The day after Mary Price's funeral, Etchison had left for Washington, D. C.

Hoy now began to probe into Price's past. Soon he was able to tell Fridley: "Three weeks after Mary's death, Price moved into an apartment with a girl he had known intimately even while Mary was alive. Incidentally, the girl formerly worked for Dye."

Fridley's face crimsoned. "The two of them, living on Mary's money!" he snapped. "Does Bill Dye know about this?"

"I'm sure he doesn't, Mr. Fridley. . . . Tomorrow, I'm going to Wisconsin to look into Price's past."

In Wisconsin Hoy discovered that Price had been married twice before, and there was doubt about the legality of one divorce.

"That means," Hoy pointed out, "that if Price is not legally Mary's husband, he has no right to sue the city about responsibility for her death. There is also the question of whether he is her legal heir."

"That's enough for me," cried Fridley. "Now I want that autopsy performed!"

And so Mary's body was disinterred. Assistant prosecutor George Armstrong quoted the medical report to Hoy and Duffy: "The skull was broken straight across the top. Large triangular fracture, right

side. Left oval bones fractured in eleven pieces."

"Sounds like a terrific blow to me," said Hoy. "What about other bones in the body?"

"The physicians found them intact," Armstrong said slowly.

Hoy drew a sketch of the embankment and the rocks below. He added the two measurements which were constantly in his thoughts.

"It gets down to this," he said. "Either Mary was hurled off the embankment so skillfully that she landed on her head at a point 37 feet from the base of the rocks, or she went over the embankment, landed in the snow, and was killed by someone at the point where she was found. Take your choice."

"Perhaps Price can answer that question," suggested Detective Duffy of the Minneapolis police bureau.

"I don't think so," said Hoy. "Etchison is the weak sister. He'll talk if we handle him right!"

The trio traced Etchison to Washington, then found that he was selling encyclopedias in Chicago. They walked in on him at his hotel. "We're arresting you for the murder of Mary Price," said Hoy. "Her husband has confessed everything. We've got him in jail as your accomplice."

"Accomplice?" muttered the fear-stricken Etchison.

"Sure," said Hoy. "He's going to turn State's evidence."

"But you've got this all wrong," Etchison protested. "I didn't kill Mary Price. Her husband did!"

"Suppose," said Armstrong, "you tell us about it."

Etchison confessed eagerly. "A few days before the crime," he commenced, "Price came to my

hotel and told me that old man Fridley had come through with a gift of \$10,000 in bonds for his daughter. 'And I'm her sole heir, Charlie,' he told me. 'Mary doesn't believe in wills and I don't believe in life with Mary, get it?' "

Three days later, Etchison had been invited to a matinee with the Prices and to dinner later. After the operetta, Price had suggested a drive before going home. Mary agreed, but insisted that they stop at the apartment for Chum, who needed exercise.

After picking up the dog, Price had driven close to the embankment, where he pretended to have engine trouble. After Mary had stepped from the car, Price walked to the embankment and called her to come and see the view. Before Etchison was aware of what was happening, Price had pushed her over the edge. Horrified, Etchison had then climbed down the rocky path after Price.

"And Mrs. Price?" Hoy prompted. "Was she conscious?"

"She was moaning. Price told me to get help. I started up the path and then I heard an awful, sickening thud. Price was beating her on the head with a big rock."

Etchison then ran to the nearest phone and called an ambulance. Later Price had told him: "Charlie, you're the only witness and no court in the world will convict me."

Price was arrested and put in jail, where he maintained an air of righteous indignation that lasted through his 11-day trial. He denied everything, but the jury brought in a verdict of first-degree murder, and Price was sentenced to life at hard labor in the Minnesota State Penitentiary, where he died a few years later.

Etchison, the "weak sister," was given his liberty. And Chum, the limping spaniel who "broke" the case, lived the rest of his canine years in ease at the Fridley home.

## PROFITS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

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by OSCAR SCHISGALL

**Making visiting foreign dignitaries feel at home in the U. S. is her responsibility**

QUITE A FEW PEOPLE in Washington insist that Mrs. Victoria Geaney holds the most enviable job in America. Women with social ambitions fight, cajole and pull political strings in their efforts to dine with visiting kings, presidents, princes and prime ministers. But Victoria Geaney simply waits in the drawing room of Blair House, and presently the visiting dignitaries are brought in to shake hands and linger as her guests.

Blair House, official U. S. residence for visitors of state, is diagonally across the street from the White House. It has been government property since 1940, and in that time Mrs. Geaney has been hostess, housekeeper, manager or whatever you choose to call her. Her job involves a great deal more

than pouring tea; she supervises the servants, the books, even the marketing.

"But I can't think of any place I'd rather be," she says.

She has entertained the president of virtually every country in South and Central America. She has received King Peter of Yugoslavia and the late King George of Greece; Prince Faisal of Saudi-Arabia and his five towering brothers; the Prime Ministers of Canada, Austria, New Zealand and other countries; and a long list of foreign ministers, including two visits by Molotov. President Roosevelt used to drop in for an occasional quiet hour; and the Trumans spent three weeks with Mrs. Geaney before moving into the White House.

"Heads of states are really the

easiest people in the world to entertain," she says, "because they're usually the most gracious."

When I called on Mrs. Geaney. I expected to meet someone whose personality combined the dignity of Queen Mother Mary with the charm of Greer Garson, the manners of Emily Post with the poise of a French countess. But the friendly lady at the door smiled. "Come in," she said. "I'm Mrs. Geaney."

Of medium height, with graying hair, she looked more like a pleasant housewife than the hostess to monarchs. She wore a black dress with only a necklace as ornament. We went into the drawing room where we shared an early-American settee and discussed her job.

"I try to leave guests to themselves," she said. "After all, these people come to America on serious business: their minds are crowded. This is the only place they can relax, so I try to keep out of sight. I never dine with them, but I do have tea if they ask me."

You discover that Mrs. Geaney and Blair House have become an entity, indivisible. In fact, during her seven years there, she has been away only two days!

"People don't realize that this is hard work," she said. "I can't take vacations summer or winter. What's more, I'm kept busy from 12 to 18 hours a day. When we're not entertaining house guests from abroad, the Secretary of State uses Blair House to entertain foreign diplomats at luncheons, receptions and dinners. When we do have guests, I must be around to see that things run smoothly from breakfast until their bedtime—which may be at 3 o'clock in the morning."

With so much to do, I asked, did she come to know her guests personally and well?

"Oh, yes," she said. "Between appointments they drop in and talk. Usually they want to know everything about Blair House. And judging by the letters they send after they leave, they come to love it."

Most of these letters are long and personal, full of happy memories. And every Christmas the collection grows, for kings and presidents throughout the world mail or wire greetings to Victoria Geaney.

"My job is to give every guest a happy impression of Blair House," she says. "Blair House is his American home. If he can be made comfortable here, that's one little step toward winning his good will and that of his government. At the same time, of course, the house must be kept wholly characteristic of America—simple, democratic, cheerful."

To achieve this end she has several fixed rules. For example, she adheres to a thoroughly American table, including ham and eggs for breakfast. With dinners, only domestic wines are served. But she admits that, as a special compliment to a visitor, she may offer him one of his native dishes.

For the sake of economy she hires servants only when she needs them, the permanent staff of Blair House being limited to four. And no Congressman has ever charged her with wasting government funds.

VICTORIA GEANEY, as American as the house, was born in Washington and has lived there all her life. Twenty-eight years ago she met a Mrs. Blair at a garden party. Though Victoria Geaney had a

home of her own in Georgetown, it didn't keep her too busy. When Mrs. Blair invited her to manage the aristocratic house on Pennsylvania Avenue, where the Blairs even then entertained presidents and ambassadors, she became the Blair housekeeper and kept the job for more than 20 years.

When the government bought the house, they seemed to buy Mrs. Geaney along with it. Her first official guests made so many pleased comments that the State Department virtually begged her to make Blair House her career.

In it, she has created a unique position for herself. Her reputation can perhaps best be measured by the fact that few people in Washington, including diplomats, receive as many invitations as she does to attend embassy functions. But she never attends. "I just haven't the time," she says.

The only place she frequently visits is the White House. During the Trumans' stay at the Blair residence, Mrs. Truman and Mrs. Geaney struck up a warm friendship. Quite often Mrs. Truman comes to Blair House to chat with Victoria Geaney, and just as often Mrs. Geaney crosses the street for an in-

formal visit with the First Lady.

Among the most colorful of all her visitors were the princes of Saudi-Arabia. "For a week they transformed the house into something from another world," she recalls. "Each was well over six feet, and unbelievably handsome in long robes. They had a remarkable way of walking—soundless, like ghosts gliding across the floor. In fact, you never heard *any* sounds while they were here. But they were deeply religious, and the rooms constantly smelled of incense."

At the State Department, someone told me that Victoria Geaney's genius as a hostess lies in the fact that she is always unaffected, unruffled and simple, regardless of how eminent her guest may be. No doubt that is true. But having observed her, I believe there is another explanation for her success.

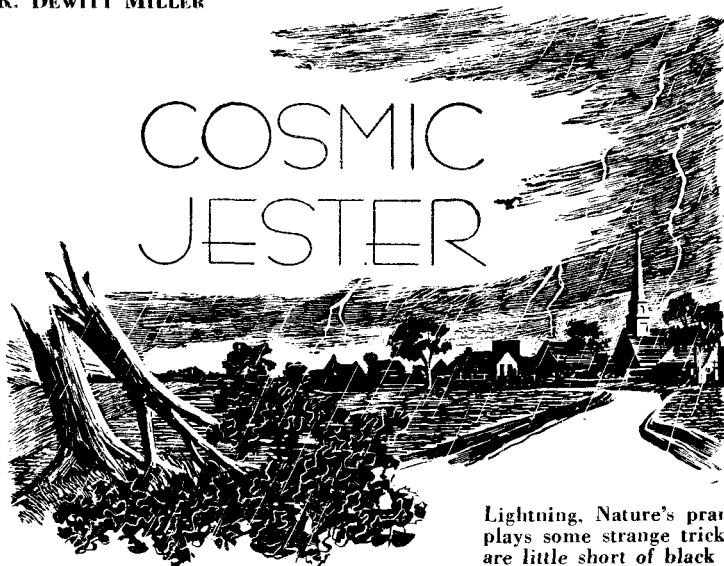
She really likes people, all kinds of people, and *enjoys* making them comfortable. That holds true for anyone who enters Blair House—king or delivery boy, president or sight-seer. In her eagerness to make her visitors feel at ease, she completely forgets herself. And perhaps that is the real secret of being a good hostess anywhere.



## Orders Are Orders!

**A**N EMPLOYER, DESPAIRING of the procrastination on the part of many employees, directed that "Do It Now" signs be placed all over the plant. No sooner was this done than his cashier ran off with \$20,000, a bookkeeper eloped with his private secretary, twelve clerks asked for salary raises, and his office boy ran off to Hollywood to get into the movies.

—PAUL DUDLEY



Lightning, Nature's prankster, plays some strange tricks that are little short of black magic

A BALL OF FIRE was once reported to have entered a woman's bedroom, slowly wandered about, then approached the bed. After slightly singeing the woman's hair and pajamas, it touched the bedpost and exploded.

A mysterious force appeared to pull a key from a door and fling it into a shoe on the floor.

A bell-ringers' service in an English abbey was interrupted when a globe of intense light rolled up the aisle. On reaching the altar it exploded, leaving behind a sulphurous odor.

These incidents sound like black magic, yet their perpetrator was a natural force with which we are all familiar—lightning. And although scientists are endeavoring—often with the aid of man-made bolts—to gain new insight into lightning's

habits, its more capricious pranks still remain unexplained.

On countless occasions, lightning has stripped all clothing from persons, leaving them naked but otherwise unharmed. One stroke welded an iron chain into a solid rod, while another killed a hunter without discharging his gun.

In one of the strangest pranks on record, the initials DD were found burned on the thigh of a man dazed by a bolt. The physician who treated him recognized the initials as identical with those on a tortoiseshell purse which had been stolen from him some days before. The man then confessed the theft, the purse having been in his pocket when lightning struck.

Checking the authenticated record of tricks played by lightning in the last 100 years is like examining

the career of some super sleight-of-hand artist. Lightning removed the gilding from two picture frames without harming either frames or pictures. Knitting needles were jerked from the hands of two women by a capricious flash, although the knitters themselves were not injured. A watch which had long refused to run began to tick again when lightning struck its owner.

On the same day, one flash of lightning removed a mirror from a wall and dropped it unbroken to the floor, while another bolt demolished a near-by house. During an elaborate costume dance, a bolt struck a chimney, ran down it and blackened the dancers with soot.

Even stranger stories are told about "ball" lightning, which has a quaint habit of entering buildings. Once a ball of fire was seen to push open the front door of a suburban home. On another occasion a young farm girl poked at a fiery globe which had rolled into her father's barn. The globe exploded, killing all the cattle in the barn but leaving the girl uninjured.

Lightning has also played strange tricks on human minds and bodies, for it not only kills and injures but

occasionally cures. A deaf boy struck by lightning regained his hearing, while a blind workman, felled by a bolt, had his sight restored. On other occasions, lightning has restored use of limbs to paralytics, often after medical aid has failed. Even insane persons have been cured by lightning stroke, the curative action appearing to be like that of modern shock-treatment for mental disease.

One of the queerest of all lightning pranks occurred in Gelendin, Peru, where a beautiful young woman was stripped by lightning as she walked down the street. Although otherwise unhurt, she was rendered mute.

Yet despite lightning's habit of playing tricks, behind its smiling face is enough power to blast man and all his works from the earth. A single flash expends more kilowatts in eight millionths of a second than could be produced by all the world's electric generators.

Wasting endless power, yet healing a paralytic; playing pranks that seem supernatural, yet sinking a warship in an instant—lightning is surely the cosmic jester that performs for all mankind.



## Where Danger Lies

**I** AM MORE DEADLY than the screaming shell from a howitzer; I ruin without killing. I tear down homes; I break hearts and wreck lives. I have no respect for truth or justice, no mercy for the defenseless. You will find me in the pews of the pious and the haunts of the unholy. I am wily, cunning, malicious—and I gather strength with age. I make my way where greed, mistrust and dishonor are unknown. I feed on good and bad alike. My victims are as numerous as the sands of the sea and often as innocent. I never forgive and seldom forget. My name is GOSSIP.

—*Confess*

# HE MET THE

## *Challenge of Darkness*

by ALLEN RANKIN



THE NEW BLIND GOLF champion of the U.S. is Charles Albert Boswell. Last July, after he had made the "impossible" shot that won the title, spectators crowded around him at the famous Northland Course in Duluth, Minnesota.

"But how did you do it?" they asked the big, 30-year-old blond from Birmingham, Alabama. "That comeback on the 16th hole was impossible!"

Boswell's grin looked like what it was, a light shining through darkness. "I know it must sound crazy," he replied, "but you have to be blind to see!"

What the new champion meant has as little to do with golf as it does with the usual kind of blindness. It began on Christmas eve in 1945, after Captain Boswell had returned from Germany where the

"You have to be blind to see!" That motto has guided Charley Boswell to a championship in golf and victory in everyday life

last thing he saw—or would ever see—was the flash of his tank blowing up in the Battle of the Bulge. At Valley Forge Hospital, an Army doctor had told him: "I'm sorry, but you will never see again."

It was hard to realize. But now, decorating the Christmas tree in his Birmingham apartment, he was beginning to know what it meant. He was helping his wife, Kitty, and their two-year-old daughter, Kay, string colored lights. To Kay he said: "Tell Daddy what the lights look like."

"But there they are, Daddy!" the little girl cried. "Look at them yourself!"

The big ex-halfback for the University of Alabama had been tackled

many times, hard. Before this he had always bounded up again. But now he was down. Not being able to see the lights, or Kay's face looking up at him, was too much. He felt the room get quiet. Then he stumbled into a back room and closed the door.

Boswell stayed there a long time. When he came out he was carrying a golf putter. They had told him at Valley Forge that golf relieved tension. They also had convinced him he could hit a golf ball, though he had never hit one in his life before losing his sight.

Boswell stood there in the living room and putted golf balls across the carpet into an imaginary hole. After a while he felt relaxed. He could laugh and talk about Christmas again.

By spring the big fellow with the habitual smile was negotiating the public golf course at Highland Park, helped by his volunteer coach-caddie, Grant Thomas, a boyhood chum. Thomas followed the method used in guiding all blind players. He turned Boswell toward the green, told him how far it was, gave him the right club and lined the clubhead up with the ball. The rest was up to the blind man.

Soon, Boswell was pounding 200-yard drives down the fairway. But it was on the greens that he made his great discovery. Putting—the part of the game he had thought would be hardest—came easiest to him. Once he crawled from ball to cup and back, he saw something other golfers did not see—a golden line through the darkness, running straight to the hole. Usually he heard the ball rattle into the can!

One day, while sinking putts, he

grinned at the lightless sky. "You have to be blind to see!" At last, he had the answer.

Almost immediately, Boswell began shooting in the 90's—better than most "Sunday" golfers who play the tough Birmingham course. By the spring of 1946, he amazed clear-sighted competitors by shooting a low tournament score of 39. Boswell didn't see the obstacles that worried other players; for him they did not exist. And soon the strange blindness that erased golfing hazards began to work elsewhere.

Boswell got a job as head of the sporting-goods department in a large downtown store. Customers liked the big man who had recently been a stadium idol and now stood quietly behind a counter. They liked the way he grinned and said, "Glad to see you!" even though his outthrust hand sometimes missed connection.

Kids flocked around because he could show them how to use their footballs, gloves and bats. Professional baseball players dropped by to chat with the man who might have made the big leagues except for his "accident." The store liked him because he could hand a customer any article as quickly as the next salesman.

**B**OSWELL'S NEXT VICTORY WAS learning to get to work—a seven-mile trip by trolley, alone. His wife rode with him the first few trips, then secretly followed to watch him on the next half dozen. She found she had nothing to worry about.

"Three curbstones bump under your feet and you know you're at the car line," says Charley. "You

hear the trolley and you walk out and get on. When you go into the downgrade, that's Rickwood Ball Park. The bang-bang of the tracks going under means you're at the car barn on Third Avenue.

"You smell bread and you know you're passing a certain bakery. The fumes tell you you're coming to the gas tanks at Third Avenue and 14th Street. Then you count the bumps of the tracks crossing closer together and you know you're downtown. After so many bumps you get off. You're right in front of the store!"

No one was surprised when Boswell showed up as usual at his favorite vacation spot, Laguna Beach on the Gulf Coast. But they blinked when they saw the tanned athlete laughing and running out into high surf with Kay.

"The breakers are high and rough," he says, "but in a little while you get their rhythm. You go down in a trough and feel the backwash sucking your feet. Then you know another wave is building up. Suddenly, there it is, right on top of you! You feel the lift and know you're already riding it. Kay laughs and tightens in your arms."

In the first readjustment period, Boswell continued with golf, though soon he was too busy to play more than twice a week. In two years he has become one of the happiest young men in Birmingham. Try to make an appointment with Boswell and you find he's attending a meeting of the Junior Chamber of Commerce or the Athletic Club. Or he's up at the "Y," working out on the rowing machine or the track. Or he's at a movie, a ball game or a cocktail party.

He may be indulging in his favorite sport, bathing and dressing Kay, or feeling the face of his new son, Chuck, "to see if he's getting to look like his old man."

But all things are not smiles and cheers for Boswell. The traction company put a new trolley on the line and Boswell stumbled and fell flat. He is accustomed to trolleys with two steps. This one had three.

Once, when he was left alone in the family car, a filling-station operator bawled him out because he didn't drive off after receiving gasoline. Again, a woman shoved and told him he was blocking traffic in an elevator. But despite such "accidents," Boswell continued to hammer away at the golf ball.

In the summer of 1946 he was ready. Quietly he got on the train with Kitty and went to Los Angeles for the National Blind Golf Championship. The Alabama dark horse amazed everyone by going to the finals with the "unbeatable" blind expert, Clinton Russell of Duluth. Russell, then international champion, had been playing golf-in-the-dark for 23 years. Boswell, a golfer for less than two years, lost to the champion by only one hole.

LAST YEAR, THE JULY sun was hot and bright on Duluth's rugged Northland Country Club Course as five sightless golfers again competed in the strangest championship tournament in the world. A murmur went through the gallery as the season's upset was announced. By winning the medalist play, Boswell was again to face Russell for the title. He had taken only 218 strokes to Russell's 231 for 36 holes.

Spectators expected the 18-hole

final to be over quickly, as the 51-year-old Russell settled down to his usual careful and deadly game. What they saw was the tightest battle that ever moved down black fairways. At the 16th hole, Boswell was two up on the champion. Then something happened. On the 16th tee, Boswell missed his drive completely. Showing obvious strain, he fluked his second ball far out to the right. Russell, with his usual precision, clinked a drive straight down the middle.

The crowd stirred uneasily. The 30-year-old newcomer had obviously blown up under pressure. Now he was in consultation with his wife and with his coach-caddie, Thomas.

Boswell took his No. 6 iron and felt its balance. Then, head down in concentration, he swung. There was the solid crack of clubhead against ball. At the spot where

Boswell stood, 150 yards from the green, the gallery saw the ball rising. They watched as it missed a bunker, cleared a clump of trees, whistled over a sand trap, plopped on the green and stopped, just two feet from the pin!

It was the impossible shot on the 16th hole that clinched the championship for Charles Albert Boswell, the blind and "disabled" veteran. The gallery went wild. And in far-off Army hospitals, fellow veterans cheered too and drew hope from their cheering.

The fans went home, trying to explain the "impossible" comeback. What they didn't know was that Boswell, a moment before his famous shot, had bowed his head and prayed. It was the same kind of prayer that he had uttered a year and a half before, when he had stumbled into a back room on the eve of Christmas Day.

## Grounds



## for Divorce

**A** WOMAN IN CHICAGO divorced her husband because he hit her with a chicken when she refused to cook it.

—WILLIAM TUSHER

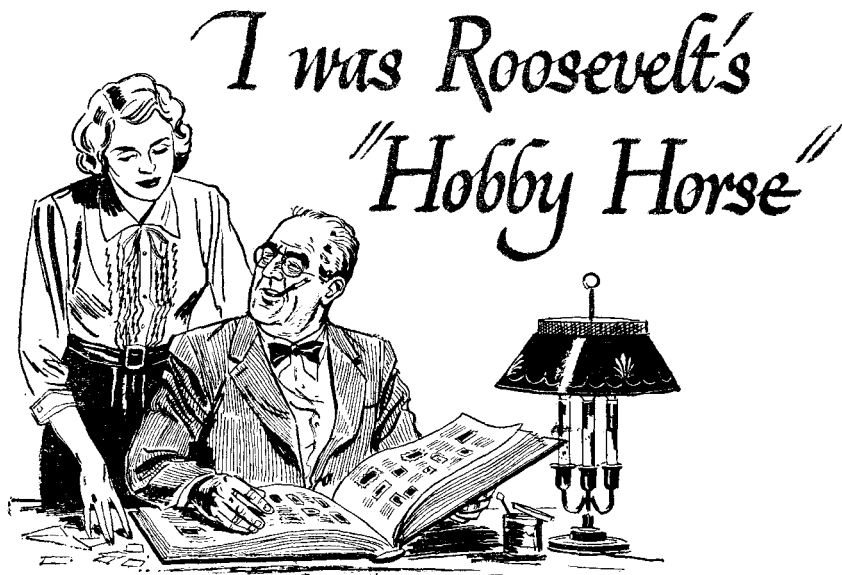
**T**HE JUDGE HEARING a divorce case asked the husband why he thought his wife didn't love him.

"Well, your honor," replied the husband, "I was painting our cellar door and fell down the steps. My wife rushed to the scene, stared at me sprawled on the cellar floor half-conscious and said, 'While you're down there, Henry, put some coal in the furnace.'"

—RONALD P. FRITZ

**T**ESTIFYING AGAINST her husband in a divorce suit, a wife in a London court said: "When we are at dinner I have to be on the alert to make sure I get my fair share."

**I**N FILING SUIT for divorce, a Seattle wife charged that her husband had a "vile and ungovernable temper." She said he upset the checkerboard whenever he saw he was going to lose.



by MARY EBEN  
and CORINNE and TED GILLET

In this revealing story, the curator of FDR's amazing collections sheds light on how our great wartime President sought relaxation from his heavy responsibilities in his stamps, books and other trophies

**F**OR MARY'S CHAIR—FDR.” Behind that cryptic memo lies the story of the influence of books and hobbies on one of the most active and complex minds of our time. Many stories have been written of Franklin D. Roosevelt, the statesman, the politician, the world strategist, but no one has told the tale of FDR, the Great Collector.

It is a story that perhaps I know better than any living person, except Eleanor Roosevelt herself. For I was

curator of his books and collections. I am the Mary on whose chair in the White House study FDR dropped daily the books, the stamps, the gifts and purchases to be added to his hobby collections. Each item was accompanied by a penciled notation directing its precise location, such as: “Back of my desk,” “In the Monroe Room,” “North Hall,” or “To my room at Hyde Park—as is.”

All shapes and sizes of objects found their way to that chair, none more astonishing than the one to which the last of the above notes was attached. This at first appeared to be merely a rumpled shirt. Wrapped in it, however, was one of FDR's cherished gifts—the February, 1894, issue of the British mag-

azine *Pall Mall*, presented by Lord Beaverbrook and containing the first publication of a Kipling poem, *For To Admire*.

And when he wrote "as is" he meant *as is*! After cataloguing this treasure I had to deliver it, carefully rewrapped in the soiled linen, to a White House Secret Service man who saw to its safe arrival at Hyde Park.

In the public mind, FDR's collections were limited to stamps and naval lore. But actually, more than a score of his collections are now in Hyde Park. They range from iceboats to china pigs; from ship models to miniature volumes. They include 25,000 books; 6,000 naval pamphlets; 31 sets of periodicals; files of the nation's leading newspapers; thousands of ship etchings and engravings; 200 ship models; eight albums of British and American greeting cards; cartoon originals; old lithographs; scores of invitations, menus, coins, medallions and stamps.

WHEN DID FDR BECOME a collector? He was born that way, acquiring his first item at the age of nine—early issues of *Auk Magazine*, handsomely bound, a gift of the president of the New York Museum of Natural History. Yet FDR rode his hobbies; they never rode him. He used them all to stimulate or relax his mind so that he could handle the enigmatic problems of state that were the core of his existence.

A fine illustration of the way he used his hobbies can be found in one of his activities during the long years of recovery from polio. For the first time, it seemed, he saw his books as a collection. And as soon

as he could sit up and hold a pen, he began systematically to catalogue the choicest of these. In the process, he read and re-read them, searching always for fresh understanding of the world he lived in.

Once—the first time I saw FDR bending over his stamp collection—I learned a peculiar habit of his and what it meant. While he worked with apparent abstraction, he puffed his cheeks full of air, then, puckering his lips into an O, blew a soundless whistle. As he placed the stamps in the album, seemingly at random, he kept repeating the process . . . puff and blow . . . puff and blow.

Finally I blurted, "Mr. President, do you really know where you are putting those stamps?"

"Certainly," he snapped. "I've been doing it for 50 years!"

Which taught me, the hard way, that FDR's puff and blow meant: "Shut up and get out! The Boss is concentrating."

My connection with the family started in 1922, when I worked with Mrs. Roosevelt. Ten years later, at her request I came to Washington to assist her secretary, Malvina Thompson. Then the President asked that I catalogue the books, which were "all over the place," for soon after moving into the White House he had told the Library of Congress to remove the books already there.

"Take 'em all out," he had said. "I've been looking for a place for my own books—and this is it!"

Soon the second-floor study was filled with volumes arriving from Hyde Park and the New York town house. Along with them came other collectors' items. The saturation

point had about been reached when he instructed Missy LeHand, his private secretary, to ask me to catalogue his books.

"Gosh," I stammered, "I don't know anything about cataloguing—and darn little about books."

"You'll learn," she said a bit grimly; then she flung open FDR's office door.

"Mr. President, Mary says 'yes'."

I was stuck with the job.

"Don't worry, child," the President reassured me. "I'll get a Library of Congress expert to give you pointers."

Sure enough, an expert showed up to tutor me in the librarian's art, but when he said, "Sometimes it takes three months to catalogue a single volume," I decided I'd have to find a short cut. At the end of three weeks I went to FDR.

"Either I can catalogue your books now, Mr. President," I told him, "or I never will."

He was surprised. "I thought it would take you several months to learn, Mary." But I knew by his smile that he was pleased.

Using his handwritten cards as a basis, I designed my own catalogue system. It may be an unorthodox one but at Hyde Park it works.

Second only to knowing what he had, the President wanted to know where it was. When he needed Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales*, for example, he needed it right now. So I devoted the top line of my catalogue card to location. Soon I had reason to congratulate myself on this happy inspiration.

On the morning after war was declared on Germany, he asked me to go with him to the Monroe

Room. "Mary, I want all the first editions moved to Hyde Park today," he said seriously. "We might be bombed."

This order to safeguard his most valuable books throws an interesting side light on Roosevelt's character. He was thinking in terms of posterity, to whom he considered these rare imprints already belonged, since the Government had recently accepted his proffer of all his books and hobbies.

His favorite volumes, like the juveniles he read during his youth and books written by or about members of his family, bear the family bookplate, which carries the Roosevelt crest. Gift books and those he himself purchased bear his personal bookplate, designed by himself, its four blue stars and anchor on a field of blue suggesting the flag of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Early in my experience, I thought cataloguing his books, naval items and stamps was a full-time job. But later I was put in charge of his gifts; then his albums; then his swords. Every time I said to myself: "Now I have seen everything," FDR would show me my error.

One day the President called me to his White House study. "I have a little curio cabinet here, Mary," he said. "I want you to inventory the contents."

He opened drawer after drawer. They contained everything from stickpins to commemorative coins and medallions, including a lock of hair believed to be from President McKinley's head, a bone from a human ear (scrounged during college days from a medical lab), and a monogrammed handkerchief that

had belonged to his father, dead these 50 years!

I had learned by now to keep my face dead-pan no matter what The Boss turned up in collectors' items, so I merely took a deep breath and started to work.

PACKAGES ADDRESSED to the President were unwrapped in the garage, then sent to my office. I separated the gifts into two piles—the ones from personal friends to be acknowledged over his own signature, the others by one of his secretaries. Both piles were of interest to FDR and he would make final decision as to their disposition. Edibles were usually sent to hospitals or charitable institutions. An occasional gift, such as a cane, would be sent to some disabled person who had written to the President for aid.

The President's collections were accepted by the Government in 1939, along with the offer of a site for the library—a 16-acre tract at Hyde Park. Friends of FDR formed the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library Association in New York which, in less than six months, raised the \$375,000 needed to construct and equip the building. On September 14, 1939, the President laid the cornerstone; in November, 1940, the Archivist of the United States accepted the completed project on behalf of the government.

The items on display in the museum section tell the world the *kind* of things sent to a President loved by the people, but it can only indicate the extent and variety of the collections purchased by Roosevelt himself. There is a virtual second museum on the third floor, from

which the librarian and curator select items to rotate the exhibits on the floors below. And many of FDR's choicest books and periodicals have not yet been unpacked.

Future generations may also see his own study in the Library, looking as though he had just left it. Here are kept the rarest books that I personally escorted to Hyde Park following Pearl Harbor. In the right-hand corner stands his desk with keepsakes and photographs, including a small figurine of Falla. A bookcase contains volumes by or about his family, including the annals of his South American tour.

Other cases contain many personal treasures, including first editions of *Alice in Wonderland*, *The Hunting of the Snark*, *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, *Gulliver's Travels*, the works of Twain, Dickens and Kipling. His juveniles are also in wall cases, along with two complete sets of books by men he knew and admired—Woodrow Wilson and Winston Churchill.

Opposite his desk are bookcases containing his oversized albums and Mrs. Roosevelt's family Bible, containing birth records. The President's family Bible was kept during his lifetime in a 200-year-old oaken chest, iron bound and richly carved, which is now on display.

The Great Collector was disappointed that he never received an autographed copy of one of Woodrow Wilson's books, but consoled himself by purchasing at auction a desk and chair that Wilson had used. He had them placed in his study at the Library. His son, James, has them now. A desk of similar design has been substituted—the only major change made in

the room since his death. Even his chair with rubber-tired wheels stands in a corner.

FDR had his hobbies classified in his own mind as to their usefulness. I shall never forget one night during the war, when I found him surrounded by piles of periodicals, puffing and blowing. Jimmie was going into the Marines that night and, following a family dinner, the President had turned to the periodicals to divert his mind from the dreaded leave-taking.

At last, Jimmie came with his wife and his mother. The change in FDR was lightninglike. In the midst of a puff, his mouth relaxed into its broadest smile. Head flung back, he quipped Jimmie about the Marines. Yet no sooner had they gone than he was at it again . . . puff and blow . . . puff and blow. Then he wheeled himself across the hall to his room with a brief, "See you in the morning, Mary."

Among his interests were two of which he never tired—fishing, and guessing bird songs. But unlike many anglers, FDR made no point of collecting rods and reels or of amassing great numbers of catches to prove his prowess. He liked the sport purely for sport's sake, and today one finds only three items on display to remind one that he was a

fisherman. An old gray sweater and a battered white hat hang in a closet outside his bedroom at Hyde Park, while a single catch is mounted in the Library—a sailfish of noble proportions.

Fittingly enough, the songs of Hudson River Valley birds gave him comfort and relaxation at a tense moment when the war was in a most critical stage. Suddenly he decided to go to Hyde Park and see an ornithologist who was conducting research in the Library. He challenged this friend to a bird-song guessing match at dawn. A Hyde Park neighbor and Secret Service men went along. At 4 A.M. of this spring day, they drove to a secluded spot. The neighbor recalls:

"It was quite dark when we arrived and the President sat still, as though waiting for the opening notes of a great concert. At the first streak of gray dawn, he whispered: 'Listen! The first note . . . an oriole!' Then came another, and he named it. And another. He named that, too. He kept on until he had named 33 different birds in the swelling chorus."

Two hours later, Roosevelt again assumed the mantle of responsibility and turned to face the turmoil of a world at war.

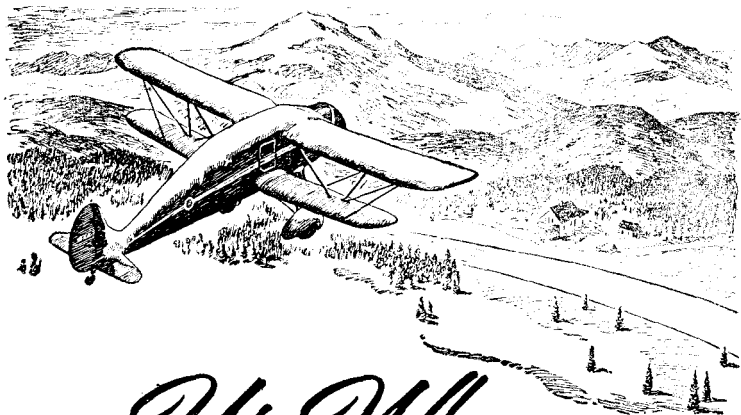


## In Assorted Sizes

THE LATE PRESIDENT CHARLES W. ELIOT of Harvard said the most unusual letter he ever received came from a certain women's club. It read:

"Dear Sir: Our committee, having heard that you are the country's greatest thinker, would be greatly obliged if you would send us your six greatest thoughts."

—*Empire Digest*



# Up Where Adventure Begins

by RAFE GIBBS

Unusual and hazardous jobs are just routine for the air aces of the Johnson Flying Service

THE REASON FOR THE MERCY flight to Big Creek was waiting—tied to a dog-drawn sled. Pilot Bob Johnson glanced at the bound man, at the cruel gash across his face, at the eyes which flashed the warning of temporary insanity from pain.

A miner, the man had been slashed by a snapped chain on the end of a drag line used in placer mining. His wife and another miner had brought him through deep snow to Big Creek—one general store and one 1,400-foot landing strip in the Idaho mountains.

Johnson could see that a surgeon's hands were needed—fast. He unfastened the bonds and, as expected, the man came up fighting. Taking blows and curses, Johnson and the other miner pried the delirious patient into Johnson's snow-crusting plane.

"Keep him away from the controls," Johnson warned. "We'll take him to a hospital in Boise, but first we'll have to land at Cascade. Change from skis to wheels. No snow in Boise. There's a doc in Cascade who'll ease the pain."

At Cascade, while Johnson switched to wheels, the doctor shot morphine into the patient and bundled him into a makeshift strait-jacket. Then Johnson looked at the field. Huge snowdrifts, and more snow swirling down. Leaving the

wife behind to lighten the load, Johnson plowed the plane down the runway to clear a path. Then he took off. For several hundred feet the tail dragged in the snow, shuddered, and cleared.

Except for the snowstorm, it looked like smooth going to Boise. Then the morphine wore off. With insane strength the patient wriggled from the straitjacket, fished out a knife and began to hack at the bandages. His friend grabbed for the knife, and it was man to man, 10,000 feet up. The two miners rolled, crashed, slugged, kicked.

Glued to the controls, Johnson could only duck as the knife whipped near his head. Then came a heavy crash, followed by an even more ominous silence. Johnson stiffened. Which man had gone down?

Slowly he turned. The knife-wielder was prone, another gash on his head where he had struck a metal seat in lunging at his pal. He was still unconscious when the plane came down at Boise. But he was alive and eventually recovered, thanks to the friend and the No. 1 man of the Johnson Flying Service, Missoula, Montana.

When I talked to Johnson about the Big Creek job, he ran a hand through cropped gray hair and shrugged. "Routine," he said. Yet this man, who has spent more than half his 55 years jockeying planes over the nation's most rugged country, wasn't being unduly modest. Unusual jobs for his aerial business are common.

Bread-and-butter stuff for the Johnson Service—50 men, 24 planes—is transporting men and supplies for the U. S. Forest Service; scouting for fires over several

million acres of timberland, including Glacier and Yellowstone Parks; sky-freighting to mines that railroads forgot; spraying millions of trees against the tussock moth; doing mountain aerial scenes for movies; flying hunters into remote areas where elk must be "buzzed off" a field before a landing can be made; operating a flying school at Missoula; and carrying the winter's mail to snowbound communities.

But even these jobs are often dramatic. Take carrying the mail. For ten years, quiet, easy-going Penn Stohr had the mountain run between McCall and Warrens, Idaho. Besides mail, Stohr carried pigs, dogs, canaries, calves. Once he flew a baby to a hospital incubator in Boise. It had been born prematurely in a mountain cabin, and a neighboring woman brought it to the landing field wrapped in hot-water bottles and blankets.

Above the mountains, Stohr felt a tap on his shoulder. "The baby," said the woman. "I don't think it's breathing."

Stohr knew the trouble—rarefied atmosphere at high altitude. "Loosen the blankets!" he shouted to the woman.

"But it's cold and . . ."

"Loosen those blankets! Take every one off if necessary."

The woman complied, and today there is a little girl in Idaho who owes her life to the fact that Stohr's orders were obeyed.

**B**OB JOHNSON IS PROUD of his fliers' skill, but he won't let them tackle a job unless he is sure they can handle it. He knows what they can do, too, because he trained most of them. Many were youths

who hung around the Missoula airport until Johnson put them on the payroll in self-defense.

There is no short cut to becoming a mountain flier. For one thing, Forest Service contracts require that a pilot must have at least 2,000 hours of mountain flying in his logbook. "You've got to know how to handle air currents," says Johnson. "Sometimes the wind boils in the canyons. You must learn to use an updraft when flying a load. Most important, you've got to have the feel of your plane."

Despite hazardous conditions, the service has one of the finest safety records in the world. In 24 years of mountain flying through all kinds of weather, only three men have been lost. One was Dick Johnson, brother of Bob and co-founder of the service. He cracked up four years ago while counting elk for the government. But before he died, Dick had won a place in the hall of flying fame.

He made headlines in 1935 when the National Geographic Society-U. S. Geological Survey expedition was making its way by boat down Idaho's storied "River of No Return." Howard Flint of the Forest Service, a member of the party, developed pneumonia and had to be rescued from the narrow and formidable Salmon River canyon.

Possibilities simmered down to one. Some years before, a trapper in the canyon had suffered agony when he lit a fire in a deserted cabin and a box of blasting caps and dynamite exploded. Badly burned, he lay helpless for four days before his partner arrived, and then there was no way to get a doctor. Left a cripple, the trapper

determined that if someone else ever had to get out of the canyon for medical aid, he would have a way. Working by himself, he constructed a crude landing field.

Knowing of the field, members of the party made their way to a ranger station and called the Johnson Flying Service. Dick was a friend of Flint's, and said that he and he alone would try a landing on the strip. He did, and flew the patient to a hospital in Missoula, but Flint died several days later. Since then the strip has been improved, and Johnson's pilots have landed 1,000,000 pounds of freight there for mines in the area.

**I**N 1940, WHEN THE NAZIS were dropping paratroops in Europe, a rash of conferences broke out in Washington. Who and where were the nation's No. 1 authorities on paratrooping? The answer was the Johnson fliers and the Forest Service "smoke-jumpers" they flew.

Four Army staff officers promptly flew to Missoula. One was Maj. William Cary Lee, who later organized the first paratroop training school at Fort Benning, Georgia. Lee, now a retired general, traces the success of the airborne landings in Normandy right back to Missoula.

The Johnson brothers began parachuting supplies in 1929. At the time they didn't have the airport with four hangars, the efficient shop and staff that the service boasts today. In their mountain-freighting business, the Johnsons just flew low and heaved out excelsior-padded cargo—including everything from mining dollies to dynamite. But padding freight was expensive, so the brothers experimented on small

packages with parachutes made of bedsheets or shirts.

In 1934, after perfecting his parachute methods, Bob Johnson was flying with Forester Flint, destined to lose his life next year. Flint was pitching out cargo, tripping the 'chute line with his hand. Suddenly it caught his hand, pulling him halfway through the plane door.

"We can't do that again," said Johnson. "Let's rig up the 'chute so we can attach the line to the plane, and let the plane do the tripping." They tried it, and it worked. Since then, it has worked a million times in commercial and military aviation.

Today, Bob's fliers are noted for the skill with which they maneuver planes for dropping supplies. "If a man can't spot cargo within a 100-foot circle, he gets more lessons," says Johnson. The Service is equally famed for skill in dropping human cargo. Since it began 'chuting smoke-jumpers in 1940, it has dropped more than 2,000 men in the roughest kind of country. Total injuries have been only 19, mostly minor. Deaths: none.

Not only is Johnson the right arm of the Forest Service in fighting

fires but the left arm of the law in fighting crime in the wide-open spaces. Since pilots are constantly crisscrossing the mountains, they know what is going on down below, and the FBI and local police frequently tap that knowledge.

The sheriff at Challis was looking for five members of a car-stealing gang, reported holed-up in his wilderness territory. He asked Pilot Stohr if he had noted any signs. "Could be," said Stohr. "A cabin on Middle Fork has been fogging smoke lately. Occupants must not be used to the climate. They're having trouble keeping warm."

When Stohr flew the sheriff into a near-by valley, they brought out five surprised outlaws.

Perhaps the finest tribute ever paid the Johnson Service came from a lonely Montana miner. Bob's wife had learned that it was the miner's birthday, so she made a fancy cake, packaged it and attached a miniature parachute. Then Johnson dropped it at the miner's doorstep.

"Thank God this country has the Johnson Flying Service," the miner said later. "The frosting wasn't even cracked!"



## Back to the Caves!

**I** DON'T KNOW WHAT KIND of weapons will be used in the third World War, assuming there will be a third World War, but I can tell you what the fourth World War will be fought with—stone clubs.

—PROF. ALBERT EINSTEIN



# IF YOU WERE SECRETARY of STATE

by EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

If America's foreign policy puzzles or annoys you,  
you may change your mind after reading this article

LIKE MOST AMERICANS, you give considerable thought these days to world affairs. You wonder about America's foreign policy, and what Russia is up to, and why the Japanese problem is still a problem, and just where the world is heading—towards peace or war?

Also, like most Americans, you are displeased with the state of affairs, and voice your displeasure by criticizing Washington. Why doesn't the State Department *do* something? What's the matter with those fellows down there? Can't they tell black from white?

Evidently not. But if *you* were Secretary of State, you'd show them! Why, just suppose that—

All right, let's suppose. . . . It is late at night when your phone rings. Washington is calling. A suave voice

says: "Mr. Jones, this is the White House. The President wishes to speak to you."

Five minutes later you have agreed to take the midnight train to Washington. The President has offered you the No. 1 Cabinet Post, the Secretaryship of State.

You are dubious. But your wife doesn't hesitate. "You spend half your time grouching about the lack of principle in our foreign policy," she says. "Well, John, here's your chance to put principle into it!"

As you lie wide-awake in your Pullman berth, you figure the "conditions" under which you will accept the job. First, you will insist on real control of policy. No being just another figurehead while the President does the job!

Second, a policy of positive de-

mocracy, openly propagandizing and proud of itself.

Third, a policy of keeping the public fully informed.

Fourth, a policy of rigid adherence to previous American engagements. No more broken pledges.

Finally, a policy of no-appeasement with dictators. No more Tsaldaris and ex-collaborators in Greece. No more assistance to "medieval-minded" Chiang Kai-shek in China. No more Nazi industrialists in Germany. On the other hand, no more surrender of peoples and territories to Soviet commissars.

If John Jones is going to be Secretary of State, his policy is going to be clear. Why shouldn't America practice the same ethics it enjoins on its citizens and preaches in its churches? . . .

The President, his hands full with domestic affairs, accepts your terms. Unless you get in a jam, he promises not to interfere with foreign policy. But when you speak of consistency and moral principle, a tired smile crosses his face.

"Go ahead and try it, John. More power to you!"

AFTER THE SENATE has confirmed your appointment, you settle into the palatial offices of the new State Department. To the senior members of your staff, you explain the new policy—positive democracy, clean hands and full publicity. When some of them show faint skepticism, your own lips close more firmly. They shall see!

For the first two weeks there are no particular troubles. Your estimate of your ability begins to rise. After all, you say, it's not so difficult for a country to be honest, consist-

ent and frank. What has been needed is just plain backbone.

Then a confidential report brings the first flush of indignation to your cheeks. You grab a phone and call the Chief of the Division of Caribbean and Central American Affairs. When he arrives, you look at him severely.

"Mr. Johnson, is it true that my predecessor approved the stopping of a military expedition from Cuba, destined to overthrow the Dictator of the Dominican Republic?"

"Yes, Mr. Secretary."

"What sort of a man is this dictator?" you ask.

"Among the worst, Mr. Secretary," he replies.

"Just why did we wish to prevent his overthrow?"

"Well, sir, we didn't—exactly. If it had happened without our knowing it, we should not have complained. But the Dictator got wind of the expedition and published the facts. So we were glad to see the Cuban chief of staff interfere."

"Just why, please?"

"We adhere to the Good Neighbor Policy. This precludes outside intervention, except perhaps if undertaken by all the American republics after due warning. I hope you don't mean to revise the Good Neighbor Policy, Mr. Secretary. It is bringing dividends in the form of trust from nearly all the countries of the Western Hemisphere."

"Mr. Johnson, were the full facts of this situation given to the American people?"

"I don't believe so, sir. To give the full facts would have implicated the Presidents of Cuba, Venezuela and Guatemala. And one very prominent American is believed to

have been protecting some of the plotters. It would have been quite a scandal.”

Three Latin-American Presidents . . . a prominent American . . . the story hushed . . . ? So this is how they protect reputations!

“It’s too late to do anything now, Mr. Johnson. But next time, kindly consult me about the best way of making such events public. This is a democracy and the people have a right to know.”

The next jolt comes when the emissary to Greece returns to report.

“Mr. Anderson, I hope you have succeeded in cleaning up that goat stall in Athens.”

“Just how do you mean, Mr. Secretary?”

“The United States has, in a sense, made itself the protector of Greek integrity. The least we can demand in return is that the Greeks throw out Metaxas reactionaries and collaborators with the Germans and install a democratic government. Has your mission resulted in the desired purges?”

“I’m afraid not, sir. When I got over there and consulted with our people and the British—”

“Who were responsible for putting the reactionaries in power?”

“I suppose they were—in a way. But they have studied the country and their advice is worth listening to. I also consulted leading Greeks. They think that a government without reactionaries and ex-collaborators would be almost impossible to put together.

“Either we have to continue utilizing what you call reactionaries, Mr. Secretary, or we must call upon some of the so-called democrats who have deeply compromised

themselves with the Communists. Greek Communists are as much puppets of Moscow as are all other Communists.”

“Mr. Anderson, is that really the best you could do?”

“I’m afraid it is, sir.”

“How would you consider going back and having another try at producing a Greek Government more consonant with the political ideals of this country? After all, we are financing Greece.”

“I should have to refuse, sir.”

Passive resistance in the Department! But worse follows.

Plans are being made for an inter-American conference. Inevitably, the question of Argentina arises. That is one country in which U.S. policy has wobbled badly. Nobody in the State Department, except perhaps Ambassador Messersmith (who has resigned), denies that Juan Perón is a dictator or that Argentina helped the Axis during the war.

Ex-Secretary of State Hull announced that the U.S. would never “tolerate” fascism in the Western Hemisphere. Yet except for Spruille Braden (who also resigned), the Department seems downright friendly to Argentina.

America helped to bring Argentina into the United Nations. Yet Perón, as expected, has not complied with stipulations of the Chapultepec Conference of 1945. He has not eliminated all Axis agents from Argentina. He has not complied with the 1946 resolution of the UN Assembly and withdrawn his ambassador from Madrid.

At the State Department conference, you, as Secretary Jones, suggest issuing a severe warning to

Perón—walk straight or else! But you face solid opposition.

“Mr. Secretary, that would be intervention of a type we have forewarn.”

“Mr. Secretary, that would ruin the Army’s plan for arming all the American republics with uniform weapons.”

“Mr. Secretary, that would lose the favor of the other American republics. They do not like fascism, but they fear U. S. intervention even more.”

You are not convinced. But what can you do—with the President and all your assistants against you? Reluctantly, you spare Perón—for the time being.

**T**HEN THERE IS CHINA. Here, you realize that the land reforms brutally imposed by the Communists have given them a certain popularity that the National Government fails to enjoy. You also know that Chinese Communists, like all Communists, are eager stooges of Moscow.

If we refrain from helping the National Government, we strengthen the Red Power that proclaims itself our enemy. If we help Generalissimo Chiang, we perhaps delay social progress and lose the confidence of Asiatic peoples.

On the other hand, why, if we utilize reactionaries in Greece, should we refrain from using them in China? Reasoning further, may not China turn out to be the key to Europe? If Russia gets control of China, she may take over all Korea and Japan. And with Asia firmly in Red hands, will not the Communists be free to concentrate on blocking European reconstruction?

What should a good American do? The climax comes at a Cabinet meeting. There the Secretary of National Defense proposes the creation of more American bases on foreign soil.

The U. S., he argues eloquently, did most to win the war for the democracies, and the U. S. is again their protector against an equal menace from the Soviet Union. The least they can do is to place at our disposal certain small areas vital to the defense of the Western Hemisphere in event of another war. If they object, we Americans should override their objections. . . .

At this point Secretary of State Jones boils over. “I protest, Mr. President. In 1941, your predecessor signed the Atlantic Charter. It does *not* say that the victorious signatories will claim only a *little* foreign territory. It says they will claim *no* foreign territory. I stand by that declaration. I am unequivocally opposed to any American imperialism.”

The Secretary of National Defense gets red in the face. “We did not start it!” he protests. “If the Russians had abided by the Charter and annexed no territories, we should not be in such desperate need of bases today. If President Roosevelt had not handed over the Kuriles, we should not have to hang on to so many other Pacific islands.”

You listen closely, an icy expression on your face. “So my colleague considers that because the Russians have violated their solemn pledge in one part of the world, we must therefore violate our pledge in another! I suppose that because the Soviets have enslaved certain

peoples, America should enslave other countries!"

"I am not advocating anything of the sort," the Defense Secretary retorts. "I never suggested that we should lay hands on Canada or Mexico. But I am responsible for defending our own country. If my experts tell me that certain bases are necessary for defense, then I am for obtaining those bases."

"Pure totalitarianism! 'The end justifies the means.' I shall have no part in it."

But you do. A week later the President announces that he is entering into discussions with certain governments for cession of more bases. Promptly you get him on the phone. "Mr. President, I am resigning this afternoon!"

"I thought you would, John. But before you send me the letter, come over to the White House and let's talk things over."

In the pleasant study at the White House, the President says: "Well, John, I suppose you think I have let you down in this matter of bases."

"I think you have, sir. Before accepting this job, I made my conditions clear: real control of policy; positive democracy; full publicity; adherence to pledges like the Atlantic Charter; adherence to moral principle. You accepted."

"You are not keeping your bargain, Mr. President. You have over-ridden me in the clash with the Secretary of National Defense. You are not standing up for positive democracy in Argentina. You are not rigorously upholding the Atlantic Charter. State documents are still being withheld from public scrutiny. In short, Mr. President,

we are not keeping the Star-Spangled Banner clean. Hence, I have no choice but to resign."

The President nods. "That is your privilege, John. But before we say good-bye, I want to tell you something. When I took this office, I had about the same ideas you have. Since then I have learned other facts of life. It's not a question of moral stamina. It's a question of world anarchy."

"So long as nations continue to live in anarchy, they cannot be really decent. By international anarchy I mean the absence of real law. No law, that is, except the law of the jungle."

"Suppose you are in the jungle and threatened by a tiger. There are no hunters, no policemen, no friends in the vicinity. A bear offers to help you against the tiger. What do you do—refuse his aid or accept it? Yet the bear may be no better than the tiger."

"Or suppose, on a city street at night, you are threatened by a thug. Another thug offers assistance. Do you ask him to reform first? You don't. And once he *has* helped you, you're a pretty low sort if you don't remain his friend."

"Well, John, all sovereign nations live in the jungle. In the absence of law and a policeman and a judge, they cannot always afford to be squeamish. Of course, the stronger a nation is, the less it is dependent upon outside help and the more it can afford to act according to moral law."

"That is why America's foreign policy is on the whole pretty honest and decent. But you're right, it has dark spots. When the other side begins to line up its thugs for trou-

ble, we start lining up ours. When another country breaks the Atlantic Charter, we forget it too.

"We change our attitude toward Argentina when Russia becomes threatening. We utilize reaction in Greece against Communism because the danger there is great, and we try to be neutral in China where it is not so great.

"Finally, I must admit that in the matter of full publicity, we are remiss, chiefly because in telling facts to our own people we would necessarily inform other people who are or may be our adversaries. I don't approve this policy, but by

and large I find it convenient.

"A President of the United States learns a lot, John. In foreign policy it comes down to just this: I want to keep the Star-Spangled Banner clean as much as you do. But if I find I have to choose between keeping it stainless and keeping it flying, well, I will choose to keep it flying.

"That's the story, John. Now I ask you to reconsider your resignation, give me your support and join me in striving for a world of law and more decency. Will you, John?"

You listen. You ponder. You vacillate.

*But what do you do?*

## *Notable Coronet Pictures*

NOW FEATURED IN CORONET CALENDAR

READER SURVEYS HAVE shown time and again that of all the many and varied types of reading fare in CORONET, none ranks higher in favor with most readers than graphic features. These popular features include, among others, the CORONET Gallery of Photographs, the far-famed CORONET Kiddies, and reproductions of great works of art. These interesting features, which have won the approval of millions of readers, are now re-created in a handsomely styled series of commercial calendars, sponsored by the CORONET Calendar Division. These calendars are offered to



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# Now the DEAF Can be Taught to HEAR

by KATHARINE B. JOHNSON

SOME EIGHT million men, women and children—more than five per cent of our population—are suffering from impaired hearing. With rare exceptions they have taken their troubles to the doctor, have obtained the benefits of his knowledge, and have let it go at that. Obviously a great number have been helped. But the number could have been increased considerably had they known that some kinds of deafness require the ministrations of more than one physician.

Today, for the first time, there is medical evidence that the causes and conditions of deafness are not always organic. The new theory, widely tested by the Army during the past several years, gives real hope that a person with impaired hearing can get the kind of diagnosis and treatment required specifically by his type of affliction.

Medical Corps tests have clearly demonstrated that there are many

How a startling medical technique tested during the war is helping solve the widespread problem of defective hearing

forms of deafness. Among the most common is the psychosomatic form arising from sudden

shock or protracted battle fatigue. Typical of psychological deafness (and its cure) is a case history from the files of Hoff General Hospital in Santa Barbara, California, an Army rehabilitation center for deafened servicemen.

In combat, a tank exploded, knocking out the sergeant and killing two of his buddies. Upon regaining consciousness the sergeant discovered that he was stone deaf. Medical examinations, however, revealed nothing organically wrong with his ears. Yet, from his general actions, doctors realized that he was suffering from a neurosis. Questioning was useless since he couldn't hear, so they were forced to fall back on narco-synthesis.

They administered a narcotic which put the sergeant in a partial sleep. While he was under the in-

fluence they questioned him. He described his battle experiences, specified the number of men he had killed. Then he revealed he had always felt it was wrong to kill.

It was obvious what had happened to him. His combat experiences had preyed upon his subconscious mind; because of the clamoring of a restless conscience, he couldn't live with himself. The one prospect he could not face was another combat experience. So his subconscious mind came to his assistance. He sought refuge in deafness. A deaf man can't hear orders. A deaf man can't fight.

By itself this experience is not out of the ordinary: many War Department files touch on similar cases. But what *is* out of the ordinary in the sergeant's case is the method of cure. Because his symptoms pointed to neurosis, Army psychiatrists were called in. They realized there was only one way to make him hear again: that was to make the sergeant *want* to hear. They encouraged him to relive in words the pain and tragedy he had witnessed. Through this catharsis he could rid himself of fears and complexes responsible for his deafness.

At times they were forced to accomplish this therapy by re-administering narcotics. Their ultimate objective: to help him face his problems squarely, evaluate them rationally. They also gave him a hearing aid, realizing that while its mechanical properties were useless it might have psychological value.

Then the hospital called for instructors in arts and crafts. They persuaded the sergeant to go to dances and movies, take part in bull sessions, play games, regain

his interest in the world around him. In three weeks he threw away the hearing aid. Within two months his hearing had been fully restored.

**N**OW THE STORY of the sergeant concerns primarily a case of temporary deafness due to neurosis. Most hearing impairments in soldiers and the vast majority of cases in the civilian population are caused by irreparable damage to the ear where hypnotic treatment would fail. But the same general principles govern the treatment of the permanently deaf. Organic deafness can produce deeply rooted neuroses. Often the symptoms manifest themselves in nervousness, headaches, or muscular tension induced by the constant strain of trying to hear.

Here again psychology helps the patient adjust to conditions. It breaks down normal resistance to a mechanical device by removing the imaginary stigma attached to hearing aids. It teaches the patient how to wear it unself-consciously. The deafened person is taught to listen with his eyes and to find meaning in the movements of another person's body, hands, and lips.

Modern therapy for the deaf makes it clear to the sufferer that he must cultivate superiority in the four senses he still possesses. As a result, the deafened individual emerges with keenly developed properties of taste, touch, smell and sight. Many deaf people tend to fuzziness in speech, mumbling and mispronouncing words. Others shout. Today they are given recordings of their voices and are taught to correct faulty pronunciation and intensities of pitch and tone.

Deafness affects a person's entire

behavior. Thus he must be treated as a complete individual rather than within the area confined by his specific ailment. That's why today's ear doctor may be only one in a long chain of specialists including educators, psychiatrists, psychologists and occupational therapists who play a salient role in the rehabilitation of the deaf.

One of the leading organizations in pioneering treatment for the deaf is the American Society for the Hard of Hearing, founded after World War I. At its headquarters in Washington, and through its 163 local groups in the U. S. and Canada, doctors, social workers and educators are working in teams to solve the many medical and social problems which beset the victims of impaired hearing.

Another pioneer institution is the noted Central Institute for the Deaf in St. Louis. Its founder, Dr. Max A. Goldstein, was one of the first to realize that a variety of experts are needed to treat the deaf—not just one or two.

Cleveland has also become a springboard for group aid for the

deaf. Its Hearing and Speech Center is a focal point for thousands of sufferers throughout the Midwest. Affiliated with Western Reserve University, it has been financed by four of the city's largest foundations, including the Welfare Federation of Cleveland. The Cleveland Community Fund makes a yearly appropriation for the Center, which in one year helped more than 15,000, ranging from children to octogenarians, to overcome hearing and speech difficulties.

The essential lesson to be learned from the Army's experience with deafness is the necessity for cooperative professional action. Both the prelude and postlude to deafness are often a state of mind and a problem of personality. To influence the mind and penetrate the personality is what counts, for only through understanding can one learn to overcome this handicap.

Ultimately it is the mind that listens rather than the ears, and if the mind can be made to *want* to listen and be taught *how* to listen, the person with impaired hearing will soon learn to use his ears.



## Modern Design

AS A RESULT OF WARTIME research, airplanes can now be equipped with A reversible pitch propellers which enable the plane to taxi backwards. This fact unfortunately is not common knowledge to all, as was illustrated recently at a large eastern airport when several planes on the ground became entangled in a "traffic jam."

Trying to be helpful, a pilot of one of the craft asked the control tower for permission to "back up." There was a moment's pause, then a sarcastic voice exclaimed, "Any plane on this field which can back up, hereby has permission to do so!"

It did.

—DON KLIPHARDT

# "I buy Anything"

by FRANK A. BARTONEK



With an intriguing slogan and a flair for showmanship, Charles Kelder has built one of the most unusual businesses in the U. S.

**"I BUY ANYTHING."**  
Sounds like a broad statement, but C. C. Kelder of St. Joseph, Missouri, has built that slogan into one of the most unusual businesses in the country. On the bargain counters of his store, customers find merchandise ranging from junk to curio gems, from used light bulbs to carpenters' tools, from antique china to necessities of years gone by. Many of these items, collected over the past 30 years, came from the "catchall" basements, attics and closets of typical American home owners.

Customers at the I Buy Anything Furniture and Junk Company are divided into two classes: those who have surplus merchandise, and those who want to purchase it. Charles Kelder is their middleman on a large scale.

Naturally, his slogan of "I Buy Anything" brings unusual deals to his door. Once, during the watermelon season, a large truck pulled

up at Kelder's buying station. The fruit market had broken badly and the farmer offered his truckload of melons for \$50. Kelder bought that load—and two more. Then he invited all the children of St. Joseph to a mammoth watermelon feed at the city's baseball park.

Several years later Kelder bought a vacant hospital for exactly \$1. He hired a wrecking crew and in the record time of two weeks had realized a handsome profit from the sale of salvaged building materials.

The post-office building which Kelder bought was a little higher priced — \$77.34, to be precise — but it included 1,998 items of furniture, such as office desks, tables, chairs, filing cabinets and vaults. In three months the structure was razed, making way for a new Federal building.

On another occasion, the Buchanan County treasury was so financially embarrassed that county employees had to be paid in salary

warrants. Speculators were corraling them at discount until someone recalled the "I Buy Anything" slogan. Kelder, combining sentiment with business, bought \$2,000 worth of warrants at face value, thus giving the county employees a welcome break.

Kelder's flair for showmanship stems from his youthful days, when he was in the traveling-show business. During one slack season he began repairing and selling used furniture to augment his income. One day he bid on the contents of a

barn attic. A friend, looking at the conglomeration, said jokingly: "You know, Charley, I think you'll buy anything!"

Kelder repeated the words, then nodded. "That's right. I'll bid on anything offered for sale."

By adhering to that policy, Kelder has built a business that now requires 21 buildings and basements to house it. Like many other enterprising Americans, he has found contentment, a comfortable living and a world of enjoyment in a unique career born of necessity.



## Conversation Stoppers

"HELLO FLUTE SNOOT," Greer Garson greeted Jimmy Durante. "You gotta treat my nose with respect," Jimmy retorted. "It's the only big thing left in the world that Russia hasn't asked for."

—A. B. DANCA

THE COLLEGE PROM was jammed to overflowing, and after one number a gallant gentleman said to a young lady on the floor, "Thanks so much for the dance!"

"Dance? Dance?" she replied, "I was just pushing through the crowd to the punch bowl."

—GORDON O. SMITH

THEY WERE DANCING. "I'd love to be in your shoes," he whispered.

"I think," she purred, "you are."

—JANICE MACBRIDE

"DO FAIRY TALES ALWAYS begin with 'Once upon a time'?" asked the little daughter of the house.

"No, dear," replied her mother, "sometimes they begin with, 'My Love, I'll be detained at the office tonight.'"

—*Rarin' to Go*

"COULD YOU," THE SPECIALIST asked, "pay for an operation if I found one necessary?"

"Would you," countered the patient, "find one necessary if I couldn't pay for it?"

—FRANK J. GRANVILLE

# Tough Guys are Made —not Born

If you are a parent, juvenile delinquency is *your* problem; what's more, its cure must begin in your own home

by VINCENT WHITNEY



JUVENILE COURT is in session. Three young faces stare across the judge's desk. Alan is 15; Harry, the "ringleader," is a year younger. Satrok is the baby of the group, barely 12 years old.

Alan's face is bland, expressionless, but he twists his cap nervously between grimy hands. Satrok is ready to cry but is ashamed to let the other boys see him. Harry is studiously arrogant.

"Aw, this guy won't do nothin'," he whispers. "He just tries to scare ya. Then he sends ya home."

The judge is busy glancing over the case histories. "How d'ya know?" Satrok whispers.

"Aw, I been here before," Harry boasts. "It ain't nothin' . . ."

Alan and Harry and Satrok look, on the surface, like hundreds of other boys in cities and towns from Bangor to Tacoma. Why then did they break into an empty school, overturn desks, smash chairs, slash the walls with knives, and flood two

floors by leaving faucets running when they left? And why do a thousand other children pass the same school every day without resorting to vandalism?

We can side-step the question and go on hoping for the best. But we can never come to grips with the problem of delinquency until we face the issues of "Why this one?" and "Why not that one?"

One of the old stand-by explanations is to blame the neighborhood. This is all right as far as it goes. Unquestionably, slum dwellings, vice areas, dingy shacks along railroad tracks—all these are environments where poverty breeds delinquency. But what about slum children who never come before a juvenile court judge?

Today, a new view of the causes of delinquency is coming to the fore. It emphasizes the emotional contacts between the child and his closest adult companions. Usually these are the child's parents. Some-

times they are relatives, teachers, older adolescents or even distant idols of screen, radio, sports or comic section. Consciously or unconsciously, the child patterns himself after these adults, especially if his relationship with them is happy.

**T**HE CHILD WHO HAS been lucky enough to absorb constructive habit patterns finds it easier to resist delinquent temptations. Even though materially the home is poor, he finds love, understanding and satisfying experiences in it.

Many children are not so fortunate. Take Harry, the boy in juvenile court. Harry's adult idol is his 22-year-old brother, Melvin. Melvin is in prison, serving ten years for armed robbery. The judge who sentenced him called Melvin "vicious and incorrigible."

But Harry views Melvin with a combination of love, admiration and awe. His ties with his brother are strong enough to make Melvin's acts worth copying, regardless of society's judgment. Yet Harry's parents are "good" people, honest, hard-working, religious. Why has neither Harry nor Melvin absorbed their viewpoint?

The answer is crucial in the lives of thousands of young lawbreakers. Harry and Melvin never had a satisfying relationship with either of

their parents. In their father's tired indifference, their mother's stern punishments, they saw only cruelty. Without love and a feeling of personal security, bitterness and hostility crept in.

The satisfactions they could never find at home were found in gang activity. Here was companionship, adventure and a sense of being wanted. But unfortunately, gang life in slum areas is frequently rowdy and adventurous. Eager novices earn position by outdaring gang companions in dangerous activities. Thus gang approval comes to mean more to boys than approval at home.

Not infrequently, delinquent behavior has another source. In homes where children have developed mixed feelings toward their parents, the result is often a strong internal conflict between the child's feeling for what is "right" and his worry over acts which are "wrong."

Ethel was one of these children when she first came to court. Usually Ethel loved her parents, but occasionally she wished angrily that they were dead. These spells generally occurred when Ethel felt that a brother or sister was receiving greater attention. But, having a strong feeling of guilt about these thoughts, she kept them to herself.

During one period of self-chastisement, Ethel yielded to the impulse to steal a box of crayons in a store. These she gave to a friend, and her "good deed" made her feel better. Soon, however, shoplifting activities brought her to court.

Like Ethel, many delinquents express internal conflict in outward patterns that may seem totally unrelated. The nervous child, the nail-

biter, is quite likely to be suffering from inner emotions which may find their way to the surface in delinquent activity.

Five well-worn words emphasize our failure in combating delinquency: too little and too late.

There are few American communities that seriously attempt to reach predelinquent children. We foolishly wait until antisocial habits are well established. Then we attempt to correct them with tools which are inadequate and too few.

Perhaps our greatest need is to reach children early. We are missing a real opportunity in our public schools, which have the chance not only to teach a child specific information, but also how to live with others and to recognize both the privileges and obligations of society.

But the school cannot work alone. An ill-run home, for instance, will need the aid of a trained social worker if school attempts are not to be nullified. Training in responsibility requires a chance to exercise it in community recreational and civic efforts. Suppose a community enlisted some of its children to help keep its streets clean. So small a thing could have large meaning in terms of training for civic responsibility.

For one job the school is in an especially strategic position. It has a rare opportunity to discover the maladjusted child likely to become delinquent. Too often he gets no help—or worse than none. “Stubborn” children are shoved along from one teacher to the next until the eventual explosion.

Rigid disciplinarians arouse only rebellion in the child. Teachers who follow the line of least resistance leave him confused and disorganized. More than anything else, the predelinquent child needs a friend and a guide. Schools will have problem children until they rid themselves of problem teachers. They must add to their staffs competent visiting teachers—trained social workers—to whom the trouble-making child and the equally needy daydreamer may be referred.

It is simple fact that the delinquent child is generally the poorly adjusted, unhappy child. Our poor record in treating him will continue inevitably until we do two things: (1) find him and treat him *early*; and (2) utilize the whole complex of home, school and community as active treatment agencies. From the viewpoint of America’s future, the program would be cheap at twice the price.



### Short Short Story

A CIVIC GUARD WAS ASKED by the District Justice what the prisoner had said when he arrested him.

“Leaving out the bad language, sir?” asked the Guard.

“Yes.”

“Not a word, sir.”

# Miracle in TEXAS



by WILLARD L. STRODE, M. D.

In this moving story, Dr. Strode, a surgeon of Tucson, Arizona, tells of a memorable experience. CORONET could offer its readers no greater proof of the writer's sincerity than Dr. Strode's own words: "I have never written a story before and I doubt that I ever shall again, unless some event takes place in my life which is comparable in its profound effect upon my belief in a living God. If, through this story, others can be made to believe as Francisco did in the power of prayer, I will have been well compensated." — THE EDITORS

ON A HOT SEPTEMBER afternoon, a rickety Ford truck wheezed to a halt in front of our small community hospital. A Mexican of tremendous proportions extracted himself from behind the wheel and lumbered up the steps to my office.

I knew this man and his background well: Francisco and his wife, Rosa, lived on a near-by farm.

Long ago, he had left his strife-torn native land to seek refuge in America. Francisco was happy with his wife and their nine children. He lived a simple life; he asked little, and gave much in honest toil for what he received.

Twelve years before, Francisco had borrowed \$300 from the boss. He bought a cow, a few chickens, a wagon and a mule. He had planted and harvested the same land for 12 years, but he still owed the boss \$300, more or less: he never knew exactly how much.

This debt, however, did not seem to worry Francisco. Instead, it was to him a symbol of integrity. He had a few more chickens, a better cow, a truck instead of a wagon, and six more children now. Surely anyone could see how much progress he had made.

Each time I treated a member of the family, Francisco would say, "Send bill to boss man. It's okay, I owe him \$300 already."

His debt was a part of his exist-



**"Why can't I follow** that dance routine?" muses Susie, winsome daughter of Beverly Hills' lovely "model" mother, Mary Brewer. Susie already follows her mother's prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, followed by gentle gum massage.* This is the famous routine so many successful models use for their "model" smiles. Head for a "model" smile yourself with

Ipana, the tooth paste dentists recommend and use 2 to 1 over any other (according to recent nationwide survey). Get Ipana today!

*Product of Bristol-Myers*



**FOR YOUR SMILE OF BEAUTY**

ence, like the spring rains and fall frosts. When the books had been balanced at the end of each harvest season, the boss would give Francisco a pink slip of paper showing his indebtedness. Francisco would take it home and place it alongside other pink slips of paper he had carefully saved. Then he would promptly forget it and return to the fields to begin a new year.

As he stood panting before me this humid day, he held his sombrero in one fat hand and with the other wiped perspiration from his face with a bandanna. Wisps of newly picked cotton clung to his clothes, and his usually happy face reflected great anxiety.

"Señor Doctor," he cried, "my leetle José, him a mule kick. We hurry to you. José, he's here!"

I walked to his truck to find a little Mexican boy lying on a worn quilt. At first glance I was relieved to see that only José's elbow was injured. But further examination revealed that it was a most serious injury. His forearm was cold and his pulse weak, indicating severe damage to the larger blood vessels.

Without help, José walked into the hospital, and in a few minutes I was examining an X-ray film. It was not a pretty sight; the joint was shattered, and every bone above and below the elbow was fractured.

José was taken into the operating room, and as he breathed the anesthetic I had time to think of the great problem this type of fracture had always been to the orthopedic surgeon, and how even in the most capable hands, disability and deformity sometimes resulted.

Open operation is necessary in almost every case of this type, and

I attempted reduction of the fracture with no other aim than immediate relief of vascular obstruction. Surgery would have to come later.

José wheezed loudly, as often happens during the induction stage of anesthesia. Francisco became excited. "All right, Señor Doctor? José all right?"

"Yes, José is all right," I assured him. "But he may have a stiff elbow the rest of his life."

José's breathing became deep and regular, and I took my position to the patient's right, placing my left hand above the elbow and my right below. At this moment Francisco took a step forward.

"Pardon, Señor Doctor, okay we pray a leetle?"

"Yes, Francisco," I answered aloud. To myself I thought "Pray reverently, Francisco, pray earnestly, and I will pray with you. I need all the help I can get."

Francisco made the sign of the cross, bowed his head, and in his native tongue began to pray. His eldest daughter, wearing a black cotton cloth like a mantilla about her head and shoulders, entered the room and joined him in prayer.

"Santa Maria, Madre de Dios . . ." Their mingled voices faded away into a murmur.

AT THIS MOMENT I applied firm traction to José's elbow in opposite directions. There was a queer sensation as the broken fragments seemed to move into proper position; I had a positive feeling that everything was all right.

Cautiously I bent the elbow and found it no longer locked. Plaster was quickly applied to hold the broken fragments in position, and

# Old defrosting



1

**Dual-Temp Home Freezer** quick freezes at 15° below zero. Stores up to 70 lbs. for months.

2

**Dual-Temp Moist Cold Compartment** never requires defrosting. Keeps food fresh and moist without covering dishes.

3

**Dual-Temp Sterilamp** kills germs helps preserve food longer.

4

**Dual-Temp Moistrol** . . . the drip tray that automatically empties itself! Many more features. See Dual-Temp, today!

# Admiral

when the cast had dried, more X-ray films were taken.

Minutes later I stared incredibly. Every fragment of broken bone was in perfect position. Yet it was highly improbable that any semblance of normality could have been restored to José's elbow except by delicate surgery. I knew then that I had witnessed a miracle.

Next morning I found José sitting up in bed, clumsily feeding himself with his left hand. He greeted me with a grin.

"*Te duele, José?*" I asked as I tapped his hardened cast.

"*Poquito, Señor Doctor,*" he replied.

As I passed on to see others, I realized that every patient in the hospital had made startling progress. Mrs. Foley, whose temperature had gone alarmingly high after major surgery, was down to normal again. Old Mr. Jacobs, whose heart disease kept him propped upon pillows gasping for breath, was sound asleep, flat on his back.

The little Allen boy, who had almost lost a leg from the venom of a water moccasin, was unusually bright. Suddenly it seemed that this was a very beautiful day and that this world was a very wonderful place to live in.

When I ask myself, "What happened to all these people?" I can find but one answer. Francisco's prayers were heeded; the Great Physician was there. He touched and healed José's broken arm, and by His presence blessed the others in their hospital beds.

Six weeks later I removed the cast from José's arm. The X rays were good. The boy smiled and waved good-bye with a good right arm. Francisco said: "Señor Doctor, send bill to boss man. It's okay, I owe him \$300 already."

I shall always revere the memory of Francisco and José. They are living proof, to me, of the night The Master walked within the white walls of a little country hospital.

## Between Gentlemen

ONE DAY IN A LITTLE village in the East Indies, I noticed a little statuette, and said to the dealer, "I like your statuette. How much do you want for it?"

"Because it's you," he answered, "a mere 75 rupees."

"Because it's I," I answered, "I offer you 45 rupees for it."

He raised his hands to heaven. "Forty-five rupees! You're making fun of me. What if anyone happened to hear of it?"

"Forty-five rupees," I repeated.

Then he made a fine gesture of indignation. "Impossible. I'd



rather give it to you!" he said.

"Agreed!" I took the statuette, stuffed it into my pocket, and said, "You are extraordinarily kind, and I thank you. But it is quite evident that this gift can only come from a friend to a friend. Consequently I sincerely hope you won't take it amiss if I in turn make you a gift."

"Naturally not."

"Well, here are 45 rupees to use in good works."

He took them, and we parted, enchanted with each other.

—From *Georges Clemenceau* by JEAN MARTET, published by LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.

# What Do You Know About *Your Eyes?*

Eyesight is one of our most precious possessions, yet many of us take it pretty much for granted; here are some facts about your eyes that should help you understand and appreciate their wonderful but intricate mechanism

by SUSAN VOIGHT

**1. *How much energy does it take for you to see?***

About one-fourth of all the physical energy you expend is used in just seeing things. If there is something wrong with your eyes, even more energy may be required.

**2. *Are there more color-blind men than women?***

Yes, many more. One man in 25 is color blind; only one woman in 250 is.

**3. *How many colors can you see?***

In 1896, scientists set the number at 33,000. Later, a Harvard professor in experiments raised the total to 300,000. Today, professional color matchers can distinguish a million different colors!

**4. *Why do you blink?***

To rest your eyes. Try staring at this page without blinking, and you will find that the words soon look fuzzy. Now blink; the moment's rest will clear your vision. Blinking also keeps your eyes free

of foreign particles: each time the lids close they spread a cleansing film of tears over the eyeballs.

**5. *What is the best way to get something out of your eye?***

Close the lid for about 15 seconds. This should produce enough tears to wash out the particle. Never try amateur surgery. Many people who have lost sight in an eye through accidents would have kept full vision had a doctor removed the object.

**6. *Can doctors diagnose diseases by looking into your eyes?***

Yes, since no other organ of the body gives such ready indication of certain diseases. Diabetes may show up by tiny hemorrhages in the retina. After an accident, concussion of the brain may be indicated by unequal and dilated pupils.

No one symptom, however, indicates a single disease, since any disease usually has many symptoms.

**7. *Do your eyes see differently at different ages?***

Yes. Your eyes have a "near point" of distinct vision. When you are 12 (if your vision is normal), this point is about two and a half inches in front of the eyes. As you get older the point keeps receding until, at 60, it may be more than a yard away. That is why older people normally wear glasses for close work or reading.

# Silver linings

Amid the turmoil of a modern world, these true stories offer proof that faith, hope and charity are still an endless source of human inspiration

IN THE VILLAGE of Carmel, New York, this ad appears regularly in the local newspaper:

"Do you know anyone who is sick? If so and you think they would enjoy flowers for bedside or room, let me know and I will deliver same within five miles of Carmel, free of charge. Don't feel obligated, as it is my greatest pleasure. Harry Maynard, Phone 500."

This is a living memorial of cheerful kindness, dedicated by 79-year-old Harry J. Maynard to his wife, who died eight years ago. After her death, Maynard continued to maintain their large flower garden but he missed the pleasure of sharing its beauty with others. Then, remembering how flowers had brought solace to his wife during her last illness, he prepared the newspaper ad. Since then, he has made up to 40 calls in a week.

"In my garden," Maynard explains, "I find joy and contentment.

When I share flowers with others, I am sharing my own pleasure. A man can never be lonely while he's doing that."

—BARBARA DAVENPORT



WHEN MAYOR LaGUARDIA first took office in New York City, his hobby was presiding in police court. One day, in a winter of widespread destitution, he faced a jobless man arrested for stealing bread. The prisoner's sole defense was that his family was hungry.

"I've got to punish you," said LaGuardia, "since the law makes no exceptions. Therefore I sentence you to a fine of \$10."

Fiorello then reached into his pocket and added: "Here is the money for your fine. And I remit sentence. But . . . ." LaGuardia took his familiar sombrero and tossed a \$10 bill into it " . . . but I'm going to fine every person in this room 50 cents for living in a community where a man has to steal bread to eat!"

The bailiff took the hat, passed it through the courtroom and dumped the heap of jingling coins into the hands of a surprised but grateful defendant.

—*Tales of Hoffman*



THERE'S USUALLY SOMETHING suspect about anyone who signs a hotel register "John Smith." But in Australia if you adopt the alias "Smith," people think you're a pretty fine fellow.

The reason is an anonymous organization, "The Smith Family," which dates back to 26 years ago, when five businessmen set out to

...and so to



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celebrate Christmas Eve. Suddenly, in the midst of a champagne dinner, they thought of others less fortunate than themselves. A pall descended upon the merriment, until one man offered a suggestion.

Let them all contribute to give a Merry Christmas to needy families of the community. And let the gift come from an unidentified Santa Claus called "John Smith."

To this day nobody knows the names of those five men. When the original "Smiths" saw the joy their generosity evoked, they gave other citizens a chance to join. So grew the esteemed "Smith Family," whose numbers and identities are a closely guarded secret.

For 26 years the "Family" has spread Christmas cheer among poor families; has visited institutions to entertain inmates; and has maintained a recovery home for children suffering from heart trouble or rheumatism.

"The Smith Family wants no thanks," the members say simply. "What we want is more Smiths—a Smith Family in every nation in the world."

—JULES FRANCE



**A**LIVELY RENDITION of *The Side-walks of New York* had for several minutes been dancing through my office window with the persistent gaiety of all hurdy-gurdy tunes. It finally drew me to the window to look down on the shabbily dressed old organ-grinder standing near the canopied entrance of an East 52nd Street hotel.

My impulse to return to my desk was checked by my curiosity as a distinguished gentleman emerged

from the hotel, approached the old man with a purposeful stride and engaged him in conversation.

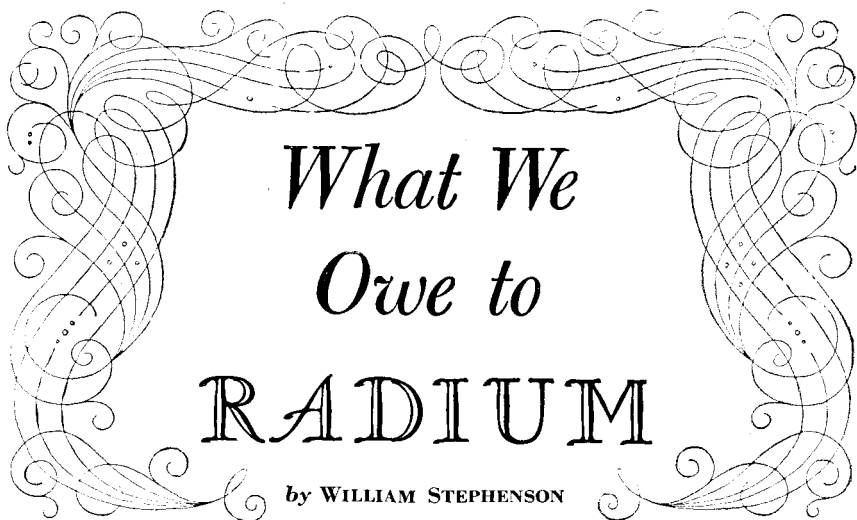
The old fellow continued to play, and with a spontaneous and unself-conscious burst of enthusiasm the well-dressed businessman took the battered old hat and strode in an ever-widening circle, collecting quite a bit of change. Then he turned back to the organ-grinder, by his gestures obviously requesting an exchange of duties, and in a moment the organ had been slipped from the shoulders of its owner to those of the younger man.

He ground the organ tentatively and jerkily at first, and then, gaining confidence, he happily turned the crank for some time while the old man held the hat—an act which amused many New Yorkers who may have had such repressed desires themselves and brought more coins showering into the hat.

In a few more minutes, the grinning gentleman returned the organ, took a bill from his wallet and gave it to the old man, and walked away with the jaunty air of one who has satisfied a long-standing ambition. The organ-grinder gazed at the bill for a moment, pocketed it and the change from his hat, placed the hat firmly on his head, and began once more to play; but there was no hint in the pumping music of anything but hearty good will for all to hear.

—MARGARET P. GOSB

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# *What We Owe to* **RADIUM**

by WILLIAM STEPHENSON

Mankind's miracle metal, already recognized as a great healer,  
is ready to take on new assignments in medicine and industry

THE DOCTOR SAT at his desk, facing a well-dressed matron who had just tearfully thanked him for destroying a malignant tumor on her body. The physician waved her thanks aside.

"This is what saved your life," he said, holding up a tiny metallic vial. "All I did was apply it."

He went on: "I've always thought they should have called it 'Curanium' instead of radium. Not only for that magnificent couple, the Curies, but also because radium today is still our only efficient cure for certain diseases no other medicine will touch."

The doctor was not exaggerating. Instead of being outmoded or superseded by the many new drugs and treatments that have astounded the world in recent years, radium continues to grow by comparison.

Neither man nor animal ever develops an immunity to its curative rays, as so often happens in the case of sulfas, penicillin or other wonder drugs.

If handled correctly by a competent physician, its after-effects are not harmful although they may be very evident. Many, though not all, of its applications are painless, yet it is sure and sharp in its work. And although its initial cost is incredibly high (\$560,000 an ounce at this writing) it lasts for centuries.

In 1680 years, according to scientists, radium purchased today will be only half as strong. In 3,360 years it will have only one-quarter strength, and in 5,040 years, only an eighth. But even then, it will still be potent enough for medical requirements.

Many hospitals that possess as

much as half a gram of radium divide it into 50 to 100 minute portions so that a number of patients can be treated simultaneously. The radium is held inside tiny platinum, gold, Monel or platinum-iridium alloy containers called needles, tubes, plaques or "bombs," according to their shape and the specific purpose for which their contents are used.

Radium definitely cures certain types of cancer if applied in time, and it has also been found effective in treating birthmarks and warts. It may shrink the enlarged thymus so dangerous to infants, while its beneficial rays have brought relief to adults suffering from certain thyroid conditions. It has been used to influence the pituitary gland, and to shorten the distress of the menopause in women.

As one doctor has said: "When you look at what radium will do, you would think you were back in the 'Dr. Wampum Snake-Oil' days. Yet these things are actualities. The medical possibilities of radium are almost endless."

Many people today, remembering how death came to pioneer researchers in radium, are still afraid to undergo irradiation, even though a physician assures them that efficient treatment is harmless. For these people, a few facts may dispel their fears.

The martyrs to science, who bravely faced the mysterious and terrifying substance, literally *saturated* themselves with radium. In the laboratories where they toiled, sometimes for years, rays filled the air about them. But under today's conditions, it would be almost impossible for a patient to absorb even

a small fraction of the radium which brought death to those early benefactors of the human race.

Until 1930, the world supply of radium was so small and the cost so prohibitive that few hospitals could afford to buy more than a fraction of a gram. Aside from a small deposit of pitchblende in Czechoslovakia, where the Curies obtained their samples, the sole commercial source of radium was the Belgian Congo, from which the Belgians extracted about 60 grams a year. It was they who set the price at \$75,000 a gram—or more than \$2,000,000 an ounce.

But in 1930, a veteran Canadian prospector, Gilbert LaBine, went to Great Bear Lake, almost inside the Arctic Circle, in search of silver. He found it, a great vein running for hundreds of yards on the surface. But he found something else too. As he headed back to camp in wild elation, he stopped to pick up a clump of shiny, yellowish black rock. Pitchblende!

It was one of those curious, priceless strokes of good fortune which dot the pages of Discovery's story. Soon the pitchblende deposits at Eldorado forced the Belgians to cut the price of radium, bringing the precious metal within reach of many hospitals. Today these deposits are controlled by the Canadian government, for they are a main source of uranium, nature's key to the atomic bomb.

**R**ADIUM, A SILVERY-WHITE metal when pure, gives off heat at all times and also emanates three types of rays—alpha, beta and gamma. Although nothing has ever been found which effectively stops the



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rays, lead hinders them greatly, and even water seems to slow their action somewhat.

Radium's high price is partly due to the long refining process required to separate the metal from its ore. Ten tons of pitchblende, plus about 20 tons of chemicals and water, produce one gram. On Great Bear Lake, the pitchblende is first reduced in bulk mechanically, and then the concentrates are shipped by boat and rail 4,000 miles to Port Hope, Ontario, where they undergo about 125 recrystallization processes. Finally the radium is put into needles, tubes or plaques, and these are sent to the National Research Council in Ottawa, where the exact content is inscribed on each.

Visitors to radium laboratories or hospitals are amazed at the casual way scientists handle their precious charge. Often, in fact, there are no locks on storage cabinets. Yet thievery is rare, for once you have stolen radium, you are a marked man. A fantastic yet simple electrical instrument called a Geiger-Mueller Counter can detect radium at incredible distances. When a radioactive particle enters its sphere, the machine gives off a "ping" like a submarine detector. And presto, the thief is caught.

Until 1940, the Counter used to locate radioactive ore was a cumbersome outfit; but that year an emergency arose. The Allied Governments, then embarked on atomic research, knew their very existence might soon depend on maintaining a supply of uranium, which was inevitably found in company with radium. Accordingly, physicists succeeded in refashioning the unwieldy Counter into a light, compact, ef-

ficient device which could easily be carried by one man.

The Canadians and Americans, working in teams on foot, scoured mineral belts in northern Canada and in the western United States. By this method, many radium-uranium deposits became known to Allied scientists.

The hunt is still going on, both in America and abroad. Recently a potential mine was found in the Philippines. Such knowledge will be helpful in controlling production of atomic bombs, while if anything should happen to Eldorado or the Belgian Congo deposits, production of death-dealing uranium, as well as life-giving radium, will not be interrupted.

**I**N THE LAST FEW YEARS, radium has invaded the field of industry on a broad front. The alpha rays of polonium, a cousin to radium, are widely used as eliminators of dangerous static electricity in factories where sheets of paper, plastics or textiles are produced.

Thin layers of gold foil, backed by a heavier metal, are welded to essential spots in the machinery. Distributed throughout the foil is finely divided polonium, whose positive rays neutralize the negative static as it forms, thus substantially eliminating fire hazard. Costs of installation are comparatively low—and as for maintenance problems, you'll have to come back in 1,680 years!

Radium's gamma rays, those powerful radiations which travel in straight lines like light and pass through anything up to 20 inches of lead, have added greatly to the laurels already won by mankind's



## For a sparkling eye and a happy heart ... try a Washington vacation

This marine and mountain wonderland offers varied steamer and ferry trips . . . or fishermen and yachtsmen may set their own courses in rented boats. There are the alpine attractions of Mt. Rainier and Mt. Baker, the Blue Glacier on the Olympic Peninsula—all near Seattle and Tacoma, seaports for Alaska and the Orient. East of the Cascades are Spokane's lakelands and impressive

Grand Coulee Dam. The gloriously scenic trip to Washington is part of the fun on The Milwaukee Road's super-speed Olympian HIAWATHA.

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magic metal. A new science called Industrial Radiography, which utilizes the gamma rays, has recently come forward to help industry solve many difficulties before they can cause damage. The new science X-rays metal parts to find out whether they will stand up under the strains of everyday use.

As one industrialist aptly puts it: "This new tool will enable manufacturers to ascertain precisely how much punishment their products will take. Industrial Radiography, although just a high-sounding name to the man in the street, will make life easier, pleasanter and safer all around."

Radiography was perfected during the war, when steel tank tracks, plane castings, shells and many other small but vital items were being shipped from America to various fighting fronts, where they had to be more than good.

Working with capsules of radium

and sheets of film, scientists were able to X-ray these machine parts *before they left the factory*. Thus radium saved the lives of many of our Allied fighting men, as surely as though it had been used in its other great capacity as healer.

In peacetime, radium is just as busy as it was in war. As a medical aid, it is indispensable. As an adjunct to industry, it will enable science to create lighter and stronger metals for cars, planes, ships, furniture, buildings and a host of other things. Worth-while results are expected from its application to plant propagation, while experiments are now going forward which promise to extend its powers to the food-canning industry.

Portable, easy to use, cheap in the long run, radium, the miracle metal, is ready to tackle almost any problem. And the chances are that in the future, as in the past, it will come out with colors flying.

---

## The American Scene

A NEW YORKER RAN the following ad in a Manhattan Sunday paper, and it was such a miserable flop that his faith in advertising was shaken to the roots:

"WANTED: Housekeeper for motherless home, 2 small children, live in, \$175 per month."

But one week later he ran the same ad, changing only three words. For "\$175 per month," he substituted, "Name own salary."

Applications poured in. And not a single applicant asked for as much as \$175 a month!

—Advertising and Selling

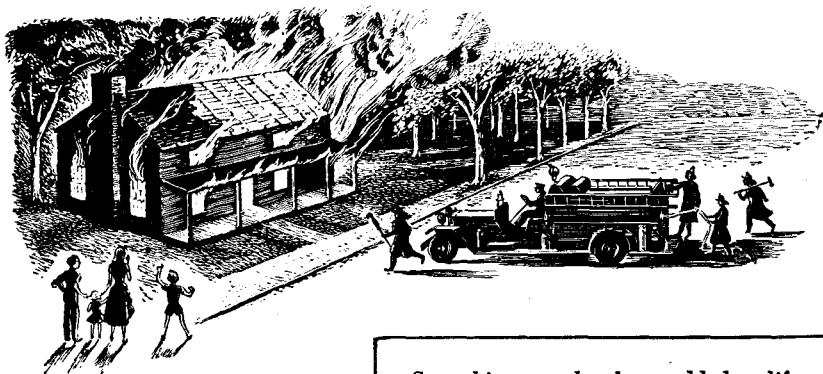
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A GROUP OF STUDENTS were talking to a Chinese youth and one of the group asked him what he thought of the Americans. Since he had not been in America very long, he replied, "All I know about them is what I have seen in the movies, and when they are not shooting one another, they are kissing each other."

—Tales of Hoffman

# Smoke-Eaters,

## INCORPORATED



by JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

**F**IRE ON THE FARM! In rural America, it's still the old, familiar picture of destruction—red glare in the sky, screaming of trapped animals, furniture flung into the yard and neighbors standing by helplessly while a family's lifework goes up in flames.

To Emmett and Bill Lewis, young veterans returning to their jobs with the volunteer fire department in Tiptonville, Tennessee, the farmer's trial by fire didn't make sense. The town's one engine was old and carried no water supply. When and if it arrived at the farm, firemen could do little with their low-pressure streams pumped from water tank or pond. Yet for this hit-or-miss service, the farmer had to pay the village a fee averaging \$100.

"This is where we come in," the

Something new has been added to life on the farm down in Tennessee: big-city fire protection provided by a pair of enterprising home-town boys

Lewis boys told the town fathers in 1946—and started a modern fire department of their own. Today, the Lewis Fire Protective Service is giving big-city fire protection to some 400 subscribers in a 300-square-mile area of northwest Tennessee—and setting a heartening example for the rest of the country.

Fire on the farm? Within ten minutes after the alarm, the Lewis brothers have the blaze under attack. Emmett and a helper open up with a hose under heavy pressure. Bill and another helper close in simultaneously with a rolling bank of mist from the fog-maker. With the blaze locked in this closing vise, they seal off the flanks with carbon-

dioxide foam. Few fires can withstand this attack for long.

For such ultramodern service, farmers pay \$25 a year, industrial firms \$50. Is it worth it? In one year, fire losses in the area have been cut by 70 per cent—and there are fewer fires.

"Finest thing ever happened in Tiptonville," say the village firemen, who boosted the new venture from the beginning and never hesitate to call on it for help. As businessmen, Emmett and Bill Lewis believe that veterans in hundreds of other rural communities can make money, too, by becoming up-to-date smoke-eaters. Yet starting their own department was no pushover.

For months they sought equipment at a fair price. Finally the WAA turned up what they wanted at an Army airfield only 20 miles from home. It was a virtually new crash-type fire truck with a tank, hose and power-driven pump. The boys drove it home the same night.

"We sure felt like painting the town red," says Bill. "But instead, we painted the truck."

Getting subscribers wasn't easy either—at first. "Ain't been troubled with fire in 60 years," one old-timer told them, "and I don't expect to be this side of hell."

A few days later, the boys swung

into action. Lightning struck the old-timer's tractor shed. "Guess hell got tired of waitin'," the farmer said after they had saved his tractor. Neighbors, who came to watch, stayed to sign up for the service.

Department headquarters is the Lewis' boyhood home. Their mother and Emmett's wife help with secretarial work, and three veterans with fire-fighting experience gained in the service help man the truck. Fires run about seven a month and so far there's never been a false alarm—a credit both to the boys and their community.

With a \$3,000 investment, the department grossed \$10,000 last year. Schools, churches and civic institutions get fire protection free of charge. So do all families who can't afford to pay. As Bill puts it: "We're in business for a living, but we don't just live for business."

Last summer they were called to a near-by lake to rescue a drowning boy. It was too late for anything but a pulmotor, and the nearest was in Memphis, 100 miles away. That night the Lewises ordered one to be used as a free public service. Though drownings once were frequent, there has not been a fatality since the machine arrived. But like the Lewis' big red engine, it makes everybody feel a lot safer just having it around.

#### CREDITS

Photos: Page 27, Rapho-Guillumette; 28 (top), European Picture Service; 28 (bottom), 31 (top), 32 (bottom), Shostal; 29, Jack Breed from Free Lance Photographers Guild; 30, Winston Pote from Shostal; 31 (bottom), Avery Slack from F.P.G.; 32 (top), Louis C. Williams; 33, 98, Winston Pote; 34 (top), Bagby from F.P.G.; 34 (bottom) Muench from F.P.G.  
Pages 51-66: Among the hospitals represented Coronet particularly wishes to thank the New York Hospital, Roosevelt Hospital, and Standard Oil of New Jersey Bayway Hospital, for their kind cooperation.  
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**This Month's Cover:** Wesley Snyder's picture of paternal bliss is the real thing. His models were Reynold Brown, a neighbor in New York City, and his brand-new daughter. Snyder confesses one exaggeration: Brown looked so proud, the artist couldn't resist painting little Marie as twins.